NOV 1 '55

The Saturday Evening

POST

November 5, 1955 — 15¢

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

Beginning . . .

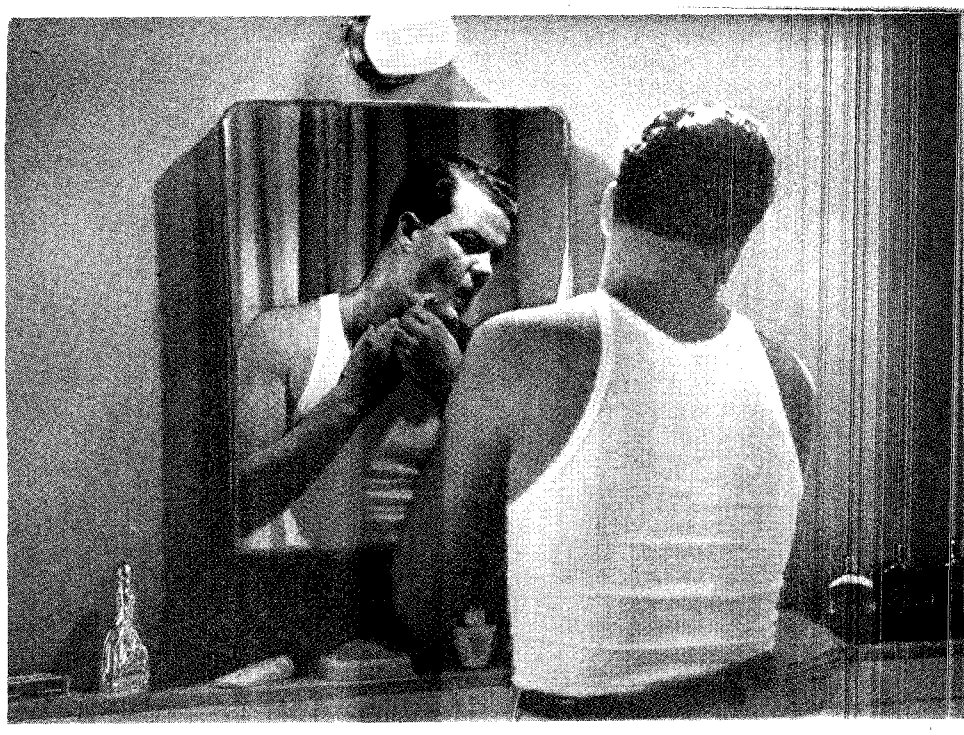
THIS IS MY STORY

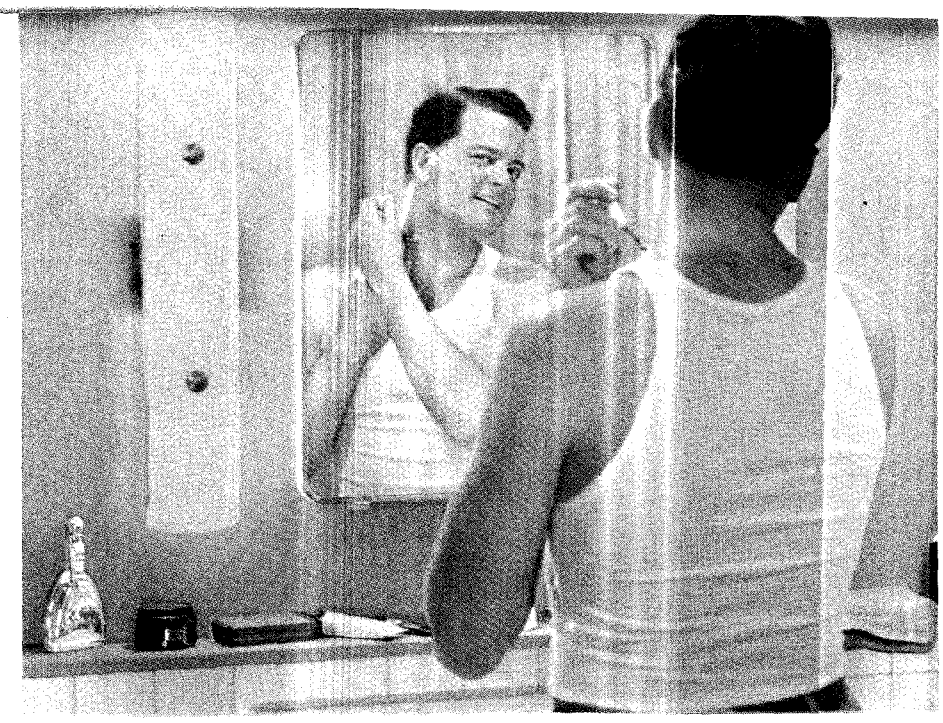
By
ARTHUR GODFREY

Now the fabulous redhead tells all . . . as only he can. An exciting and candid au

LIBRARY BALDWIN-
WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO
25-56

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





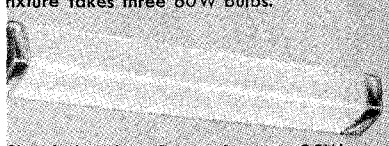
How to light-condition your home with new fixtures and G-E light bulbs

The bathroom above is a small-scale example of what you can gain by using the right lighting fixtures correctly. The old-fashioned single-bulb fixture (left) used to half-shadow the shaver's face. Then two fluorescent fixtures were placed flanking the mirror. A third (out of the picture) was mounted on the ceiling. Now the shaver can *see* to avoid razor nicks. And the whole area is brighter and more cheerful.

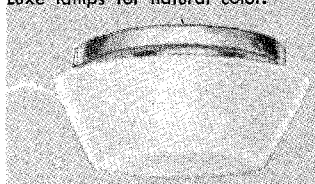
You can re-do an entire two-bedroom house this way with 20 to 25 attractive, modern fixtures costing as little as $165. Light conditioning doesn't stop with helping you see better, but goes on to make your home look better and *live* better. It gives you, in short, General Electric Light-for-*Living*. (While General Electric does not make fixtures, you'll find *ideas* in the typical fixtures drawn below.)

KITCHEN

Open top ceramic-enameled ceiling fixture should be at least 12 inches across. This fixture takes three 60W bulbs.



Shielded ceiling fixture for two 25W or two 40W fluorescent lamps. Use G-E De Luxe lamps for natural color.

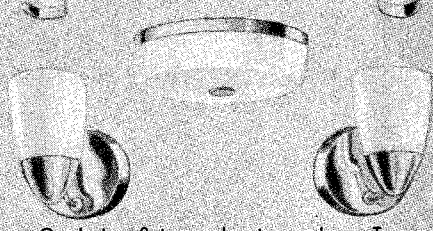


Enclosed opal glass ceiling fixture. Use two 75W or one 150W bulb.

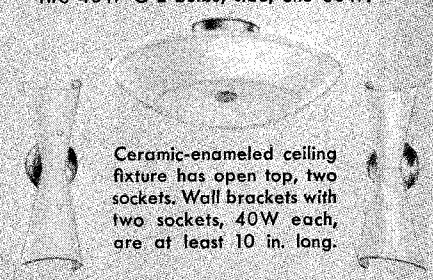
Ceiling fixture for two G-E De Luxe Circline fluorescent lamps. Use either a 32W and 22W, or two 32W lamps.

BATHROOM

Harmonizing fixtures for G-E De Luxe fluorescent lamps. Top one, ceiling-mounted above front edge of washbowl, has two 15W lamps. Side fixtures have one 20W lamp.



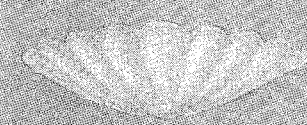
Opal glass fixtures—locate as above. Top, two 40W G-E bulbs; side, one 60W.



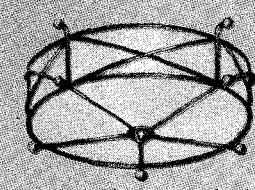
Ceramic-enameled ceiling fixture has open top, two sockets. Wall brackets with two sockets, 40W each, are at least 10 in. long.

BEDROOM

Use shallow fixtures, at least 17 inches across. Five 40W or four 50W bulbs. Above: formal style.



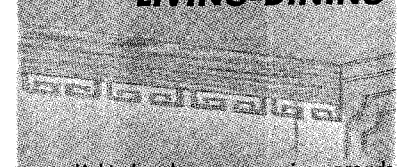
Fixture designed for informally decorated bedroom. Ceramic-enameled glass.



Ceramic-enameled glass or plastic. Miniature drum motif for child's room.

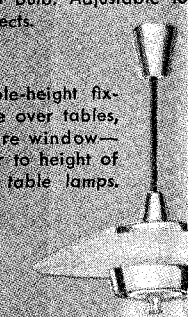
Add a wall-bracket for reading in bed. Mount 30 in. above mattress. Faceboard conceals G-E De Luxe fluorescent lamps.

LIVING-DINING

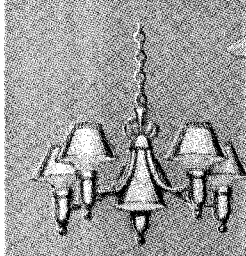


Lighted valance or cornice spreads over walls, makes room look larger. *board is 6 to 10 inches deep.*

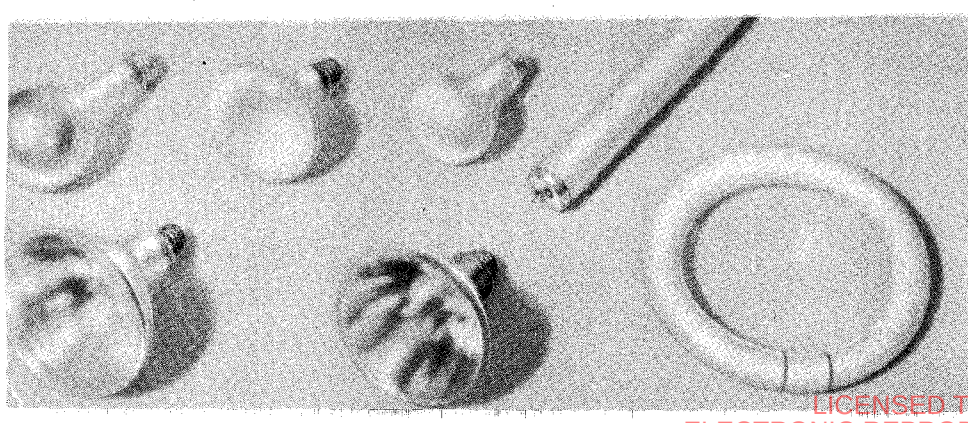
For over dining table. Four 50W bu plus dramatic center down lighting 100W or R-30 bulb. Adjustable to choice of 3 effects.



Adjustable-height fixture. Use over tables, in picture window—or lower to height of floor or table lamps.



Informal sty over dining Center down ing accents s



BE SURE TO USE G-E LIGHT BULBS. They're used, a recent survey indicates, in 95% of all U. S. homes. General Electric makes every kind you'll ever need. Picture at left shows silvered-bowl, spot, flood, inside frosted, White and fluorescent lamps. For free, 32 page Home Lighting Recipe Book, write Large Lamp Department, Dept. 166-SEP-11, General Electric, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

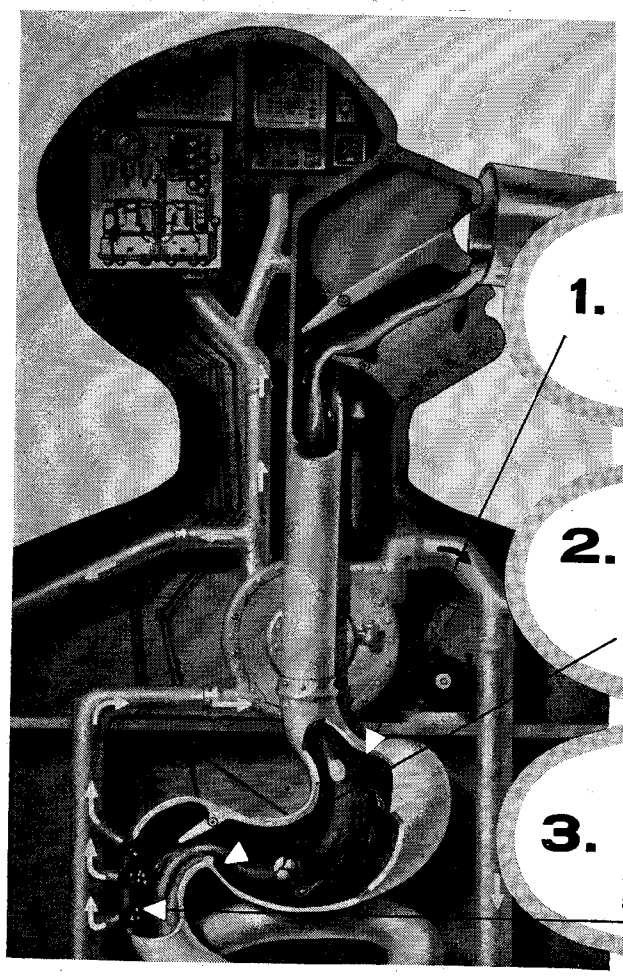
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Says Arthur Godfrey,
"Take it from me,

BUFFERIN®

acts twice as fast as aspirin

AND IT WON'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH!"



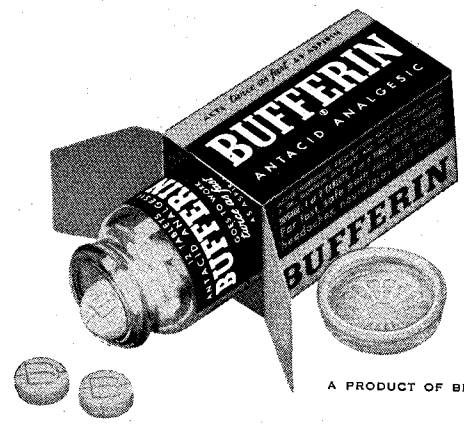
1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

Ask your own doctor about Bufferin's remarkable ability to relieve pain, about its freedom from harmful ingredients.

8 years of continuous medical research in hospitals and clinics have established Bufferin's effectiveness and speed of action. Bufferin has met the rigid tests a doctor demands of medicines used in his own practice.

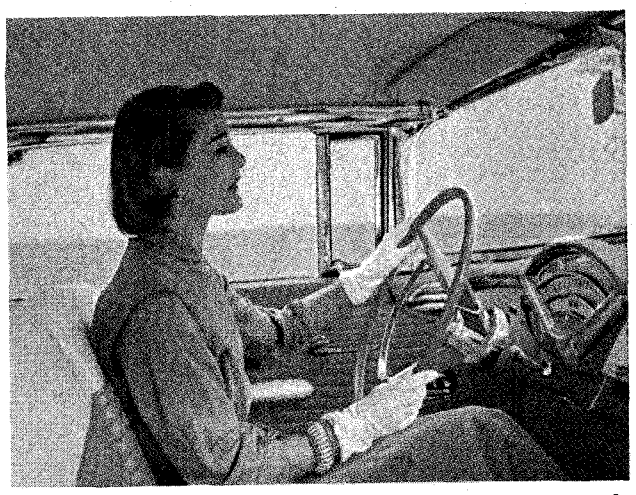


A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

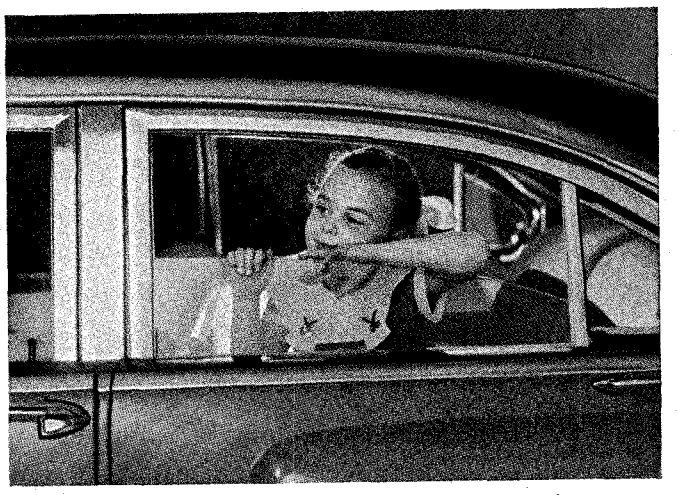
IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

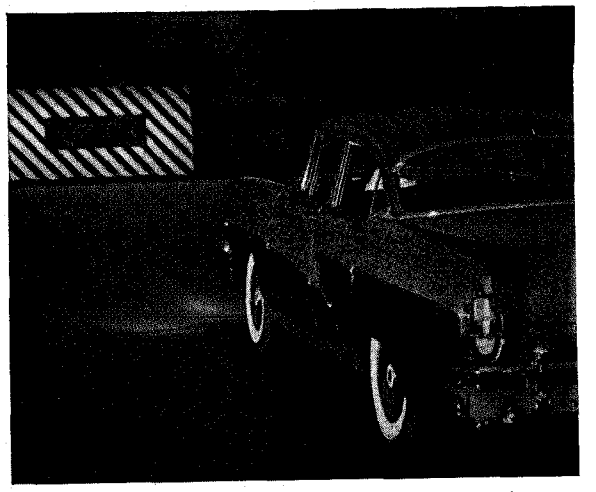
Ten new ways THE BIG M provides you with advanced motoring safety



1. NEW IMPACT-ABSORBING SAFETY STEERING WHEEL, with deeply recessed hub, is positioned for better visibility, offers driver greater protection during sudden stops.



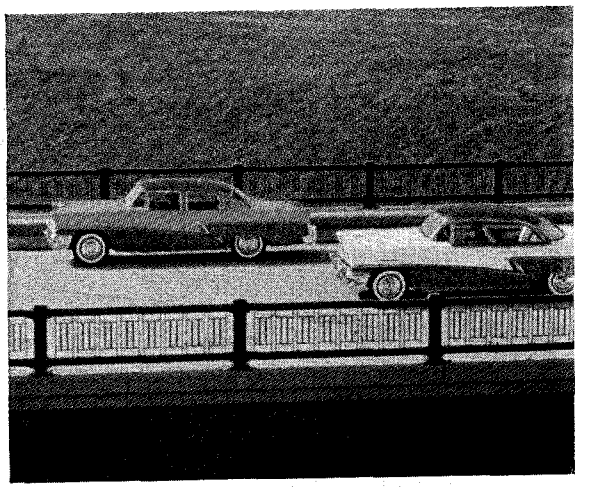
2, 3. NEW TRIPLE-STRENGTH SAFETY DOOR LOCKS give extra protection against doors springing open upon impact. Child-proof safety-locking device for rear doors also available.*



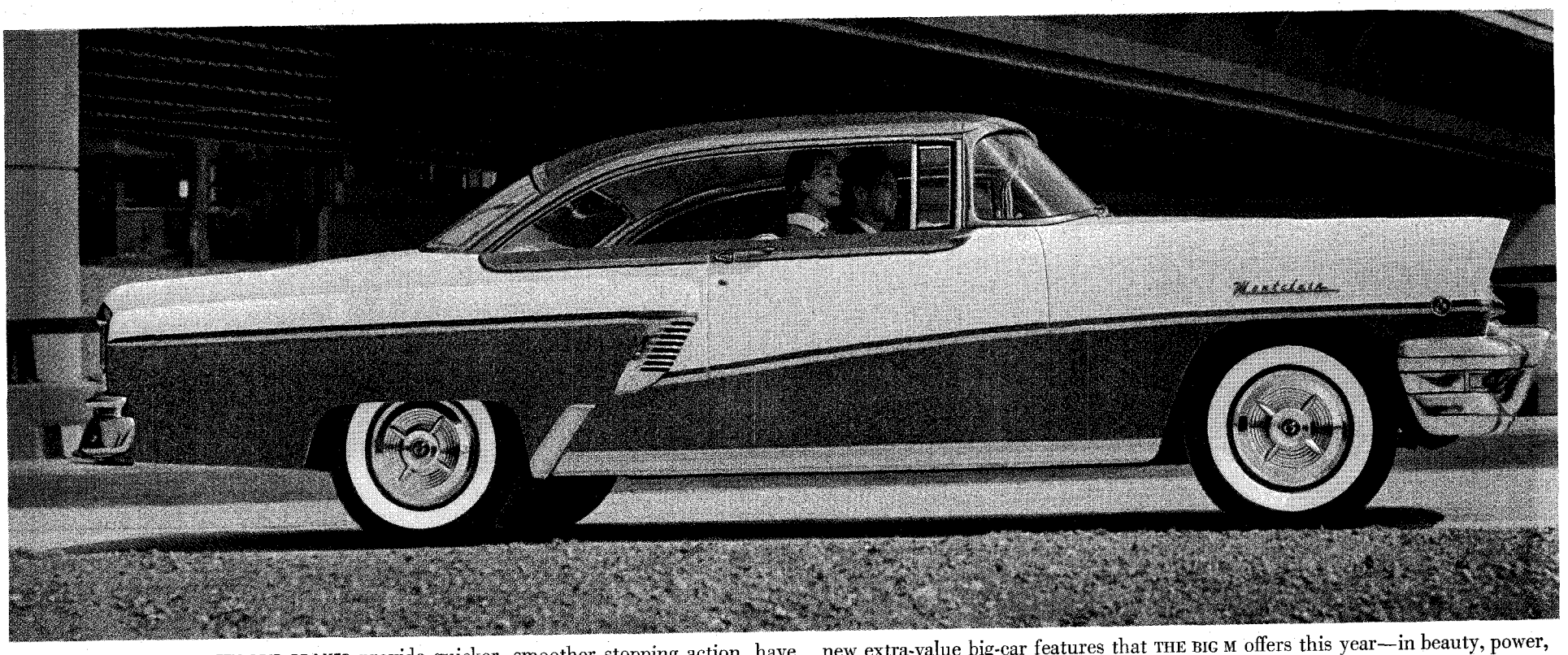
4. NEW SAFETY-BEAM HEAD LAMPS increase effective seeing distance up to 80 feet; improve visibility in fog, rain, snow; and reduce glare for oncoming drivers.

5, 6, 7. NEW INSTRUMENT PANEL PAD*, PADDED SUN VISORS* are cushioned for your protection. Full-swivel Safety Rearview Mirror minimizes shattering.

8. NEW SAFETY SEAT BELTS*—bolted to floor supports—are available for driver and passengers. Made of high-strength nylon, they are designed for easy one-hand adjustment.



9. NEW 225- OR 210-HP SAFETY-SURGE V-8 gives you faster-than-ever acceleration where you need it most—for more safety in passing and hill climbing.



10. IMPROVED SAFETY-GRIP BRAKES provide quicker, smoother stopping action, have longer life. But—besides these ten new safety features, you'll want to see *all* of the new extra-value big-car features that THE BIG M offers this year—in beauty, power, performance. Best place to start looking: your Mercury dealer's. Best time: now.

A MAGNIFICENT VALUE IN THE FORD FAMILY OF FINE CARS

For 1956—the big move is to THE BIG MERCURY

*Optional at extra cost

MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY CYRUS H. K. CURTIS

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* Beverly

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Al
Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Do
Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Hugh Morrow, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nichols
Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*
Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, Patricia Walsh, John R. Wells, Janet M. Harper, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Peter F. Petraglia

IN THIS ISSUE

November 5, 1955 *Vol. 228, No. 19*

4 Short Stories

That Susceptible Age . . . . . *Robert Terrall* 22
Madman's Chain . . . . . *Gilbert Wright* 26
The Mayor and Miss Casey . . . . . *Nord Riley* 31
One Night Together . . . . . *Jean Bell Mosley* 34

11 Articles

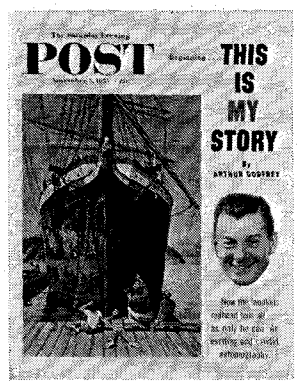
This is My Story
(First of eight articles) . . . . *Arthur Godfrey, as told to Pete Martin* 19
Cities of the World: (No. 13) Bangkok . . . . *Darrell Berrigan* 24
Coach on the Spot . . . . *Fred Russell and Tom Siler* 27
The House of Rothschild . . . . *Ernest O. Hauser* 28
We Licked the Veteran Problem (Second of two articles) . . . *Stanley Frank* 30
Those Half-Pint A-Bombers! . . . . *Frank Harvey* 32
The Face of America: Big Back Yard . . . . *Photograph by Bill Shrout* 36
So You're Selling Your House! . . . . *Paul F. Healy* 38
Big Power Plant in the Sky . . . . *Neil M. Clark* 42
Adventures of Slippery Leo . . . . *Horatio Winslow* 46
"He Was Part of This Land" . . . . *Jesse Stuart* 49

2 Serials

Death in the Wind (Second of six parts) . . . . *Edwin Lanham* 40
The Golden Journey (Sixth of eight parts) . . . . *Agnes Sligh Turnbull* 50

Other Features

Letters . . . 4 Remember When? . 17 Verse . 66, 82, 99, 105, 127
Editorials . . . 10 Post Scripts . . . 44 Keeping Posted . . . 160



THE COVER

One thing never grows old for boys and old boys, the lure of adventure in far, pioneering places. It's a cumulative lure; see how that vapor trail jetting past the ancient square-rigger is blending new futures into all the pasts. Once there were the seven seas to pioneer, and six continents; now, the thirteen skies above them, and by-and-by it will be new worlds beyond the skies, on and on to where, nobody knows. What an age this is for dream-minded boys, imagining themselves yesterday's sailors and tomorrow's rocket pilots, clutching atomic pistols and wearing —— Hey! Have those boys lost their Davy Crockett caps? As this space is getting cramped, how's for consulting page 160 for the story of that alluring ship which the old salt is spinning for the young salts?

The Saturday Evening Post, copyright 1955 by The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of The Philippines, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S., payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

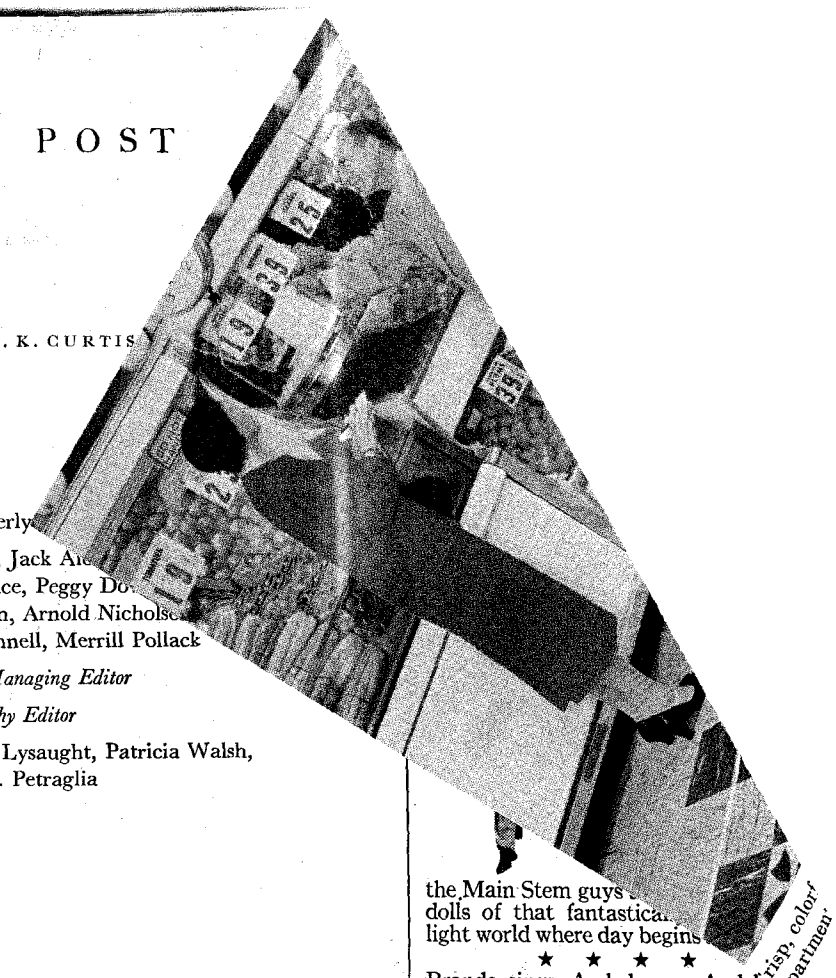
How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue, the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 49-56 or June 2, 1956; 10-56 or September 8, 1956. You always count from the previous July first.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Research; Arthur W. Kohler, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Edward C. Von Tress, Vice-Pres. and Executive Director of Advertising; Morton S. Bailey, Vice-Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.



the Main Stem guys
dolls of that fantastica
light world where day begins

★ ★ ★ ★

Brando sings. And dances. And be
you over as Sky Masterson, the guy who'll take any bet, even one on whether he can date a Save-a-Soul Mission doll.

★ ★ ★ ★

Jean Simmons is lovely as the lassie who thinks Sky's the limit. She saves him—for herself.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sinatra's really unbeatable in his best part yet—Nathan Detroit, lovable proprietor of "The Oldest Established Permanent Floating Crap Game in New York."

★ ★ ★ ★

Vivian Blaine hilariously re-creates her original Adelaide and sings "Take Back Your Mink" and "Adelaide's Lament."

★ ★ ★ ★

Most of Frank Loesser's Broadway-show-stopping songs are here, plus such new top-ten candidates as "Pet Me Poppa", "A Woman In Love" and "Adelaide."

★ ★ ★ ★

Since the picture is *all* high spots, it's impossible to single out the most outstanding of Michael Kidd's dances!

★ ★ ★ ★

The screen-filling Times Square opening! The rhythm-rattling "Luck Be A Lady Tonight"! The ringing rendition of "If I Were A Bell"!

★ ★ ★ ★

The torrid Goldwyn Girls in Cuba's hotter-than-hot spots! The rousing "Sit Down You're Rocking The Boat" prayer meeting! The sizzling sidewalk finale!

★ ★ ★ ★

Such performers as Robert Keith, Stubby Kaye, B. S. Pully, Johnny Silver! Such pretties as the Goldwyn Girls!

★ ★ ★ ★

The total impact makes for an early start to 1955's holiday season. Thanks to Mr. Goldwyn, to scenarist-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz and to all involved, the unforgettably festive "Guys and Dolls" is good reason to celebrate.

—Lea

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ul Kentile gives an efficient modern look to this successful Super Market's fresh produce
t. Kentile Colors shown are: Istrian and Veined Carnelian with Feature Strip and ThemeTile.

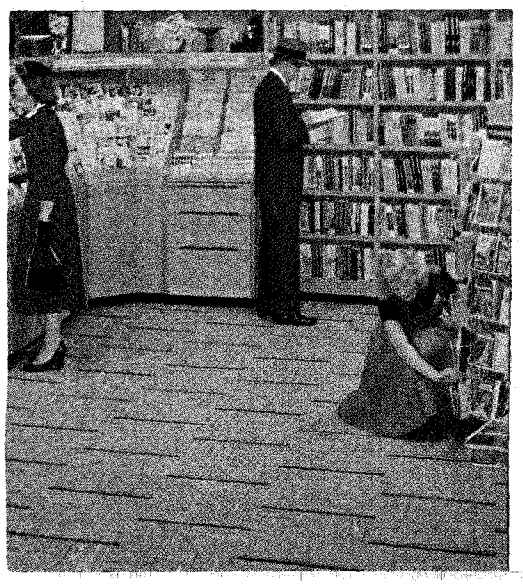
ut costs when you modernize with colorful KENTILE floors

Whether you're remodelling old quarters or tarting out in new, you'll find a low-cost Kentile Floor will give you more in down-ight dollar-for-dollar value than any other oor. It will give you more in sales-attract-ng beauty, too, for your Kentile Floor can be custom-designed in the colors you choose, to fit your needs exactly. You'll find Kentile's long-wear incredible...its maintenance amazingly easy, quick and economical. Rich colors go tile deep...won't wear off through years of the hardest traffic.

eature Strip point up the pleasant welcoming air f this reception room floor of Kentile Genoa Green.

Traffic lanes help sales in this Kentile Floor of Fleecy Cerulean, Greek Skyros and Lamartine with KenSert.

small shop looks expansive with this business-like floor f Luma Chelle Kentile with Red and Green Feature Strip.



Ask your Kentile Flooring Contractor about Kentile's low cost (far less than many floors that soon fade, discolor or wear out)...its unlimited variety of design that can be custom-planned for your business. For a FREE estimate look up his name under FLOORS in your Classified Telephone Book.

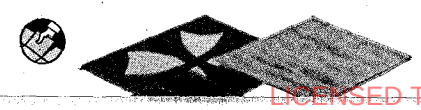
©1955 Kentile, Inc., 58 2nd Ave., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

KENTILE * KENCORK * KENRUBBER * KENFLEX * KENFLOR *

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KENTILE®

The Asphalt Tile of enduring beauty



Letters

The "New Look"

Dear Sirs:
Having been a master printer for half a century, I feel that I am qualified to compliment you on your new type dress. It makes an attractive, clean-looking page, and, above all, readable. Because, quoting from the Linotype News, "Type was made to read." . . .

WALTER P. JOBSON
Louisville, Kentucky

Dear Sirs:
. . . I'm elderly and my eyes don't see as well as when I was younger and this type seems smaller and . . . dimmer. When I'd read the serial, my eyes were tired and I had to rest. You must have thousands of readers in the same class. Shouldn't you consider us? . . .

MYRTIS E. BURROUGHS
East Orange, N.J.

Dear Sirs:
. . . The "new look" is wonderful. You must have had the old people in mind when you changed the print. . . .

MRS. GERTRUDE STOLLEY
Austin, Texas

Dear Sirs:
It astonishes me to see how well the Post advances with the years—brightness, vigor and virility undiminished.
Congratulations to you all!

EDWARD C. TEBEAU
Chelmsford, Mass.

Dear Sirs:
Dior Didn't. . . .
Fath Failed. . . .
But Baskerville—Now there IS a "new look".
Let's face it! You're as pretty as ANY Peach on Peachtree Street! Need we say more?

MIKE MCDOUGALD
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:
. . . The New Look . . . strikes one with something of the gleam of a freshly-washed window.

B. L. HOLLADAY
Roswell, N.M.

Dear Sirs:
Congratulations on improvements. The Post looks airy, crisp and has an easy looseness look, in contrast to the previous hard packed tight feel. It looks good. Congratulations.

GEORGE GRABIN
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:
Thanks for the wonderful new type, it is a great joy to one 85 years of age. . . .

R. C. MEADERS
Dahlonega, Ga.

Dear Sirs:
The print on the rear pages is too hard on the eyes—otherwise, congratulations on your New Look. . . .

ARNOLD E. REIF
Albuquerque, N.M.

Dear Sirs:
. . . After battling with your new type last night I went to bed half blind and with a raging headache. And please don't tell me I need new glasses, as I already have them! . . .

ROBERT B. HAWORTH
Oakland, Cal.

Dear Sirs:
. . . The Post is no longer the same dear friend but a cheap-looking substitute. Why, it is like calling on your sweet, aged grandmother and finding her mixing Martinis instead of brewing tea. . . .

MRS. LLOYD R. TOWNSEND
Youngstown, Ohio

Dear Sir:
I don't like it!
I don't like it!
I don't like it!
I don't like it!
I don't like it!
I don't like it!

MRS. ASHLAND HOWARD
Franklin, Ohio

Dear Sir:
. . . I have been a subscriber for 35 years and unless you go back to the previous type I am through.

WILLIAM MASSEY
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:
. . . To my mind your new layout is cold and unfriendly. The warmth of the "old" Post is missing. . . .

BERT ROTH
Newark, N.J.

The Patients Speak . . . .

Dear Sirs:
In comment on your recent article entitled ARE PATIENTS HUMAN BEINGS? [by Milton Silverman—Oct. 1] Bravo! . . .

MRS. CAROL F. FRANCIS, R.N.
Falls Church, Va.

Dear Sirs:
. . . The Hippocratic oath has become the hypocritic oath.

GEORGE G. FLOWERS
Brookford, N.C.

Dear Sirs:
. . . After three . . . sessions in hospitals, I decided that a good offense was the only defense. . . . I persuaded a friend of mine to come each night and take the overhead light bulb out of the ceiling fixture . . . when they woke me at 5 A.M. I

pulled the covers over my head and wouldn't budge . . . when they came back at 6 to take my temperature I threw the thermometer into the hall . . . when they woke me again to tell me to wash my face and hands 1½ hours before breakfast, I threw the pan of water on the nurse.
Naturally, this did not endear me to the nurses, and was a little embarrassing for my doctor, (although he finally confessed that he had locked his own door when a patient). But it did stop the 5 A.M. and 6 A.M. and 6:30 A.M. rude awakenings. . . .

MRS. CRYSTAL HOBSON
Midwest City, Okla.

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the home and on the highway...

. . . the friendly strength of these good hands means very *special* peace of mind to the more than 3,000,000 policyholders of the insurance company founded by Sears.

It's the wonderful feeling of knowing that if the unexpected ever happens, you can always count on Allstate for prompt, helpful service and fast, fair claim settlements.

You get a really *better* value too! Allstate's rates for Auto Insurance and Comprehensive Personal Liability Insurance are usually *lower*.* And, in most states, Allstate Fire Insurance for home and contents is now available at substantial savings too!

You can't buy *better* protection, why pay more? See your Allstate Agent today. Buy in complete confidence that, whatever happens, you're in good hands with Allstate.

25th ANNIVERSARY ALLSTATE INSURANCE COMPANY 1931-1956

YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS WITH ALLSTATE SERVICE SILVER JUBILEE

ALLSTATE

INSURANCE COMPANY

STOCK COMPANY PROTECTION

Founded by Sears An Illinois corporation founded by Sears, Roebuck and Co. with assets and liabilities distinct and separate from the parent company. Home office: Skokie, Ill. *In Texas participating policies are issued at standard rates. Agents offices in Sears stores . . . and in other convenient locations throughout U. S. A. Also in Canada.

© A. I. CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The whole Shootin' Match only $31.50

Everything you need for picture-taking—night or day—is right in this Argus Super 75 camera kit! Be quick on the trigger...see your Argus dealer now and start shooting

argus

Manufacturers of precision photographic and optical instruments

The Argus Super 75

—has a full-focusing lens that lets you shoot from 3½ feet to infinity . . . in bright sunshine or shade . . . in color or black-and-white. For flash pictures, Color-matic always insures perfect exposure. Big, picture-size viewfinder, double-exposure preventer, plug-in flash. Camera only, $22.50; flash, $3.80; case, $3.15.

Copyright 1955, Argus Cameras, Inc., Ann Arbor, Michigan. (Canadian address: Toronto 1, Ontario.)
Price includes Federal Excise Tax where applicable and is subject to change without notice.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

. . . As a two-time loser to cancer (but never a quitter), I have experienced twice the unfailing kindness, sympathy and cheerfulness of the entire staff of the Huntington Memorial Hospital.

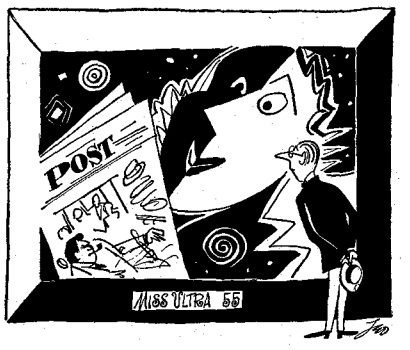
Let's all remember—hospitals are not only what the architects make them, or the trustees, or the doctors, or the staff—they are also what the patients make them. If we look for the best and appreciate the least favors, we will find our stay an amazingly happy one. . . .

FAIRFAX P. WALKUP, PH.D.
Pasadena, Cal.

A Joke on Bennington?

Dear Sirs:

. . . It is most unfortunate that a fine magazine, such as yours, should degenerate itself by publishing such a grossly



distorted and insincere article [SCHOOL FOR ULTRAMODERN GIRLS, by Henry F. and Katharine Pringle, Oct. 1].

On the other hand, we always did enjoy the jokes in The Post. We shall be "progressively" open-minded and merely consider this a longer and better one than usual!!

E. FARRELL CAROTA
RENNIE HALPERN
SUSAN M. MALLERY
MARNESBA M. HILL
ELLEN KATZ
Bennington, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

. . . My sincere thanks that you've given a fair and comprehensive picture of a very fine school.

MRS. JOHN BANKER
Bennington—Class of 1943
Mohall, N.D.

Dear Sirs:

I Think
THAT
ThosegirlsatBennington
Arejustliketherestof
Us undergraduates
Except? ¼¢ That
THEY
Can afford to be crazy
AND THEY
Write freeeer freee verse

MARY MEIKLE,
Lawrence College
Appleton, Wis.

What's Wrong With Corn?

Dear Sirs:

. . . I am Neil Schaffner, the subject of the article . . . CORNIEST SHOW ON THE ROAD [by Joe Alex Morris, Sept. 17]. . . .

By allowing that title to be tacked on the story you have jeopardized the entire livelihood of a man who has spent forty-six years building a reputation for clean plays and who has been reverenced by thousands upon thousands of mid-westerners.

If there is one word which does not, in the least, apply to the Schaffner Players it is the word CORNY. . . .

The implication is that something corny is trite, childish, common and very inferior. . . .

NEIL E. SCHAFFNER
Sarasota, Fla.

● We're sorry if Toby himself feels offended. Mr. Schaffner's most loyal fans think his show is corny too—they love it that way. The Perry Enterprise, of Perry, Mo.—in the heart of the area served by the Toby and Susie shows—commented "the article is a credit to the Post and Toby and Susie. . . ."—ED.

Coat Hangers

Dear Sirs:

Seeing your Post cover for October 1 [by Dick Sargent] brought to mind a definition of hangers I once heard:

HANGERS—Wire things that come in numbers when you want only one.

The feelings of the harassed host will be appreciated doubly by everyone who has endured the same ordeal with a bunch of hangers.

BEVERLY PONTIOUS
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Doesn't the sap know that he is supposed to return the wire coat hangers to the dry cleaners?

H. O. DRUSILLAS
Torrance, Cal.

● Obviously not. Does anybody?—ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19—Ollie Atkins. • 20—Album pictures. • 21—Ollie Atkins. • 22, 23—Ben Prins. • 24, 25—Horace Bristol. • 26—Taylor Oughton. • 27—Larry Keighley. • 28—Tom Blau. • 29—Six from Culver; A. J. Anderson. • 30—Gus Pasquarella, Hans Knopf. • 31—John Fernie. 32, 33—Gus Pasquarella. • 34, 35—Stanley Meltzoff. • 36, 37—Bill Shrout. 38, 39—Ollie Atkins. • 40, 41—Bernard D'Andrea. • 42—Sid Avery. • 43—Sid Avery, Gus Pasquarella, Sid Avery. • 46, 47—Gene Lester. • 49—Glennis Stuart Liles, Frank Ross. 50—Stanley Zuckerberg. • 62—Gene Lester. • 116—Ollie Atkins. • 106—Anonymous, Karl Kortum, Ollie Atkins, Ozzie Sweet.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Last Christmas, a wonderful life began for us"

"I'll never forget our first Christmas music on our new Hammond Organ. Carols, hymns, holiday songs... we played them all a dozen exciting ways . . ."

"I'm taking lessons now! A Hammond is so easy, I was playing real pieces in a *month!* I just love practicing . . . it sounds so grand!"

"It's a wonderful thing for a family to be able to create music, instead of just listening. We get so much pleasure and relaxation from our Hammond . . ."

This Christmas, it can happen to you! The rich, sustained tones of a Hammond help even a beginner sound better than he is.

And, through the magic of Hammond's Harmonic Drawbars, you can blend the instrumental effects with thousands of fascinating tone colors. Or add beautiful percussions like harp, chimes, guitar, marimba and many others by means of Hammond's exclusive "Touch-Response Percussion Controls".*

Wouldn't it be fun to have one? The Hammond takes a space only four feet square, plugs in anywhere. And your dealer has convenient Christmas terms to offer. Why not see him soon? Or mail the coupon for more information.

LOW AS $135 DOWN for the Spinet at most dealers. Often 3 years to pay.

Only a Hammond gives you all this:

Harmonic Drawbars for blending thousands of tone colors.

Separate Vibrato Controls for lower and upper manuals.

Reverberation Control adapts cathedral-like tones to homes.

No Tuning Expense. Never gets out of tune.

**The percussion tones are produced at the option of the player by playing any selected single note or full chord, in a detached manner, with a fingering pause of as little as 1/20th of a second.*

HAMMOND ORGAN

MUSIC'S MOST GLORIOUS VOICE

Hammond Organ Company
4204 W. Diversey Avenue, Chicago 39, Illinois
Without obligation, send me details about the Hammond Organ models checked.

☐ Spinet ☐ Home ☐ Church ☐ Concert

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

©1955, HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY 11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Best Bet for '56-- Best

One for the book:
In the 1955 model run, just ended, official production record was 738,815 Buicks

THE challenge was to build an automobile to surpass in every way the biggest-selling Buick of all time.

From this tall order came the answer you see pictured here—the 1956 Buick. And even the hard-bitten veterans of the production lines give it a wide grin and a laconic: "Best Buick Yet!"

For it *is* just that—and what's waiting for you when you take its wheel is nothing short of pure thrill.

Getaway response at the *top* of the gas pedal is sensational—because a new advance in Variable Pitch Dynaflow* goes airplanes one better.

It comes from something the engineers call "double regeneration." It gives you far better gas mileage, *while stepping up your getaway in normal driving* without *switching the pitch*. But when you *do* switch, by flooring the pedal for emergency needs, you get zoom full-power acceleration *instantly*.

And for this far-in-advance transmission with its infinite smoo ness, there's the might of brilliant new V8 engines raised to l new highs—255 hp in the ROADMASTER, SUPER and CENTUR 220 hp in the bedrock-priced SPECIAL.

But such phenomenal performance also called for a new cha to match.

So Buick engineers designed, developed and produced a big, n broad-based precision-balanced chassis that ruggedly bulwarks whole car. *And in braking smoothness, in steering trueness, riding levelness, in handling sureness — it sets new standards the industry to follow.*

Yet these are just the highlights of Buick for 1956.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buick yet -on display Friday

the news is rich throughout the line and in every model—in strapping-big new SPECIAL that's now more than ever a big-car at a small-car price—in the sensational new 4-Door Riviera ltops that now come in all four price ranges — in smart new ıte Wagons now available at substantially lower prices — in ures galore, from a new carburetor de-icer, to new direct-acting ck absorbers that displace three times the oil of conventional s.

l beyond it all, there's a stunning new sweep-ahead look to these geous new Buicks—a brilliant new fashion styling that starts ı a smart new V-front grille and ends with the massive rakish- s of a canted rear profile.

see these finest of Buicks at your Buick dealer's right quick. The ner you get there, the sooner you'll know who's got the best bag ricks for '56.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

NEW Precision-Balanced Chassis, engineered all new from front to rear for extra-rugged roadability
NEW V8 Power Peaks In Every Buick
NEW Variable Pitch Dynaflow*— with double-action take-off
NEW Deep-Oil-Cushioned Luxury Ride—with all-coil springing and true torque-tube drive
NEW Sweep-Ahead Styling—with Fashion Color Harmony inside and out
NEW Smoother-Action Brakes with Suspended Pedal
NEW Stepped-Up Gas Mileage in All Buicks
NEW Safety Power Steering† for instant and constant response

SEE JACKIE GLEASON ON TV
Every Saturday Evening

Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special. †Standard on Roadmaster and Super; optional at extra cost on other Series.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Party Fund Raisers Turn to the Small Givers

Political-organization leaders in some parts of the country are discovering that it is possible to broaden the base of party financial support by the old-fashioned method of going right out to ordinary people, house-to-house, and asking them to contribute whatever they can.

During the 1952 general-election campaign Tom Mahaffey, treasurer of the Indiana Republican organization, decided it would be a fine thing if he could get more people to contribute nickels, dimes and dollars to the Eisenhower cause—if only to get more people interested. With Mrs. Harold Buell, women's financial chairman for the party and a two-fisted fund raiser in her own right, Mahaffey set up a house-to-house canvassing system in every one of the state's 4308 precincts.

The canvassers asked everyone who seemed at all friendly for whatever he or she could spare. An eighty-year-old man turned in twenty-seven cents, Mahaffey recalls, and the local paper published a picture of him being congratulated for this sincere gift. Children brought in their penny banks.

"We got the money we needed," Mahaffey says. "More important, we were able to increase the number of campaign contributors more than ten times."

Hoosier ladies pitched in by putting on hundreds of "coffees" and other neighborhood events. These were free, but often resulted in goodwill contributions to the party. Similar work has been done in other states. Mr. Mahaffey says his folks got some of their inspiration from Republicans in Iowa who were successful with give-what-you-can solicitations, and from party workers in Massachusetts. Candidate Eisenhower himself warmly approved the method as one which would tend to give the Republican Party broader support among its real owners, the ordinary, run-of-the-mine voters.

From the standpoint of practical grass-roots politics, the Indiana method has so many advantages that one may well wonder why nobody hit on it before. It's one way, at least, for Republicans to match the huge labor-union purses now being tossed into elections every year, usually to the Democrats. And popular campaign financing absolves political organizations and candidates of the charge that they are dominated by millionaire bosses, special interests and lobbies. Furthermore, according to Louis A. Feick, G.O.P. county treasurer in Muncie, Indiana, "Most of those big contributors you hear about died five or ten years ago. We simply don't get the big amounts from individuals we used to."

Modern elections, as is well known, are tremendously expensive. New elements such as the high cost of radio-TV publicity and higher costs all down the line have added to this expense. Consequently, the everybody-sharing movement in Indiana and other states should prove welcome to harassed party treasurers—even if some of them are not too delighted with the possibility that the voters may be able and willing to pick their own candidates.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

I'm all set, where do I sit?

"Taking the Fifth Amendment" is No Cause for Pride

The Fifth Amendment to the Constitution—the one stating, among other things, that a witness may not be compelled to testify against himself—is intended to protect accused persons from unjustified pressure by officials seeking to extort confessions. Its rightful use is by persons who actually would be incriminated by a truthful answer to the question asked. Efforts have been made to convince the bystanders that in certain circumstances a man could swear that a truthful answer to a question would incriminate him when, in fact, it wouldn't. But it exhausts the reasoning power of the average man to see how this could be. Anyway, the present propaganda, making heroes of those who resort to this defense, is part of the communist-sponsored effort to thwart all probes into Red activity.

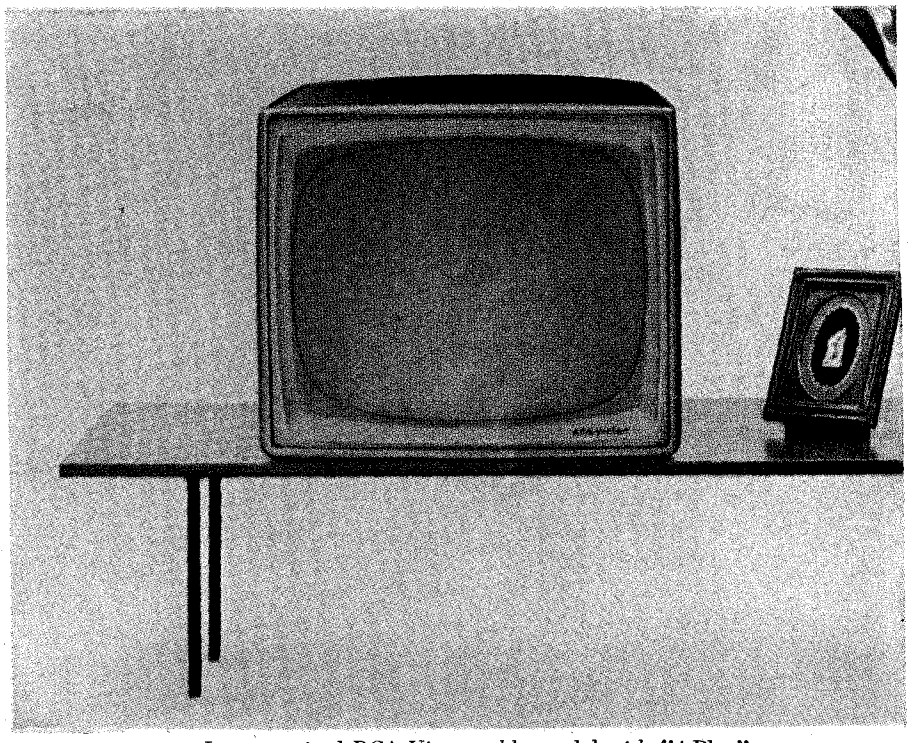
In the spring, 1955, issue of the Fordham Law Review, C. Dickerman Williams, an eminent Washington lawyer, makes a scholarly analysis of the Fifth Amendment which ought to remove some of the supposedly controversial issues from honest discussion of the subject. The amendment, Mr. Williams points out, was an outgrowth of the fear that the powers of the new American government might be abused as they had been in seventeenth-century England in the Star Chamber proceedings and in France before the Revolution. It was essentially an attempt to guarantee individuals against the "third degree," a device popular in totalitarian countries and some American police stations. As Professor Williams sums it up, "the privilege benefits society through the compulsion which it exerts on enforcement officers to prove their case by external evidence, rather than by confessions extracted from suspects. But it does not mean that a given individual, found in a compromising situation, shows his innocence by failing to make a full disclosure."

Chief Justice Marshall, who was around when the amendment was adopted, took what modern "liberals" would regard as a narrow view. In the course of the trial of Aaron Burr, the chief justice said that the witness himself must be the judge of whether or not an answer to the question put to him actually would "criminate" (sic) him. But, "if in such a case he says upon his oath that his answer would criminate himself, the court can demand no other testimony of the fact. If the declaration be untrue, it is in conscience and in law as much a perjury as if he had declared any other untruth upon his oath." In other words, if he wouldn't be "criminated," he had no business using this defense.

There have been many legal opinions and much scholarly research upon this business of the Fifth Amendment and its application. But never, until Congress undertook to find out something about the activities of the communist conspiracy in this country, was it advanced that those who refused to answer a question on the ground of self-incrimination deserved praise as defenders of freedom. The general view, before these special beneficiaries of the Fifth Amendment arose to plague us, was pretty well expressed by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts when (Continued on Page 12)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

21-inch PICKWICK. TV with a twist! It swivels so *you* don't have to. Two speakers. Limed oak grained finish (Model 21T6257), $259.95.



21-inch HEADLINER. Lowest priced RCA Victor table model with "4-Plus" picture. Gives you high-priced performance at budget-wise cost. Ebony finish (Model 21T6082), $199.95. Matching stand available, extra.

New RCA Victor TV makes all other TV seem old-fashioned

IT'S THE NEW "UN-MECHANICAL LOOK" —TV'S FIRST COMPLETE RE-STYLING!

Suddenly, there's a totally new concept in television design. It's the stunning new "Un-Mechanical Look" . . . part of the Big Change in TV by RCA Victor. Gone from sight are obvious knobs, dials and gadgets.

How do you tune? Simple! New "High-and-Easy" controls are hidden beneath a concealed panel on some models, high on the sides of others, or behind closed doors on full-door models. All you see is TV's finest picture and cabinetry!

All the new RCA Victor TV sets prove that beauty is more than just "skin-deep." Because this is beauty with a purpose . . . a revolution in TV design, inside as well as out, to bring you TV's finest performance. So see and hear for yourself how new RCA Victor TV can make your home more attractive and more fun to live in. Visit your RCA Victor dealer today!

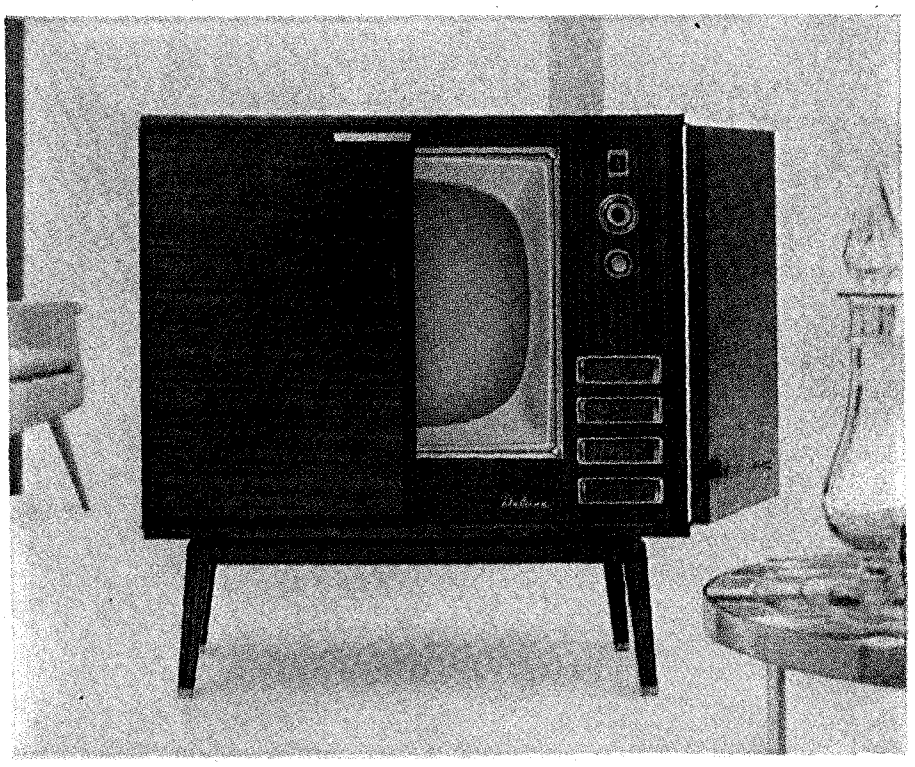
Famous RCA Factory Service, assuring you of expert installation and maintenance, is available in most TV areas—but only to RCA Victor TV owners. Ask your dealer for full details!

See MILTON BERLE, MARTHA RAYE alternately on NBC-TV, 2 out of every 3 Tuesdays. NBC-TV's spectacular "Producers' Showcase" in RCA Compatible Color or black-and-white, Monday, Nov. 14. KIDS! Enter Colgate's big "Name the Tugboat" contest. See "HOWDY DOODY" in Color on NBC-TV at your RCA Victor dealer's.

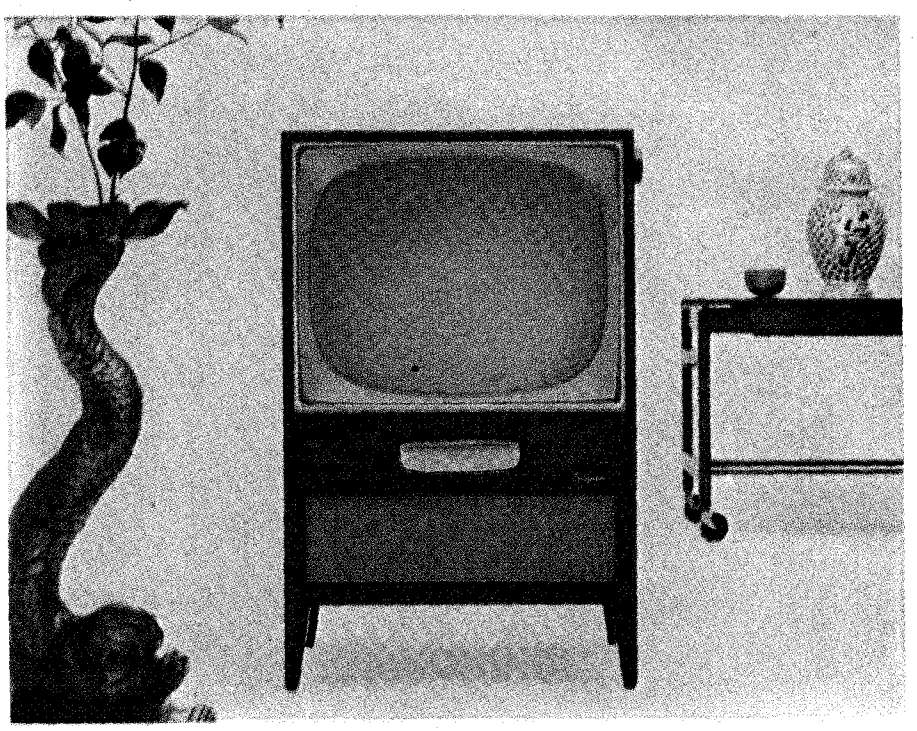
Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown, subject to change. Slightly higher in the far West and South. UHF optional at RCA Victor's lowest price ever—only $25 extra.

RCA VICTOR Tmks.® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

EVERY YEAR MORE PEOPLE BUY RCA VICTOR THAN ANY OTHER TELEVISION



24-inch BARBIZON DELUXE. New lowboy with full-length, brass-trimmed doors. New "4-Plus" picture and extra-powerful deluxe chassis. Twin speakers. Natural walnut finish (Model 24D673), $500.00.

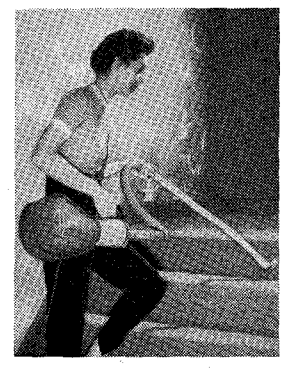


24-inch VINCENT. Bigger-than-life 24-inch TV Consolette. Convenient "High-Side" tuning and new "4-Plus" picture. Twin speakers. In rich mahogany grained finish (Model 24T6285), $289.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Hoover® PIXIE

goes anywhere dirt goes!



This handy, handsome little Hoover digs out dirt wherever it's hiding—from the back of the kitchen cupboard to the glove compartment of your car.

You don't carry the new Hoover Pixie, you *wear* it. Strap slips over your shoulders, leaves both hands free.

Quickest, easiest way in the world to clean up, pick up, brush up. Famous Veriflex hose snaps on front, never kinks. Long, light wand lets you reach up high, down low, way back. Extra attachments for all cleaning jobs. See your Hoover dealer soon.

The Hoover Company
North Canton, Ohio

$39.95 Easy terms
Complete with attachments

HOOVER
FINE APPLIANCES
. . . around the house, around the world

Editorials

(Continued from Page 10)

it said: "In the face of such accusations men commonly do not remain mute, but voice their denial with earnestness, if they can do so with honesty. Culpability alone seals their lips."

Don't Say Las Vegas is Short of Suckers!

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

According to gamblers, 80 per cent of the public would catch the fever if properly exposed. Exposing the public to gambling, under the most tempting and infectious conditions, is the principal industry of Las Vegas, Nevada.

Top-heavy with fifteen luxury hotels and other pleasure resorts, and hoping for a larger "take" than its last year's $164,000,000, Las Vegas is eager to give more people a chance to enjoy its exciting casinos and lavish floor shows, and to shake the hands of its one-armed bandits.

But the hundreds of miles of desert and mountains that lie between it and the large population centers are a barrier to thousands who might otherwise visit Las Vegas. This barrier, the town feels, amounts to discrimination against those with limited time for pleasure. It also deprives Las Vegas of quick money—from the uninitiated in gambling.

If only those uninitiated had wings! Las Vegas is not a town to just sit and wish. Advertisements in Los Angeles newspapers now offer a night in fabulous Las Vegas for twenty-five dollars. An all-paid six P.M. to three A.M. night that includes round-trip plane passage to Las Vegas, transportation to and from the airport, and cocktails, dinner and a floor show at one of the top hotels. Also ten dollars in gambling chips to start the lucky visitor on his way to fortune.

Las Vegas can afford to offer generous inducements to attract newcomers. Several of its hotel casinos net an estimated $5,000,000 to $6,000,000 a year. The odds are against leaving town ahead of the game, as those on these short-visit flights usually discover. A poll taken aboard one of the planes returning to Los Angeles revealed that its twenty-six passengers had dropped a trifle less than $3000 at the tables on that trip—a little better than $100 each on the average.

Even without bringing heavy losers, a half dozen of these special flights a night yield a nice take. But they are only part of Las Vegas' plan for winning new customers and increasing revenue. The Chamber of Commerce has ambitious projects on the fire: such as an 8500-seat auditorium to lure conventions in slack winter months, a high-speed ultra-de-luxe "shuttle" train on the Union Pacific from Los Angeles, and direct airplane flights from large Eastern cities. It already has flights from Dallas and Houston to wing in Texas money. The C. of C. also plans to divert more cars off U.S. 66 and up U.S. 93 across Hoover Dam to Las Vegas. This is forty miles longer than U.S. 66's direct route west, but it is over excellent highway.

With true Western hospitality, both the state and Las Vegas invite the whole country into their parlor, and strive to make the trail to their door an easy one, and losing a pleasure.

Which Red Propaganda Do You Read?

It looks as if the National Farm Commission of the American Communist Party hadn't got the word before releasing its program for farm and labor unity as of last June. Failing to anticipate the sweetness and light which was to be engendered by the visit of the Russian farm delegation to the United States, the Communist Party pamphlet starts off with the observation that "the Administration is deliberately trying to depress farm prices, wreck existing Federal farm programs and force some three million farm families off the land."

When Mr. Matskevich, the leader of the visiting Russians, was invited to broadcast his impressions of American agriculture over the Voice of America, he said that, while he felt that the collective system was better than the American free system of agriculture, "we have seen much that was interesting, and useful things that may be applied in the state and collective farms of the Soviet Union." Unless somebody in Moscow dubbed it in later, there was no mention of three million people being forced off their farms. Inasmuch as the "Voice" program was "jammed" by Moscow, it may be that the Kremlin didn't care what Mr. Matskevich had to say.

For 1956 the Communist Party advises American farmers that, while "both parties are Wall Street dominated, the Democratic Party, which draws the votes chiefly from the working class and the Negro people, is forced to be more responsive to such pressure than the Republican Party. Nationally, a coalition of progressive voters can have its greatest effect within the Democratic Party. . . . In some localities where the Republican Party dominates, such coalitions can operate within that party too."

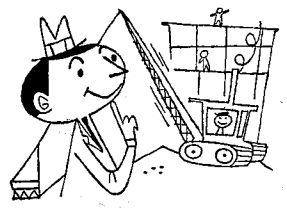
Neither party can say that it wasn't warned. Conceivably, the visit of the friendly Russian farmers was designed to make the infiltration easier.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a recent nation-wide survey, 77% of the people interviewed *couldn't* define a common stock correctly. This advertisement, one of a series published to help broaden understanding of the stock market, explains common stock. We hope you'll find it informative and worthwhile.

What is a common stock ...*and why?*

1. You're part owner of a company when you buy its stock . . . own an interest in its plant, raw materials, inventories. How big an interest, of course, depends on how many shares you own. Some companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange have hundreds of thousands of share owners.

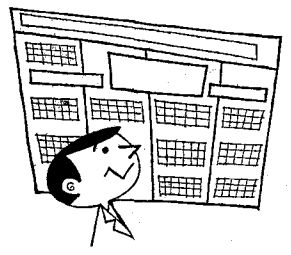


2. Why stock is issued. Issuing shares of stock to the public is one way companies have gathered together the money they needed to build plants, buy machinery, put people to work. This procedure is as old as America itself, and it is a key reason why our capitalistic democracy has worked so successfully.

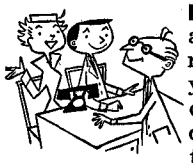
3. What you get as a share owner is, first of all, the opportunity of receiving dividends as a return on your investment (many companies pay them every three months). How big the dividend is —and whether it is justified by earnings — is decided by the company's board of directors. As an owner, you have the right to vote and help elect these directors. You also share in the company's growth. If it prospers, the price of your stock probably will go up.

4. What risks you take. Naturally, there's a risk in putting money into any business. When the company you've invested in does not prosper — or its future prospects do not seem good — the price of your stock probably will go down — and, of course, dividends may not be paid. It is important to know these risks, and a man who will be glad to help you evaluate them is a partner or a registered representative of a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange.

5. How many stocks are "listed"? Not all stocks can be bought and sold on the New York Stock Exchange. Only those of about 1,200 companies are listed. Facts about these are made public, since a listed company must agree to publish at least one complete financial statement every year and, in most cases, quarterly reports. Prices and the number of shares transacted are sent out promptly over a nation-wide ticker system by the Stock Exchange and appear daily in many newspapers.



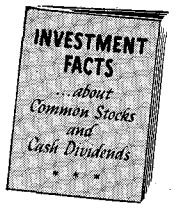
6. There's no mystery about a stock. It is simply a part ownership in a company. It is bought by people who want to share in the growth and profits the company may make. Today, an estimated 7½ million people — from all walks of life and all income groups — own shares in publicly owned American business.



Before you invest, get the facts. Investing is a serious business. There is no place for rent money in the stock market. So before you put your money into stocks, be sure you have taken care of other financial obligations and have adequate savings for emergencies. And be certain, too, to get the help of a partner or a registered representative of a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. He can supply you with information about the 1,522 common and preferred stocks and the 739 corporate bonds listed on the Exchange. He'll be glad to help you plan a balanced investment program — including both stocks and bonds if you desire. And remember, his information and advice won't cost you a penny.

OWN YOUR SHARE OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

FREE BOOKLET tells you how to buy or sell stocks, the cash dividends particular stocks have paid, and about the new pay-as-you-go Monthly Investment Plan. For free copy of the new revised edition of *Investment Facts,* write, phone or call on any Member Firm of the Stock Exchange. Or write directly to New York Stock Exchange, Dept. LF-4, P.O. Box 252, New York 5, N. Y.



Mail to your local Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or
New York Stock Exchange, Dept. LF-4, P. O. Box 252, New York 5, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of the new edition of *Investment Facts.*

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

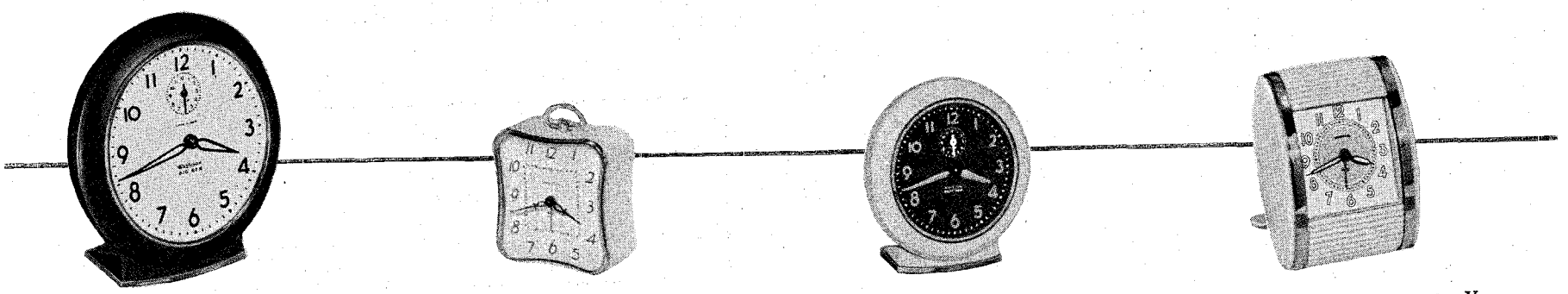
Members and Member Firms of the **NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clock of Tomorrow—into this beautiful spring-driven alarm have gone the most extravagant dreams of Westclox craftsmen. White or black highlighted with gold-color. Luminous face and hands. $12.50

Spring-driven

Westclox keeps you on time



BIG BEN LOUD ALARM, SPRING-DRIVEN. Audible tick and a deep, intermittent "fire alarm" gong. Black or ivory finish. $6.95. Luminous dial, a dollar more.

LA SALLITA SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. Only 3″ high. Quiet tick. Bell alarm. Ivory finish, gold-color metal trim. $4.50. Luminous dial, a dollar more.

BABY BEN SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. Has a quiet tick: a steady call, adjustable to loud or soft. Ivory or black. $6.95. Luminous dial, a dollar more.

TRAVALARM SPRING-DRIVEN. You can take it with you! Travalarm closes up like a clam for traveling. Ivory or walnut finish. Luminous dial only. $8.75.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fortune—this new Westclox is the last word in electric alarm clocks. Modern elegance in gray-tone plastic, with high styled dial and gold-color trim; at home in any decor. Dial is luminous. $6.95.

Dresses from Bramson . . . Chicago, Palm Beach

or Electric

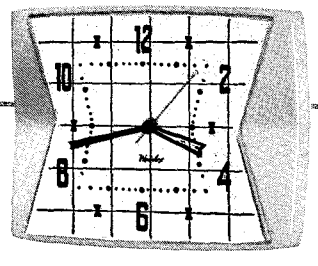
Clocks are such personal things, Westclox wouldn't dream of questioning why some people want spring-driven, others electric. We're just happy to say that both keep time faithfully. As for beauty, there's a wide, wide choice—from our glamorous spring-driven "Clock of Tomorrow" to the colorful new "Fortune" electric alarm. In any case, your Westclox will prove a dependable and delightful companion!

WESTCLOX*

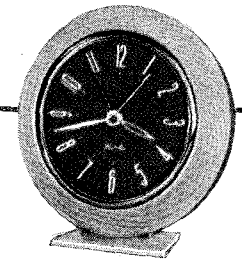
made by the makers of **BIG BEN**

La Salle-Peru, Illinois

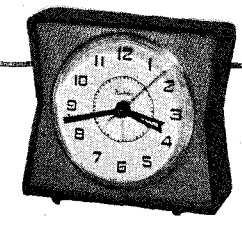
Products of GT GENERAL TIME Corporation



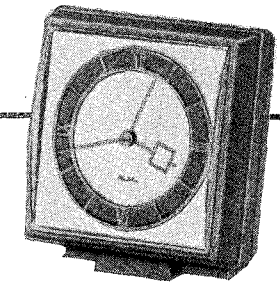
ZEST ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK. Dashing new design. White plastic case sets off the smart dial in red, charcoal or yellow. Non-breakable crystal. $6.95.



KENDALL ELECTRIC ALARM. A richly grained wood case in mahogany or blond finish. Pleasant bell alarm. $7.95. With luminous dial, a dollar more.



DASH ELECTRIC ALARM. Dramatic new case, in black plastic with recessed front of gold-colored metal. Steady call. $5.95. Luminous dial, a dollar more.



BYRON ELECTRIC ALARM. Tilt base. Gold-colored Roman numerals contrast with ultra-modern red, green or silver-colored metal case. Bell alarm. $10.95.

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada: Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U. S. A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change.* *Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

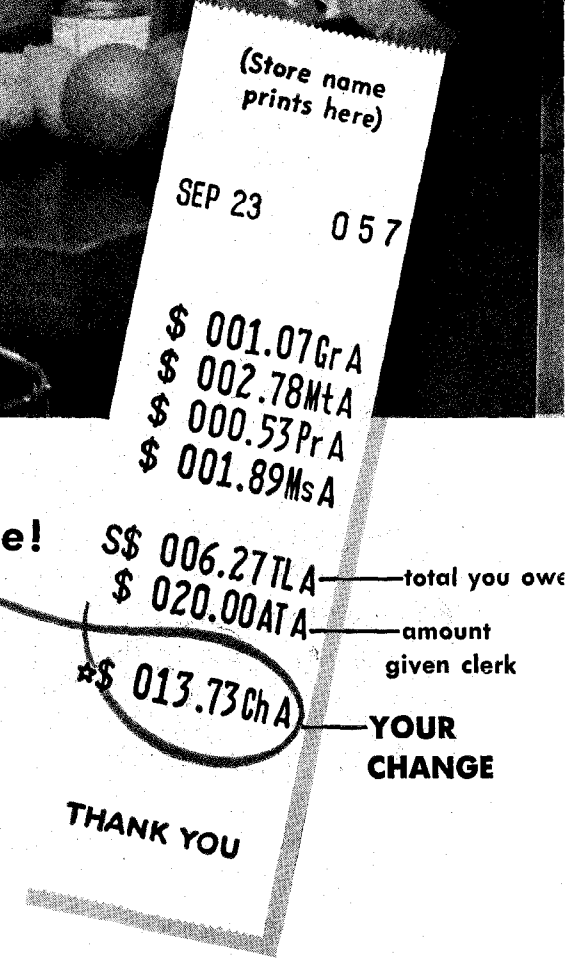
National **figures your change! stops mistakes! saves your time!**

Up to now, National Cash Registers told you how much to pay. This new feature *also* tells the *exact change* due you—giving complete protection to you, merchant and salesperson.

For every *one* dollar of sales, *several* dollars of customer money are handled—thus inviting countless opportunities for mistakes in computing change. NCR Automatic Change Computer removes all chance for such errors.

You can now see, at the top of the register, and on the receipt, *every* step of the transaction—price charged for each item, total of purchase (including tax), TOTAL 6.27 money tendered to checker or salesperson AMT. TEND. 20.00, and *amount of change to be returned to you:* YOUR CHANGE 13.73. Your printed, itemized receipt is a complete "take home" statement of the transaction.

Merchants must see this new time-and-money saver to appreciate its great advantages. Call your nearby National branch office for a demonstration today.



THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

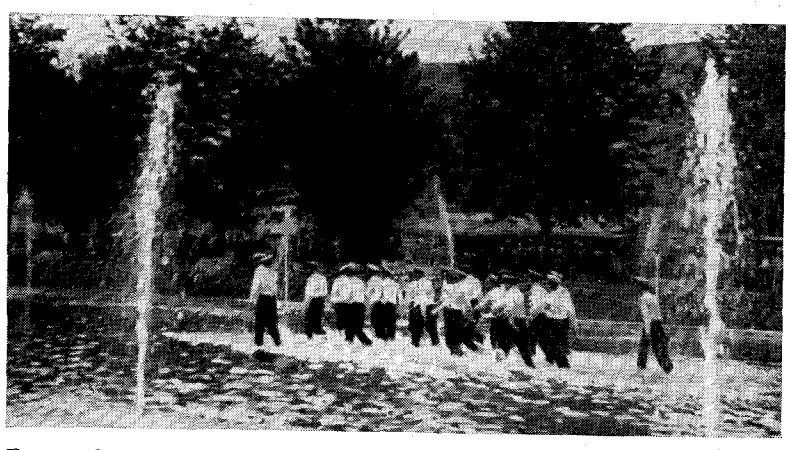
977 OFFICES IN 94 COUNTRIES

National

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?



Remember the luckless New York World's Fair of 1939? Everything bad except a hurricane hit it. World War II knocked out many of its European exhibitors, starting with Nazi-conquered Poland. By late summer business was so poor that numerous nattily uniformed guides—mostly college students—were fired. These discharged collegians expressed their disgust by parading through the lagoon. Amazed spectators asked, "Has the Aquacade gone astray?"

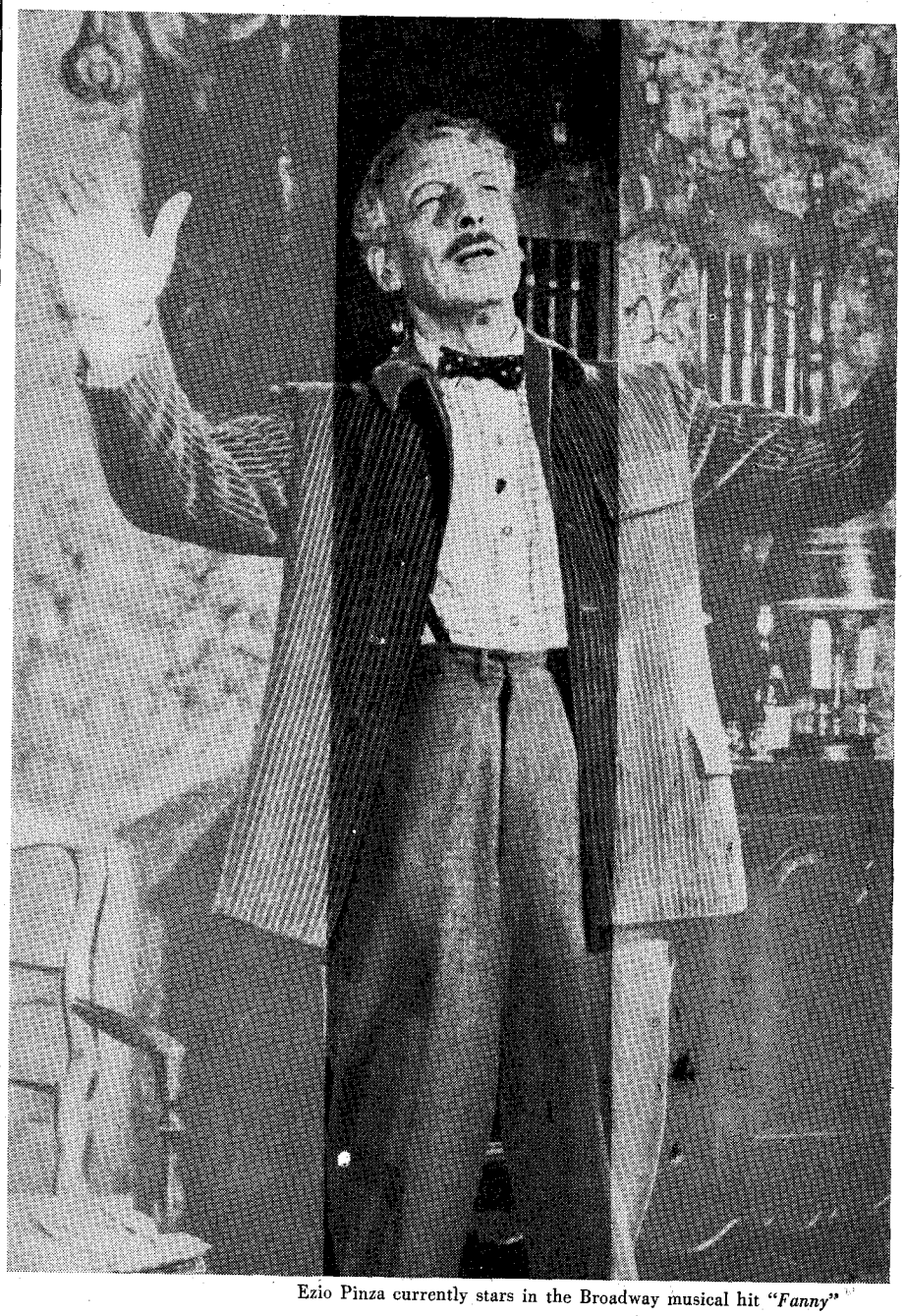
ARNOLD W. WISE

Here is the man who first made coffee prices soar. In 1912, Herman Sielcken, a German living in New York, engineered the valorization scheme by which Brazil bought up her coffee surplus with borrowed funds and doubled the price to United States consumers. The United States Government sued Sielcken in vain. But when Germany went to war with us in 1917, the U.S. seized his coffee fortune. Overnight he had become an enemy alien. PABLO TOMASITO

Only fifty years ago Army communications were literally mule-drawn. Here is the Signal Corps hard at work in a Kansas field near Fort Leavenworth, unreeling field-phone cables from a mule wagon. At that peaceful time, apparently nobody worried about whether the enemy might shoot the mules. But the Army wasn't entirely asleep. Captain at right, Billy Mitchell, became famous after World War I for his fight to establish a modern air force. R. E. LAYMAN

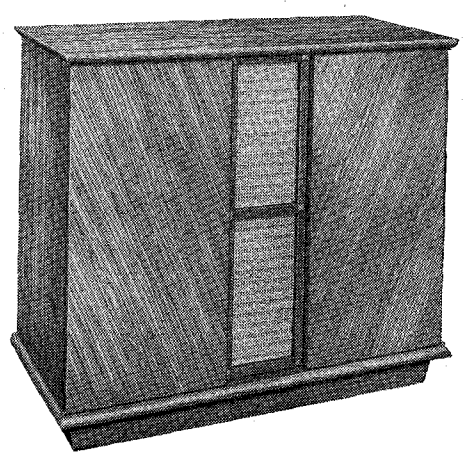
We pay $50 for your personally taken photos showing unusual views of noted people or Americana since 1890. Send with full facts and stamped return envelope to Remember When, Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5.

Are you hearing only a fraction of the Pinza you pay for?



Ezio Pinza currently stars in the Broadway musical hit *"Fanny"*

Anyone can bring Ezio Pinza's voice home in an envelope. But to fill your home with all its majestic splendor is another thing entirely. Ordinary phonographs deliver just a fraction of it. But a Magnavox reproduces his superb basso just as it is heard on the stage of "Fanny."



The Berkshire Superb AM-FM radio-phonograph. Super-sensitive tuner; 3-speed precision changer with diamond stylus; 4 speakers—12" and 15" bass speakers and 2 high frequency horns. Has 20-watt High Fidelity amplifier. Genuine mahogany, blond, cherry or ebony, **$595.00**

You can buy a Magnavox High Fidelity *Console* with two speakers, 3-speed changer and 10 watts of power, as low as $149.50. See and hear these magnificent instruments. Your Magnavox dealer is listed under television in the yellow pages of your phone book. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Indiana.

The Magnificent **Magnavox**

High Fidelity Radio-Phonograph

Prices subject to change without notice

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't get stuck in SNOW SLUSH MUD

THE GENERAL *Winter-Cleat*

Tubeless or Tube Type

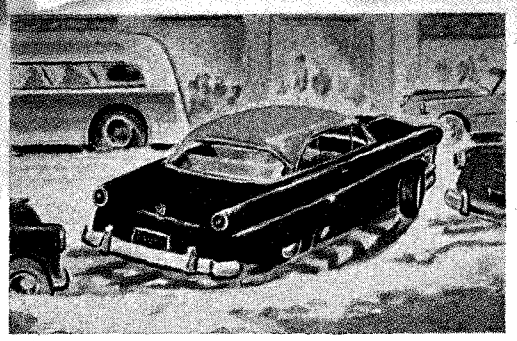
The General Winter-Cleat takes the work and worry out of Winter driving.

Until you've driven a car with a pair on the rear wheels, you can't imagine how safe and easy driving through snow, slush and mud can be.

Reserve a Pair for Your Rear Wheels NOW!

Don't wait for the first storm to bog you down. See your General Tire Dealer now. He will reserve a pair in the proper size. General Winter-Cleats are also available with white sidewalls.

NO BOGGING DOWN—even in hub-deep mud. Power-traction General Winter-Cleats take soft, rutted, unimproved roads in stride.

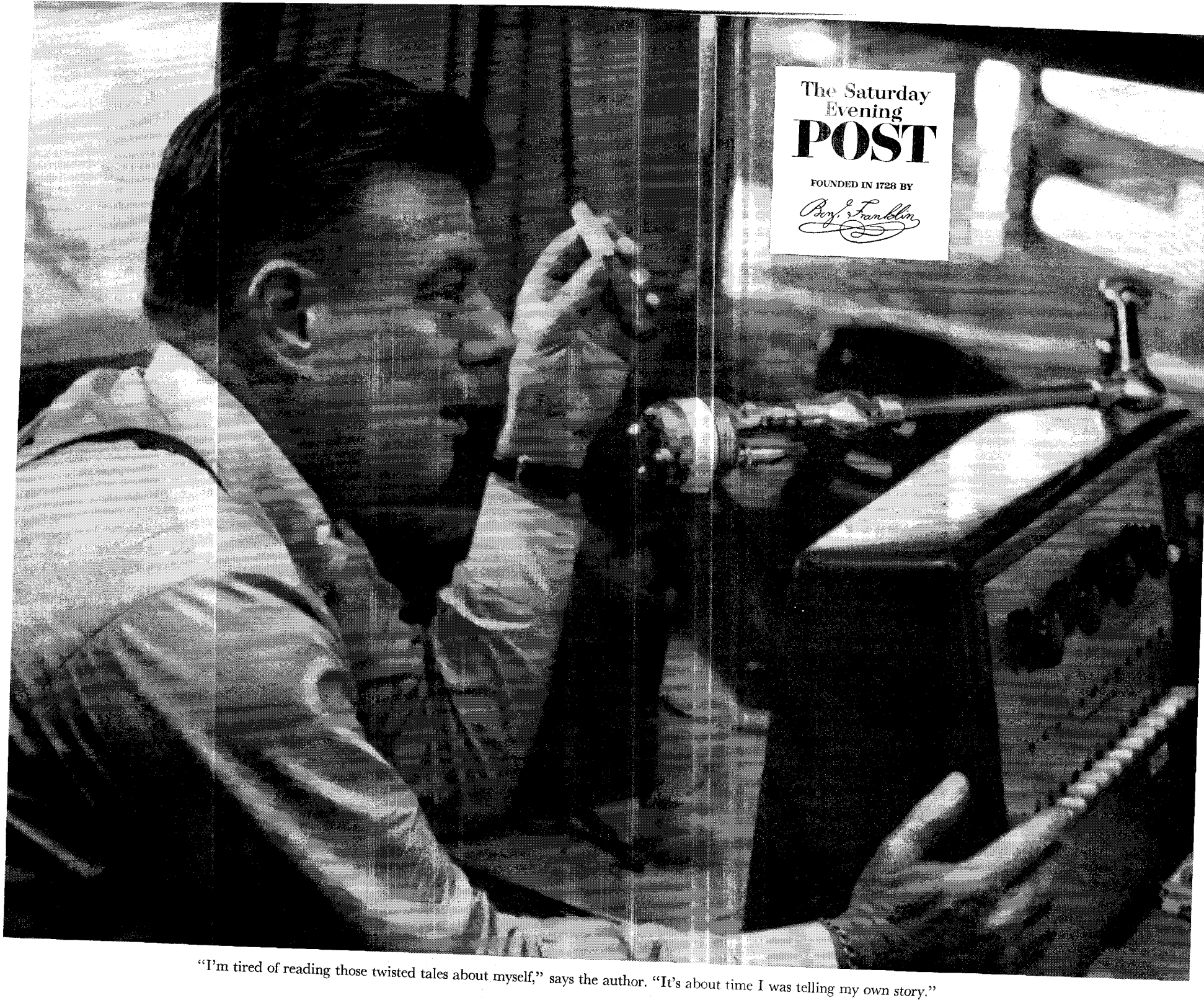


NO SPINNING—NO SKIDDING getting away from ice-rutted curbs. General Winter-Cleat power-traction pulls you away easily, quickly.

NO SLIPPING—NO SLIDING on inclined driveways. General Winter-Cleat power-traction makes the going effortless.

THE GENERAL TIRE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I'm tired of reading those twisted tales about myself," says the author. "It's about time I was telling my own story."

This is My Story

The most discussed, admired, maligned and controversial of entertainers reports with amazing candor on his remarkable career—not overlooking some extremely painful moments. • First of eight parts.

By ARTHUR GODFREY
as told to Pete Martin

This is Tuesday morning. I'm sitting up in bed, in my apartment in New York. It's about one o'clock, I think, and I've got the insomnia. Telling my story like this has forced me to think so much it makes me wakeful. I've got a tape-recording machine right here by my bed, hoping that on one of these restless nights I'll find just the right way to say what I have to say.

So I've been lying here thinking about this story. A little while ago I even had a sentence to begin it with—it was a beautiful sentence, but now I can't remember it. Maybe that's a good thing because I've found that the ideas which seem so wonderful just before you go to sleep often look pretty bad the next morning.

What I'd like to do is to tell this story the same way I talk when I'm in front of a mike. When I face a mike I have a mental image of only one person listening to or looking at me, and I talk to that one person. The way I see it,

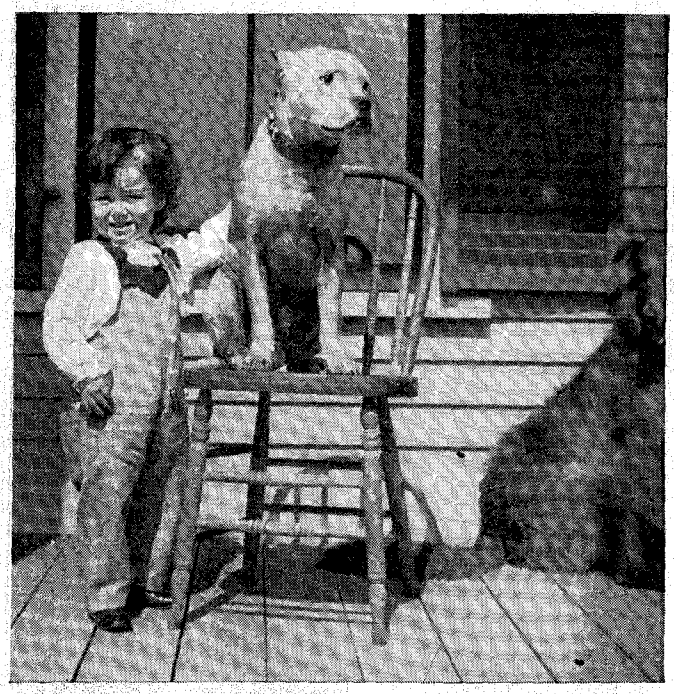
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE GODFREY FAMILY ALBUM

Arthur Godfrey, Sr., in 1902, a year before his first son was born.

Mother Godfrey (left) and Stella Perry, who won fame as an author of children's books, with baby Arthur.

Arthur at six months. The Godfreys' credit at the grocer's was still good. Later things were put on a strictly cash basis.



Two, with "Fitzi" on the farm in S. Newbury, Vt. "The first thing I remember in this life is getting lost," says Arthur.

1919: Arthur (center r.) was a civilian typist at Camp Merritt, N. J. Girls are his sisters.

Next week Arthur tells why he joined the Navy, and what the Navy did to him.

this is the same deal. For after all, only one person at a time can read a magazine.

So I'm not going to address you as "gentle readers," because to me you aren't plural. You're just one individual who's saying to himself, "O.K., let's see what this jerk Godfrey's got to say for himself."

Another thing I've been asking myself while I'm lying here is this: "Why are you telling your story anyhow? You, who have always said a man's name ought to be in the paper three times: when he's born, when he's married and when he dies." Well, I don't know. So much has been printed about me in the last two years, and so little of it is true, that maybe it is time I told my own story, if for no other reason than just to set the record straight. The fantastic tales concocted for the newspapers by press agents of my former associates have probably at least confused some of my listeners. I think, therefore, that I owe this story to them.

Maybe if I had any brains I'd let it go the way it is and ignore the base, unfair and often vicious attacks that have been made upon me in the press. I have never been troubled much by fear of any kind, but you'll never know the guts it took to walk out on that stage every day while the newspapers were tearing my heart out. I can take criticism in my stride. Criticism is good for a man: keeps his head from swelling. But some of those stories you and I read in the papers weren't criticism.

They were deliberate lies, for the most part, and they hurt—way down deep; so much that sometimes I'd throw the good advice of my close friends to the four winds and fight back on the air.

But of course that was stupid, because that was exactly what my attackers were hoping I'd do. Unfortunately, some newspapermen will stoop to any depths in order to try to increase

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

circulation. Printing a lot of absurdities about a well-known guy is sure-fire. My dear, wise old friend, Mr. Bernard Baruch, told me: "They did it to me years ago; called me a Wall Street manipulator, a keeper of concubines—everything!"

Mr. Baruch has been an adviser to Presidents, and every American admires him, yet what the press did to him in his early days makes my troubles seem rather mild. "Tend to your business!" he's fond of repeating. "Don't read the stuff they print; then they can't hurt you. The people who really know you won't believe it. The rest were never your friends in the first place."

Bless his heart, that was good advice, but extremely difficult to follow. I am perhaps the most fallible of human beings, and I make more than my share of mistakes every day, but all a man can do in any situation is what he thinks is best. After all, you have to live with yourself.

But the rumors that get around! I was talking to a small friend of my daughter, Patty, at our lunch table down in Virginia, and this little girl said she'd heard that I'd fired some people from my shows because they wouldn't kick in with money to me. I don't know whether she read that or heard it, but I ask you: How low can you get?

The oldest and most persistent rumor, of course, is the one about me being a drunk. A few badly inhibited folks, who are so self-conscious they can't be themselves without getting half plastered, think I couldn't possibly do the things I do on the air unless I was crocked to the gills. The fact is that while I love a glass of beer or a very dry Martini—especially if it's made with vodka—I don't drink enough to keep a barn owl happy. You see, I figure the good Lord put us on this earth and gave us all these faculties for only one reason: to make the most of 'em. If He had merely wanted us to exist, He would have made us a fungous growth or a parasite or something. But I'm sure He meant for man to *live*, and, brother, you ain't livin' when you're drunk!

And, my critics and detractors to the contrary, all I ever do from day to day is—just live it up! There are absolutely no tricks to it. I just do what comes naturally, and put everything I've got into everything I do. Life is never a bore,

(Continued on Page 116)

Arthur Godfrey and His Friends rehearse the final number for one of their regular Wednesday-night television shows. Gang includes choreographer Harry Rogue (waving), Tony Marvin, the three McGuire sisters, Janette Davis, Frank Parker and the boss himself.

Arthur's freckled, rubbery face, as seen above on his morning show, is one reason for his fabulous television success. At right, he matches quips with guest star Bob Hope.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THAT SUSCEPTIBLE AGE

By ROBERT TERRALL

He was 43, and had been happily married for years.

How could he tell his wife he loved another woman?

The taxi halted for a light and the driver turned to his fare, a worried-looking man in his early forties, named Richard Braman. "Say something, doc?"

Richard started. "Talking to myself, I'm afraid."

To be precise, Richard was rehearsing a speech he was about to deliver to his wife. Tonight, he was well aware, would be rough. This was the night he intended to tell her that he had fallen in love with his secretary.

Ruth, he said, groping out at nothing, *I've told you about Miss Marsden, the girl I have working for me* ——

There he stopped, unable to think of what to say next. He tried again.

Ruth, I have something to tell you which I know will come as a shock, but let's try to talk it over calmly, like civilized people ——

No. Far too pompous. Perhaps he should simply plunge in abruptly and tell her what Patricia meant to him.

Patricia Marsden had come to him straight from Vassar College fifteen months ago. She had black hair and blue eyes. She reminded Richard of a breeze blowing across a meadow dotted with buttercups and daisies, which is a dangerous thing to be reminded of at Richard's age. At this season of the year—early fall—his complexion was ruddy, the result of a summer

"You know I'm extremely fond of you," Richard said. "I always will be. But there are some things that can't be helped."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on a sand dune reading the typescripts of unproduced plays. His hair was touched lightly with gray. He regretted to think that he was undoubtedly beginning to look distinguished. And that was just what had brought this entire business with Patricia to a climax—if he was going to get anything settled before he was hopelessly middle-aged, there was very little time.

Richard's profession was a curious one, with no exact name. He was a finder. He found people who had money they wanted to invest, and persuaded them to invest it in the theater. At the moment, after three hits in a row, his reputation was excellent, the best in his field. He hadn't missed, in fact, since Patricia came to work for him. He used her as a touchstone. She looked on the theater with affectionate wonder, and seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of what the public was going to like. From depending on her to falling in love with her had been only a step.

He paid off the taxi and said good evening to the doorman in front of his apartment building. As the elevator started up, he found that he had left the last shreds of his assurance in the lobby. The trouble was, he liked his wife. He hoped they could still be friends. And it was going to be hard on the kids, though he thought they were old enough now so it wouldn't damage them permanently.

"What did you say, Mr. Braman?" the elevator operator asked.

"Oh," Richard said. "Mumbling to myself again, I guess, John."

He hesitated outside his door, but steeled himself and went in.

"Rich?" his wife called.

She came into the hall and kissed him lightly. Her hair had once been bright gold, almost yellow, and though it had darkened in recent years it was still blond. There was a slight vagueness in her manner, which was deceptive, as Richard well knew.

"You're late, dear," she said. "We went ahead without you. Don't tell me something else is wrong with Hearts on Fire?"

"Nothing serious," he answered. "The same old story trouble."

Ruth groaned. "And we open in two days! If you'd take my advice you'd throw away the story and start over, instead of trying to patch it."

"People don't pay attention to a musical-comedy book if the score's any good," he said. "If."

"Ruth, those composers of ours are the best in the business." He was beginning to sound annoyed. "You know that."

"All right, Rich; I don't want to jinx it. I wish you hadn't put any of our own money in it, that's all. I'm nervous."

"We're all nervous at this stage. Where is everybody?"

"Tim's doing his homework. Sandra had a friend in to dinner, and they're watching Emmet MacManus make his debut on television. The girls are breathless."

Richard looked at her sharply. "Isn't MacManus a little immature for them? I doubt if he's a day over forty-five."

"He's the star of your show, Rich, and you ought to be glad he still gets that effect. Come on in and eat."

Georgia, their cook, had been keeping his dinner warm in a small casserole. The food, as usual, was excellent. Georgia was another institution he was going to miss.

Tim wandered in, helped himself to a piece of Georgia's chocolate cake, and tried to engage his father in a conversation about the young bonus pitcher who had just been brought up by the Giants.

"Tim, get to work," Ruth said. "Your father wants to eat in peace."

The girls had the volume too high, and Emmet MacManus' husky tenor insinuated itself into the dining room.

Patricia.

Ruth sighed. "I love you very much, Rich, but that voice of his gives me goose pimples."

"It gives me goose pimples too," Richard said, "but it's not pleasant. Ruth, I ——"

The song ended amid desperate applause, and the girls stormed in.

"Daddy," Sandra said, "do you think if we happened to drop by the theater during rehearsals we could meet him?"

Richard looked at his fourteen-year-old daughter without enthusiasm. "You wouldn't stand much chance with MacManus, I'm afraid. I don't think he's ever married anyone younger than nineteen."

"I don't want to marry him, daddy. I just want to see what he's like."

"I'll tell you what he's like," Richard said. "He thinks he's the greatest romantic actor since Barrymore. He takes an hour and a half to get dressed. He has fights in night clubs. He's a miser. He ——"

Before Richard could continue, the commercial ended and the girls ran back for the sketch, which Richard suspected would contain several references to Hearts on Fire. He cleared his throat. It was time to break the news, but the pleasant domestic atmosphere had unsettled him. This was going to be even harder than he had expected.

"Ruth, before anything else happens, I'd better ——"

Tim returned from the kitchen and, as soon as Ruth had driven him on out, Georgia looked in to say good night and receive instructions on the next day's meals.

"We might as well be renting space in the Astor lobby," Richard said. "Let's go for a walk in the park. I have something to tell you."

"Rich, I couldn't move another step. I was shopping all afternoon. But wait a minute."

She went to the door of the living room and called, "If you kids want anything from the kitchen, get it now. Your father and I don't want to be disturbed."

"What's the matter, mummy?" Sandra said. "Did you make a mistake adding up your checkbook again?"

"That's very possible. I'll find out in a minute. Turn it down a little, will you, dear?"

She took off her shoes and put her feet up on a footstool, wiggling her toes.

"There's some beer in the refrigerator, but I wouldn't advise it. You know how you'll feel tomorrow."

"I'll make some cocoa later," he said. "Unless you think a warm drink would be bad for me?"

She studied him without speaking, and he shifted uneasily. She always knew what was best for him, and the disagreeable part of it was that she was usually right. But Patricia would never ——

"Ruth," he said, "you know I'm extremely fond of you. I always will be. But there are some things that can't be helped. You see ——"

He tried to think of the openings he had worked out in the taxi, but they had slipped away. There really didn't seem to be any graceful way to do it.

"Um'm," Ruth said. "I saw a dress this afternoon I intend to buy if Hearts on Fire earns us any money. Don't make up your mind till you see me in it. The skirt is very full, but at the top it stops about here."

"What's that got to do ——"

"How long has Miss Marsden been working for you?" Ruth asked.

"Fifteen months. But ——"

"Then it's about time." She patted his hand. "It's the most natural thing in the world, Rich, and don't be so hangdog about it. She's young and full of enthusiasm, and I imagine she's lovely. You're—let me see ——" She pretended to ponder.

"I'm forty-three, as you know perfectly well," he said stiffly.

"Forty-four, isn't it?"

"Not for another month. I don't see that it has any bearing on this."

"Of course it has, Rich. You're at a very susceptible age, and Miss Marsden is the obvious target. They write novels about it, for heaven's sake! You spend almost as many waking hours at the office as you do at home. Your secretary carries out orders like a slave, whereas I occasionally exercise the prerogatives of a wife and give you an argument. She's always looking her best—when she's sick, she doesn't come in. And unless you've really been pulling the wool over my eyes, you've never seen her with her hair in curlers. Am I right?"

"Of course you're right," Richard said. "But she has a very short haircut, as a matter of fact, and it would surprise me if she wears curlers."

Ruth made a small sound with her tongue. "You're pretty far gone, aren't you, son? Does she know about it yet?"

"I suppose she does, but we don't talk about it. I had to clear the decks here first. I don't see what there is to smile about. I'm not getting any pleasure out of this."

"Don't be a hypocrite. You know you're enjoying yourself." (Continued on Page 143)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

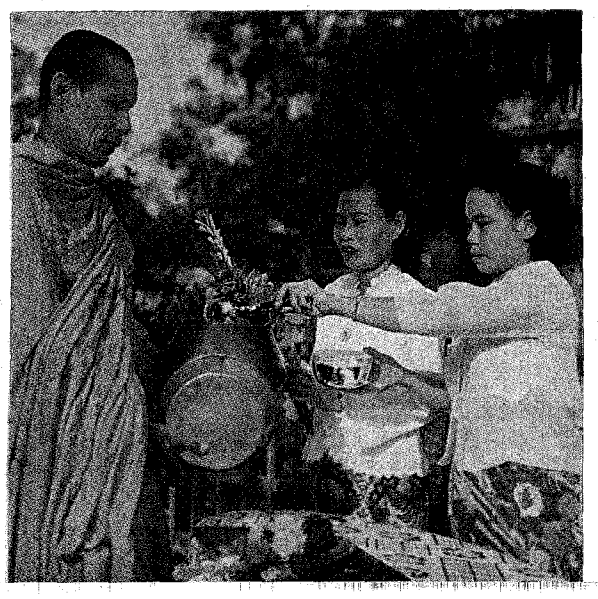
A Bangkok housewife, out shopping in the family vehicle, stops at a basket shop along one of the innumerable *klongs*, or canals, in this "Venice of the East."

BANGKOK

By DARRELL BERRIGAN

Thailand's opulent City of the Gods has gone modern, and where once bells rang and cymbals clashed, American jazz fills the tropic air.

Faithful Buddhist women fill the begging bowl of one of Bangkok's army of 10,000 mendicant priests.

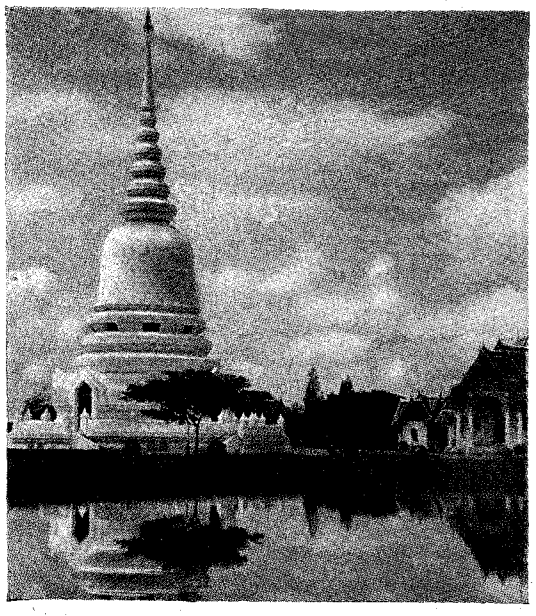


BANGKOK.

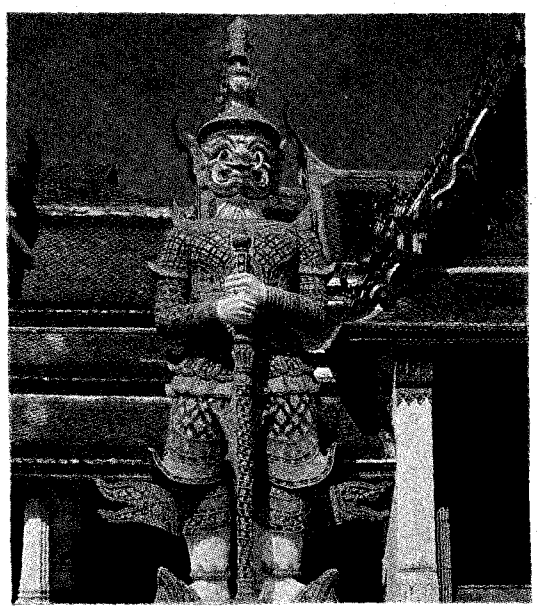
One hundred and seventy-three years ago a general with the simple name of Chakri usurped the throne of Siam, adopted the imposing name of Somdet Chaophya Maha Kasutsuk and moved his capital from the City of Wealth to Krung Thep, the City of the Gods. Since then, the general has been better remembered as King Rama I, founder of the present dynasty of Thai kings, and his country is known as Thailand. The new capital, although it is still called Krung Thep by its citizens, has become famous around the world as Bangkok.

For most of the intervening years, however, the names were about all that changed. The rest of the world fought wars and proclaimed an industrial civilization. But Bangkok dozed contentedly on the left bank of the river known as the Menam Chao Phraya, the main thoroughfare of the kingdom behind it, blessed with an overabundance of rice, fish and tropical fruits, and almost as oblivious of the world beyond the jungled hills that bound its farthest horizons as that world was of it. Then suddenly something happened and Bangkok came to life. The world began to consider it something more than a background for comic opera. Western nations began to court the burgeoning City of the Gods. International political and economic groups moved in.

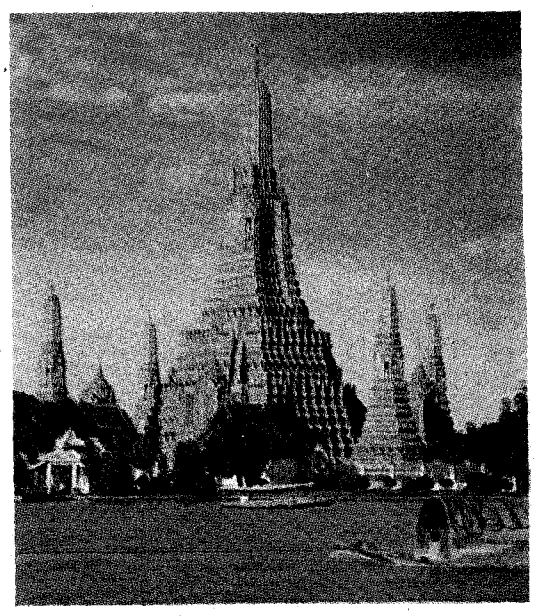
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Temple of the Sacred Bone of Buddha was built at the order of Thailand's present prime minister.



A giant demon on guard outside the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, where the king of Thailand worships.

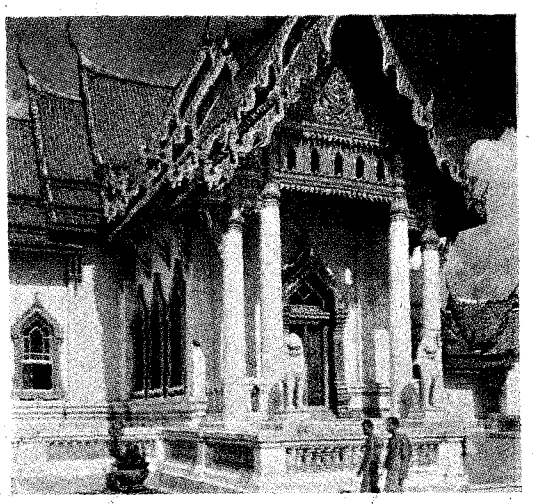


The Temple of the Dawn is a favorite of tourists, but there are 180 other temples within the city limits.

European and American businessmen thronged the market places. Moscow and Peking dignified it with curses and condemnations. And recently a United Nations diplomat called the city the strategic center of Southeast Asia. The City of the Gods, like Kansas City, has gone about as far as she can go.

When the first Rama—there have been nine so far—moved his capital from Thonburi, the City of Wealth, across the Menam Chao Phraya to where it now stands, the change was not so difficult as it might seem. Another king had only a few years before moved his capital down from Ayudhaya, forty miles upriver, and it was next to nothing to upanchor again and pole it up the canals and into the paddy fields and swamps across the river. The king and a few of his lords built palaces on the mud flats ashore, and some of the lesser population erected wooden houses on stilts along the banks of the canals. But most of the population remained afloat in big teak houseboats, where a family could more easily follow the geographical vagaries of an absolute monarch.

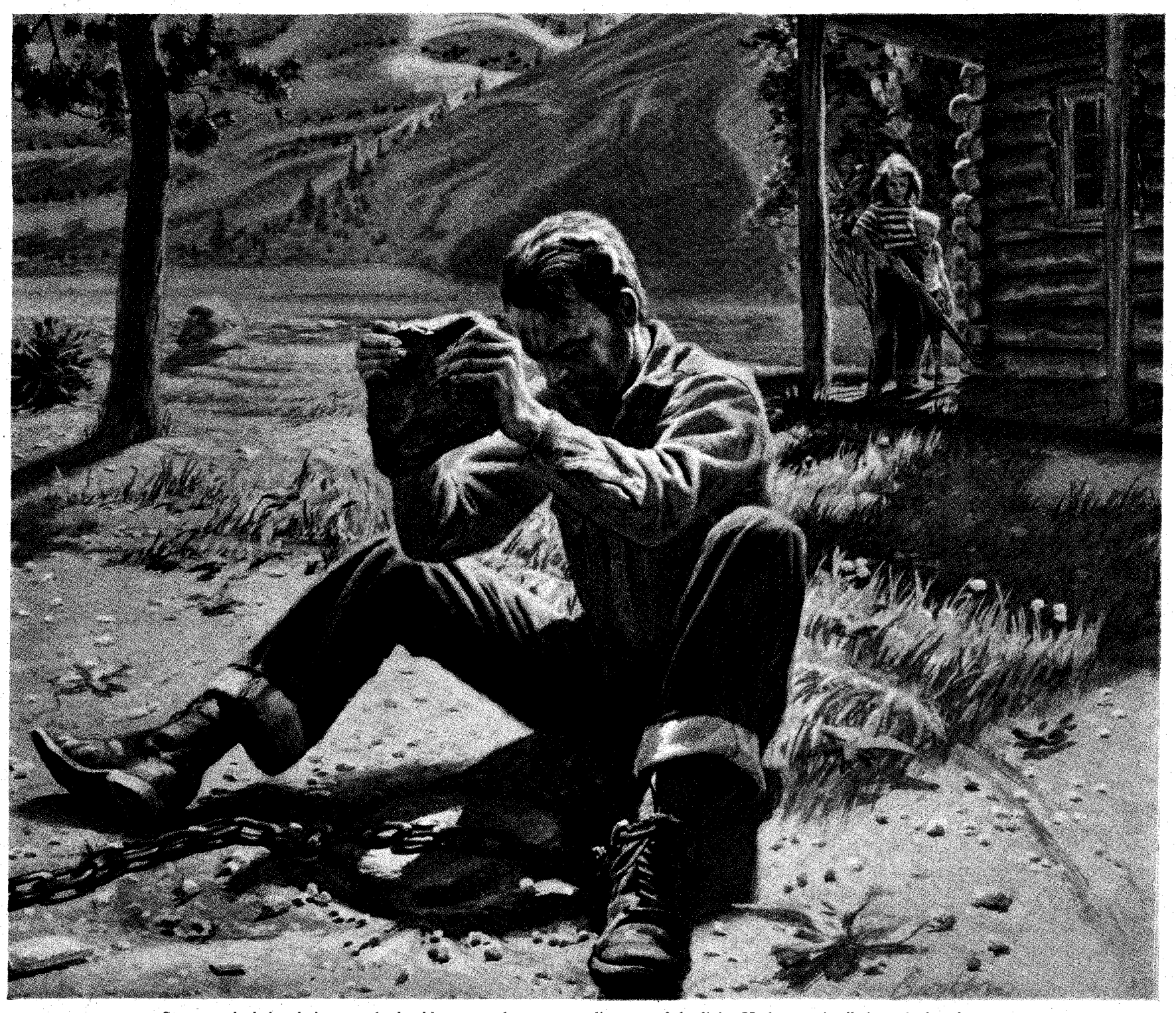
It was inevitable that Bangkok should acquire the title of "Venice of the East." Almost its entire life was afloat until half a century ago. There were few roads, and farmers paddled into the city every morning to assemble at certain watery intersections to sell their produce. The dugouts, barges and canoes, heaped with fruit, (Continued on Page 90)



Such glittering edifices are the focus of life for Bangkok's devout Buddhists. Here, the Marble Temple.

What space Bangkok does not reserve for spirituality teems with bustle, gaiety and commerce. The commercial life of the city is dominated by the Chinese.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sam stretched the chain over the boulder top and set to pounding one of the links. He kept at it all through the afternoon.

Madman's Chain

By GILBERT WRIGHT

The strange tale of the man who made himself a prisoner to guard his family from terror.

By dawn, Sam Finelace had figured out what he had to do. He eased his lanky body away from Delda, carefully swung his feet to the cabin floor and stood up without disturbing her. Collecting his clothes and shoes, Sam tiptoed barefooted past Peter's crib and through the blanketed doorway into the kitchen. Nine-year-old Gussie was snoring busily in her alcove as he crossed silently to the door and went out. Sam dressed on the back porch, shivering.

The river was a broad area of ghostly motion in the darkness and Quartz Rapids, a mile upstream, was no more than a whisper because the canyon breeze had not yet begun its day. Nothing could be clearly seen except to the east, where, fifteen hundred feet above, a segment of the canyon's rim stood sharp against the gray of dawn.

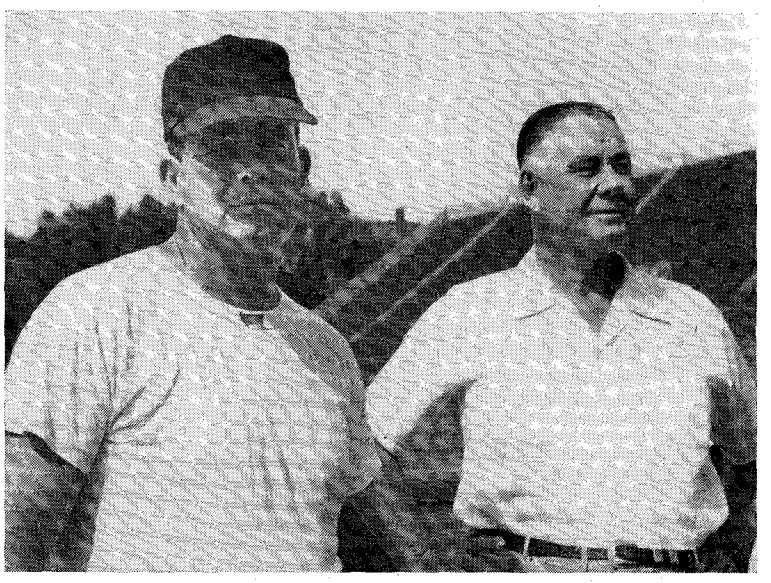
The chickens were still asleep, but while Sam was going through the tool chest in the lean-to, the old rooster gave a halfhearted crow. Probably the only reason he ever crowed at all was to let the hens know he could; the nearest other rooster was sixty miles upstream.

Sam brought the twenty-foot chain, the two bolts and the hammer to the pine tree in the front yard. He took a turn of the chain around the tree, slipped a bolt through the last link and then through a link a foot from the trunk, put on a washer (Continued on Page 69)

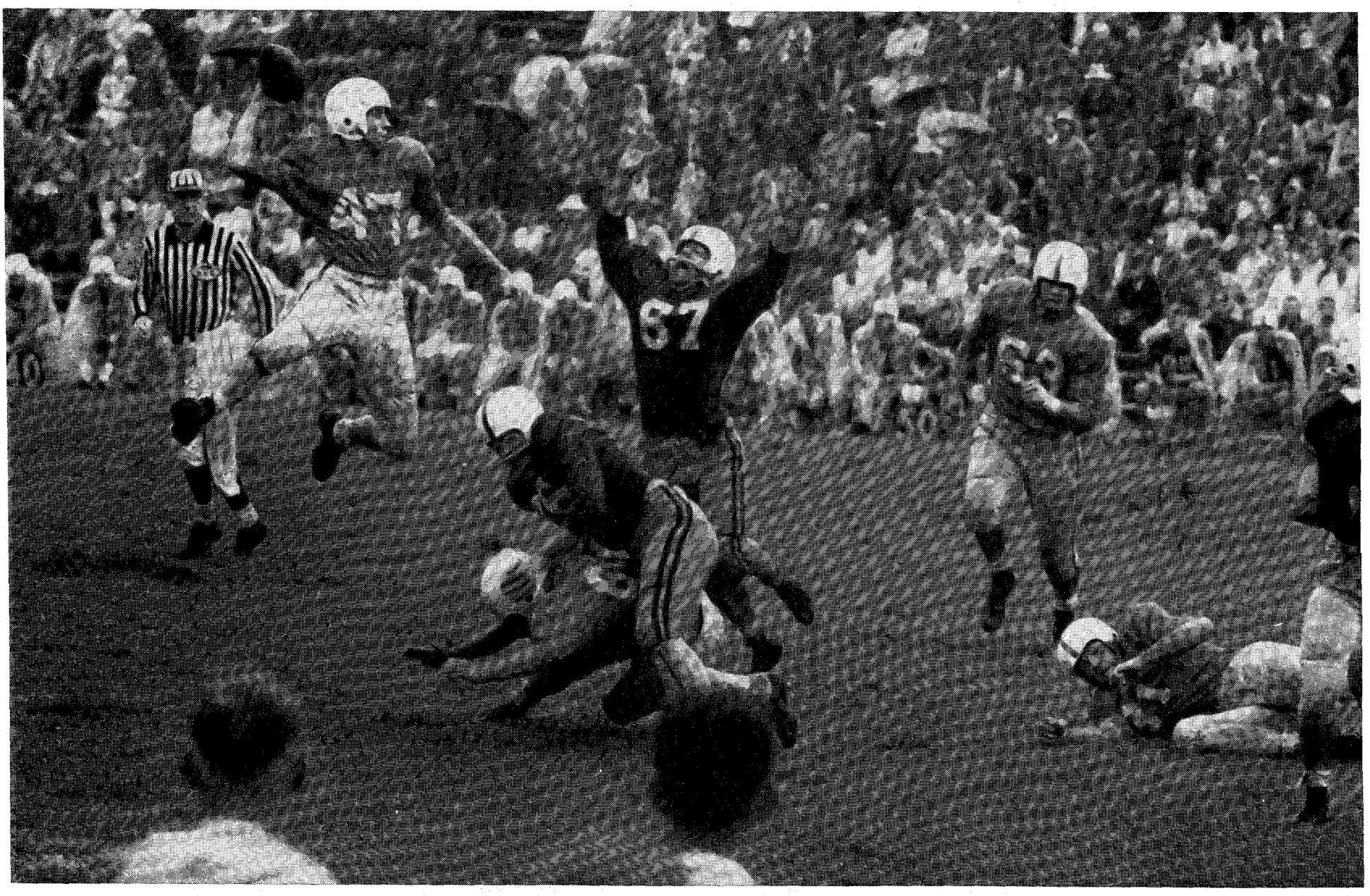
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COACH ON THE SPOT

By FRED RUSSELL AND TOM SILER



Wyatt (left) with his boss, athletic director Bob Neyland. This isn't their first partnership: In 1938, Neyland was coach and Wyatt team captain.



Tennessee tailback Gordon uncorks one during his team's opener, which Mississippi State won, 13–7. The Vols also lost their second 1955 game, but won their third.

Tennessee almost went to war with Arkansas by luring away Bowden Wyatt. Now it's up to this young coach to restore the Vols to their former greatness.

It so happens that no state of mutual admiration exists between athletic directors John Barnhill, of the University of Arkansas, and Gen. Bob Neyland, of the University of Tennessee. They don't go to each other for comfort and advice. Recently, though, when faced with comparable problems, each man came up with the same solution. With their football teams unsuccessful and the alumni growling, first Barnhill at Arkansas in 1953 and then Neyland at Tennessee last winter reached out for the same expert trouble shooter, Bowden Wyatt.

At one time the three men were together. Neyland was the head coach, Barnhill the line coach and Wyatt the captain and All-American end of Tennessee's undefeated 1938 team. In his coaching career since then, Wyatt has developed a reputation as a doctor of sick football teams. He brought the patient into blooming health at Arkansas, and at Wyoming before that. Now, at Tennessee, he has his most challenging case yet. Early-season games this year showed that the cure would not be any overnight process.

(Continued on Page 131)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

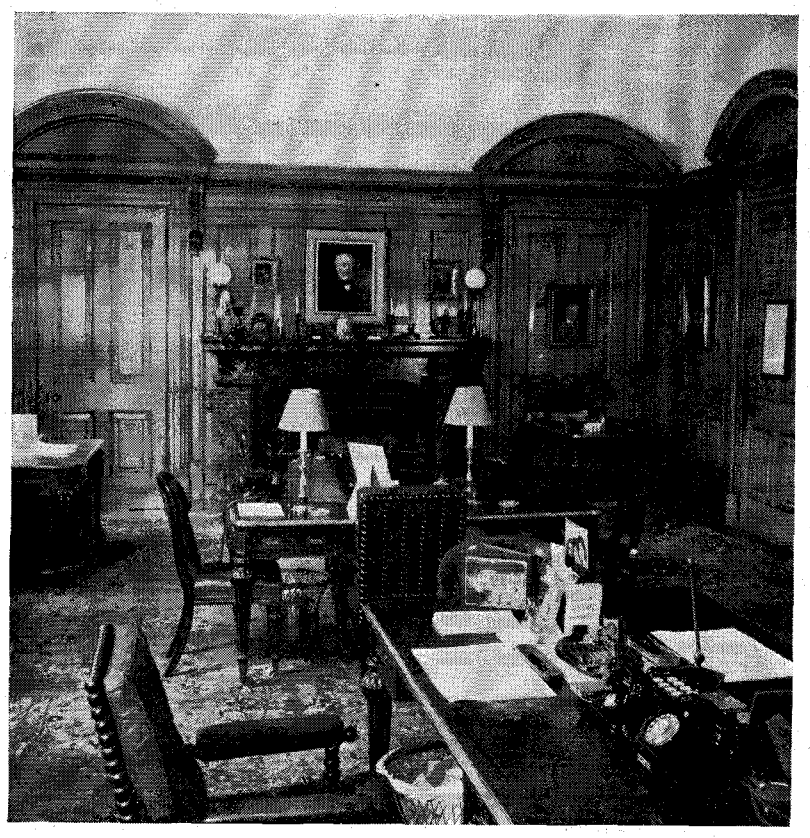
THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

A Post editor's intimate portrait of one of the world's most interesting families, whose daring gambles built a mighty fortune.

LONDON.

Whenever you ask the Rothschilds, the world's most famous financiers, what other line of plutocrats one might compare them to, they hem and haw. The Medici of fifteenth-century Florence? They all too quickly graduated from banking into the dukedom and the papacy. The China Coast Sassoons? The Rothschilds may have had their well-groomed fingers in many a sweet pie—but opium, no. The Astors, Rockefellers, Vanderbilts? None of them ever held the power, as did the European Rothschilds, to finance armies, steady princely thrones and topple empires.



"The Room" of the Rothschild bank in London, where Anthony de Rothschild, senior partner, and his nephew, Edmund, direct fabulous ventures in finance.

Unique on its gilt pedestal, the family has kept its name bright and metallic through six tremendous generations. Say "Rothschild" and you hear the tinkle of red coin. It's true, the ancient house in Frankfort, Germany, which spawned the dynasty, became extinct in 1901. But the twin firms in Paris and in London, owned by two separate branches of the family and altogether independent of each other, still carry on the grand tradition of banking with a custom-tailored touch. While the Parisian Rothschilds may be seen more often in the pages of the glossy monthlies, it's N. M. Rothschild & Sons, Merchant Bankers, London, which, in the plush-and-tassels world of private banking, rates the full twenty-one-gun salute.

Located on St. Swithin's Lane, a sovereign's throw from the Bank of England and in the heart of London's bustling City, the firm still occupies the sheltered little yard, called New Court, where Nathan Mayer Rothschild, first of the British line, rented a modest house some 150 years ago. No name plate marks the entrance to the quiet gray-stone edifice—a creaky shingle with the Rothschild coat of arms will tell you where you are. Step softly here. Audacious deals were consummated on this spot, bonanzas blossomed out of dotted lines, large risks were taken and great wealth amassed.

This is no ordinary bank, and does not look like one—no brass and marble for the general. Entering through a roomy hall whose paneled walls are graced with portraits of the five great Rothschild brothers—Amschel, Solomon, Nathan Mayer, Carl and James—the visitor is ushered into a cozy vestibule, enlivened by the chirping of two tickers: one for the stock market, the other for the races. Installed by the turf-happy Rothschilds of the last generation, the latter goes on ticking for tradition's sake.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mayer Amschel, a money-lender, founded the Rothschild dynasty in Frankfort, Germany. Mayer also sired five sons, who established branches of the house throughout Europe. Amschel, the eldest son, remained in Frankfort, and Carl, Solomon, James and Nathan Mayer opened offices in Italy, Austria, France and England. The Paris and London Rothschilds are still doing business today.

Mayer Amschel (1743–1812).

Amschel (1773–1855).

Carl (1788–1855).

Solomon (1774–1855).

James (1792–1868).

Nathan Mayer (1777–1836).

Both instruments, the staff likes to recall, were until recently the Rothschilds' only major compromise with the machine age. It wasn't until 1952 that mechanized accounting finally got the nod.

How much the business is worth remains a subject of not-very-animated speculation in the City, and anybody trusting the Rothschilds with his fortune does so in carefree ignorance of their reserves and assets. Run as a private partnership and owned entirely by members of the family, the bank is not obliged to publish statements, and thus preserves a secrecy which keeps the owners happy and the clients guessing.

All Rothschilds will divulge, when pushed into a corner, is that the firm's activities include the financing of foreign commerce, investment counsel and the floating of new issues. It is officially admitted, too, that Rothschilds recently resumed its prewar place as one of the world's largest private dealers in gold.

"If anyone came in here asking for a credit line of, say, a million pounds," a visitor inquired from a Rothschild employee not long ago, "would you consider the request exorbitant?"

"A trifle high, perhaps," was the reply, "but it would not make anybody here fall off his chair." It was a Rothschild, after all—the present senior partner's grandpapa—whom Prime Minister Disraeli, in 1875, approached for the most celebrated short-term loan in British history. The spendthrift khedive of Egypt, he had been informed, was willing to dispose of his large holdings in the French company owning and operating the Suez Canal. French interests were bidding for the ruler's shares—amounting to 43¾ per cent of the total stock—and, as the House of Commons wasn't sitting, the Prime Minister had to take bold, independent action if he was going to secure a British foothold along the then six-year-old short cut to India, and the treasures of the East. Could his friend, Lionel de Rothschild, let him have four million pounds for a few days?

Anthony and daughter at wedding last February.

Rothschild, the story goes, was eating lunch when Disraeli's secretary, Corry, walked in with the unusual request. "What's your security?" the banker stalled, calmly continuing with a dessert of grapes.

"The word of the prime minister," Corry answered. Rothschild nodded approval, and the deal was closed—at the distinctly patriotic rate of 3 per cent.

Still owned entirely by Rothschilds, the bank is run today by Anthony de Rothschild, sixty-seven, and by his nephew, Edmund, thirty-eight. The partners are ensconced in a vast, wood-paneled inner sanctum known simply as The Room, in which the desks are accidentally arranged in such a way that senior partner Anthony can at all times get a good view of Eddie's full, round face, while Eddie, looking up, no more than glimpses uncle's classic profile. Surrounded by ancestral portraits and memorabilia, the partners rule the ancient fief in their capacity of princes of the blood.

Both in appearance and in temperament, the two de Rothschilds differ strikingly. Anthony is a remote, dry, introverted scholar, lean, sharp-faced, to the point. He was head of the house at Harrow, the Rothschilds' favorite public school, and took a double first at Trinity College, Cambridge, the Rothschilds' favorite university.

Eddie, by contrast, is the easygoing type. Of stocky build, shaped somewhat like a boxer, he compensates for Uncle Tony's ruggedness with his more gentle ways. Important clients, admitted to The Room for a brief audience, find themselves thawed by Eddie's smile whenever Anthony has given them the freeze.

The way some starry-eyed historians tell it, the Rothschild fortune was a by-product of Britain's victory at Waterloo. Nathan Mayer, they claim, dashed over to the Continent himself to see Napoleon defeated, then galloped to the Channel coast, crossed over in a heavy storm, and reached the London stock exchange in time to buy a marketful of shares at falling prices—to see them skyrocket when news of Britain's victory was received in London the next day. A tamer version leaves N.M. at New Court, waiting—a carrier pigeon released by a Continental agent brings him the news, and Rothschild buys, buys, buys.

The truth, the family believes, is that the Continental agent, rather than the pigeon, crossed the Channel, a copy of the Dutch gazette in his pocket. The Rothschild fortune was, however, made

(Continued on Page 134)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jimmy Wilson and his wife, Dorothy, get $441 a month from the Government as compensation for his loss of both hands and feet in a World War II plane crash.

We Licked the Veteran Problem

"I get a cold sweat when I read that pensions may be cut," says one permanently handicapped veteran. Are his fears justified?

By STANLEY FRANK

Part Two

Ten years have blunted the great war's harsh impact on most of us, but there are men who will feel it as long as they live. For Aaron Wegweiser, every decision must be related to the morning of April 1, 1944, when German Tiger tanks broke through the Anzio beachhead. Aaron went out to meet the attack in an armored weapons carrier. Fragments from an 88-mm. shell tore off the left side of his head.

"My brains were spattered around me, but I knew what was going on," he recalls. "Half of me was dead and I lay there waiting for the other half to die. Eighteen men in my company were killed that morning. I would've had it, too, if Dave Fargon, a medic who teaches music in California now, hadn't come out on the battlefield searching for me."

Aaron was discharged from the hospital ten months later in one whole piece. Outwardly, he was a rugged Brooklyn kid of twenty-two, ready to capitalize on his prewar promise as an amateur boxer. His appearance was a cruel delusion. He had a steel plate in his head, a numb right hand and a constant nagging ringing in his ears. The Veterans' Administration awarded him a disability rating of 80 per cent to compensate for his future loss of earning power. After eight years of treatment, Aaron was told the sensation in his hand never would return and the noise in his ears never would go away.

(Continued on Page 155)

Aaron Wegweiser, with son, Jerry, is one of 3,500,000 Americans still receiving VA benefits.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mayor and Miss Casey

By NORD RILEY

What a politician! He fell in love with the girl who was trying to run him out of office.

Distracted by the recent congressional and gubernatorial contests, the country overlooked an absorbing little scrap for the mayoralty of Antelope Wash, an isolated city of some four thousand people that huddles like orderly dregs on the bottom of a vast cordilleran cup in one of our wilder Western states. The cause of the battle was Antelope Wash's double-breasted economy, for the city nourishes itself almost equally upon the cattle from its green, tilted hinterland and upon the students of Antelope Wash Normal. The fight for mayor between the cattle people, who favored a bigger and better livestock show and rodeo, and the college people, who favored an expanded public library and a paved street out to the school, split the electorate down the middle like a butchered sheep.

Lead bull for the critter crowd was young Buck Bassett, the affluent and sightly scion of one of the original ranchers in the sink. The city limits now took in the old Bassett ranch-house, which made Buck eligible to run.

Candidate for the school forces, who had never yet won an election, was Prof. George Standish, a quiet, young, sort of celibate-looking scholar who headed the department of political science. Professor Standish didn't want to run; he was drafted. That he did run was for a reason above and beyond the call of civic responsibility: he knew he didn't stand a Chinaman's chance.

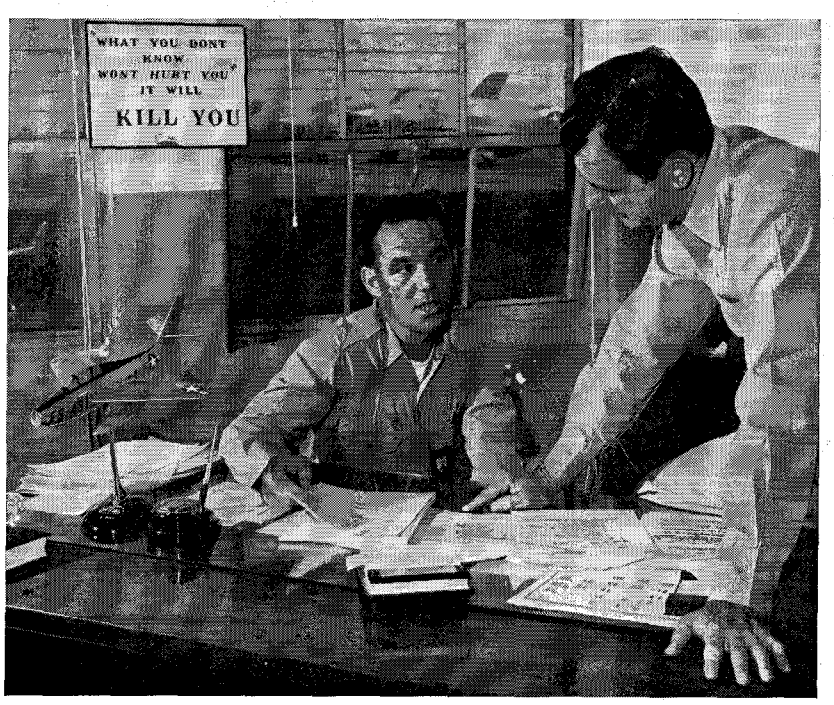
He proved to have unsuspected political talents. His boyish, grave-faced innocence knocked over the mother vote and he had a cowlick that alone was worth a couple precincts. What he lacked in bowlegs and rump calluses he made up for in his compelling earnestness and intelligence. The Bassett-controlled Daily Forum started out calling him an egghead and dangerous Eastern intellectual, but one (Continued on Page 96)

For a while they were too wrapped up in their work to talk. "Miss Casey," George finally murmured. "Call me Case," she sighed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 509th Fighter-Bomber Squadron ready room at Langley Field, Va. The skull-and-rose (on wall) is the outfit's insigne. Above, two of the squadron's F-84-F Thunderstreaks blast off. These little fighter-bombers can cruise at 650 mph, carrying A-bombs that are deadlier than the one that blasted Hiroshima. Right, some 'Streaks gather for a drink from a tanker plane.

THOSE HALF-PINT A-BOMBERS!

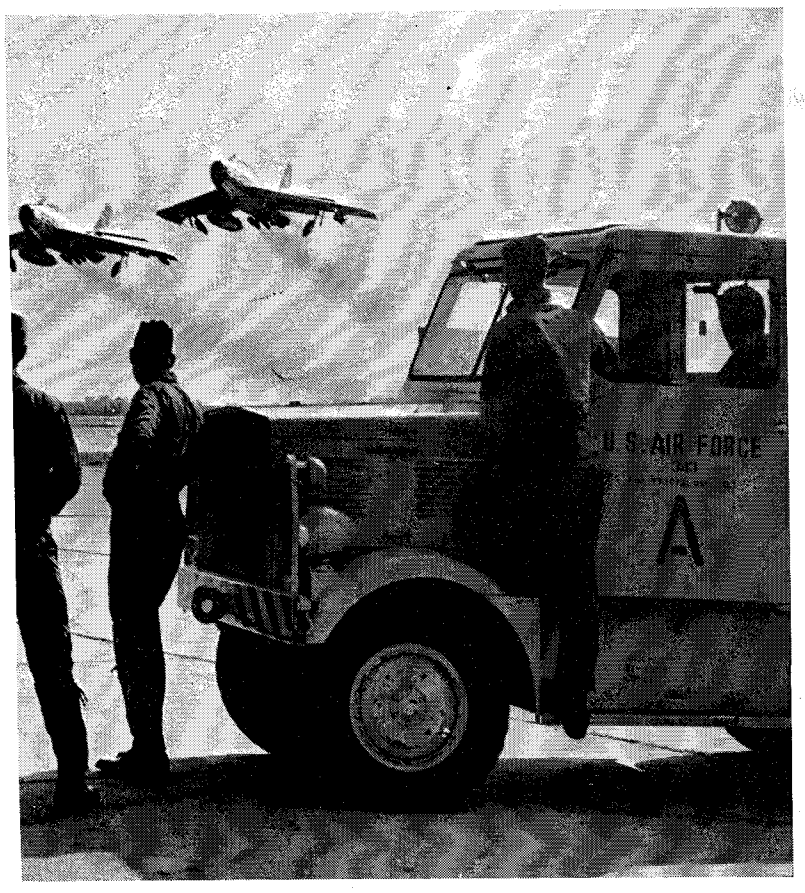


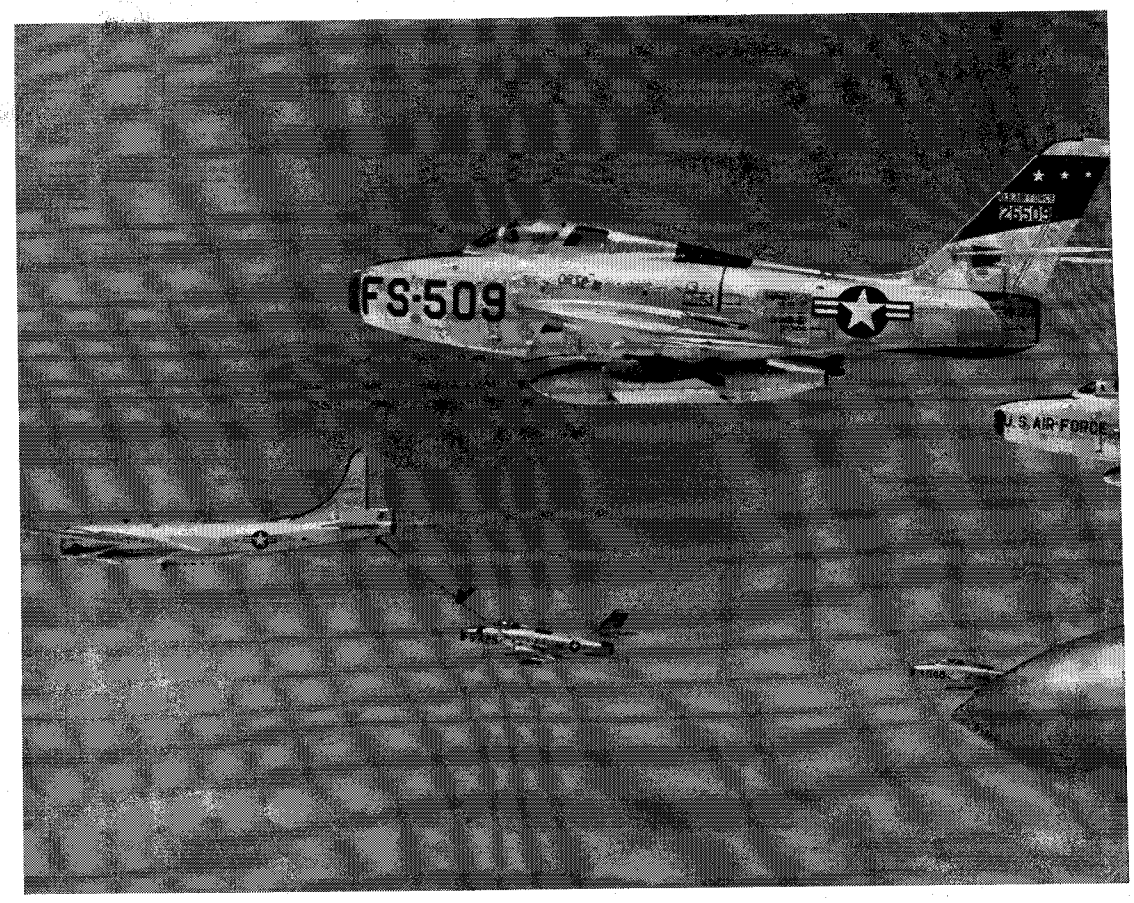
Col. R. D. Johnston (left), new boss of the 405th Fighter-Bomber Group, with the man he relieved, Col. William Cowart.

In elusive fighter-bombers these jet pilots are now proving that it doesn't take a big, fat plane to deliver the Sunday punch.

By Frank Harvey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





By this time, even confirmed hermits and preschool children have heard about General LeMay's Strategic Air Command. For many years LeMay's boys have been touring the country at 40,000 feet in their mammoth B-36 bombers, "wiping out" New York, Boston, Detroit and other choice targets with their practice "radar raids."

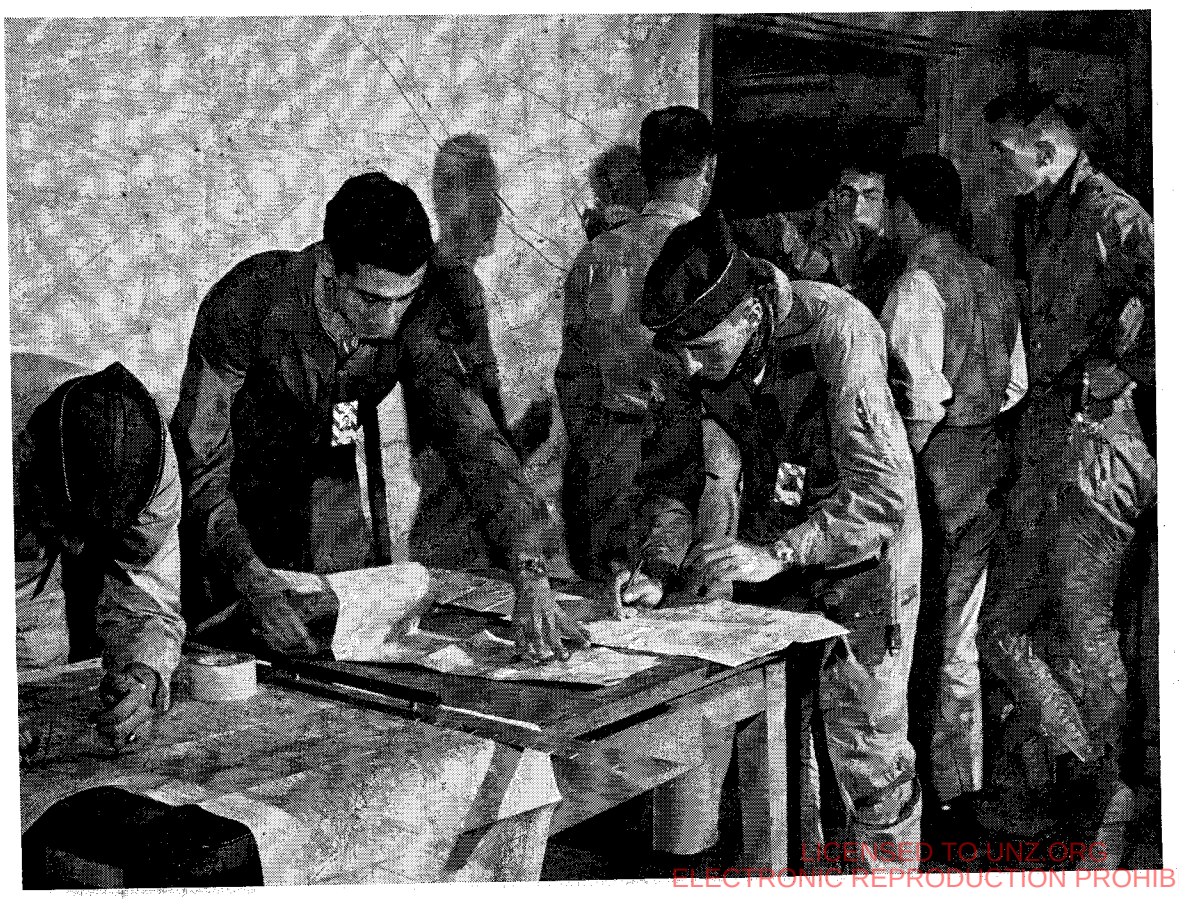
Well, a new delivery service has entered the field. SAC no longer has a monopoly on U-235 in the large metal package. The Air Force has purchased a batch of small, high-speed airplanes, turned them over to the hottest pilots in the Tactical Air Command, hung atomic bombs on them, and proceeded to develop a highly efficient delivery technique. As might be expected, the old rivalry between fighter pilots and bomber pilots is rolling right along.

"Don't get me wrong," a TAC fighter pilot said to me recently. "There must be some good reason to have those big old bombers lumbering around up there, but I'm amazed that the so-called pilots have the nerve to wear wings. I mean, in a B-36 you have an automatic pilot to do the flying, a flight engineer to watch the engines, a navigator to tell you where you're going, a bombardier to drop the bombs, and five or ten other characters to shoot the guns, run the radio, warm up the coffee and bring you comic books. One thing I know a B-36 pilot does for himself: he chews his own gum."

The Tactical fighter pilot then outlined a few chores a TAC pilot does for himself. In the first place, he flies this red-hot swept-wing single-seater—the Republic F-84-F Thunderstreak. The 'Streak has one engine, not ten. It needs a full mile of wide-open ground running, plus four take-off rockets, to get up enough speed to lift a heavy bomb load into the air. Should the engine goof or the rockets fail to fire during the take-off run, the chances of cartwheeling into the boondocks are very good indeed.

"I would like to point out," the TAC pilot said, "that in a Thunderstreak you can't get on the horn and yell for some guy in the back to solve your problems for you. If there is any piloting, navigating, engine watching, bomb dropping, radio tuning or gun shooting to be done, you do it yourself." The Thunderstreak pilot grinned. "I know what you're going to ask," he said, "and the answer is yes. We chew our own gum too."

Lest anyone get the idea that TAC pilots and SAC pilots snarl at each other when they meet, it should be noted that ribbing is an old Air Force custom, and that the heavy-bomber pilot has his own version of the story: "I am sure there must be some good reason to have those little bitty fighter planes buzzing around, but I'm amazed that the so-called pilots have the nerve to wear silver wings," and so forth, ending with the statement that no fighter pilot who ever lived can lay a gunsight on their bomber the best day he ever saw. It's a good-natured routine that keeps things from getting dull around the bar. (Continued on Page 127)



In the operations room pilots plot their flights. Jet navigation is one of the most exacting jobs in the Air Force. A few minutes' error can mean the difference between completing a mission or bailing out.

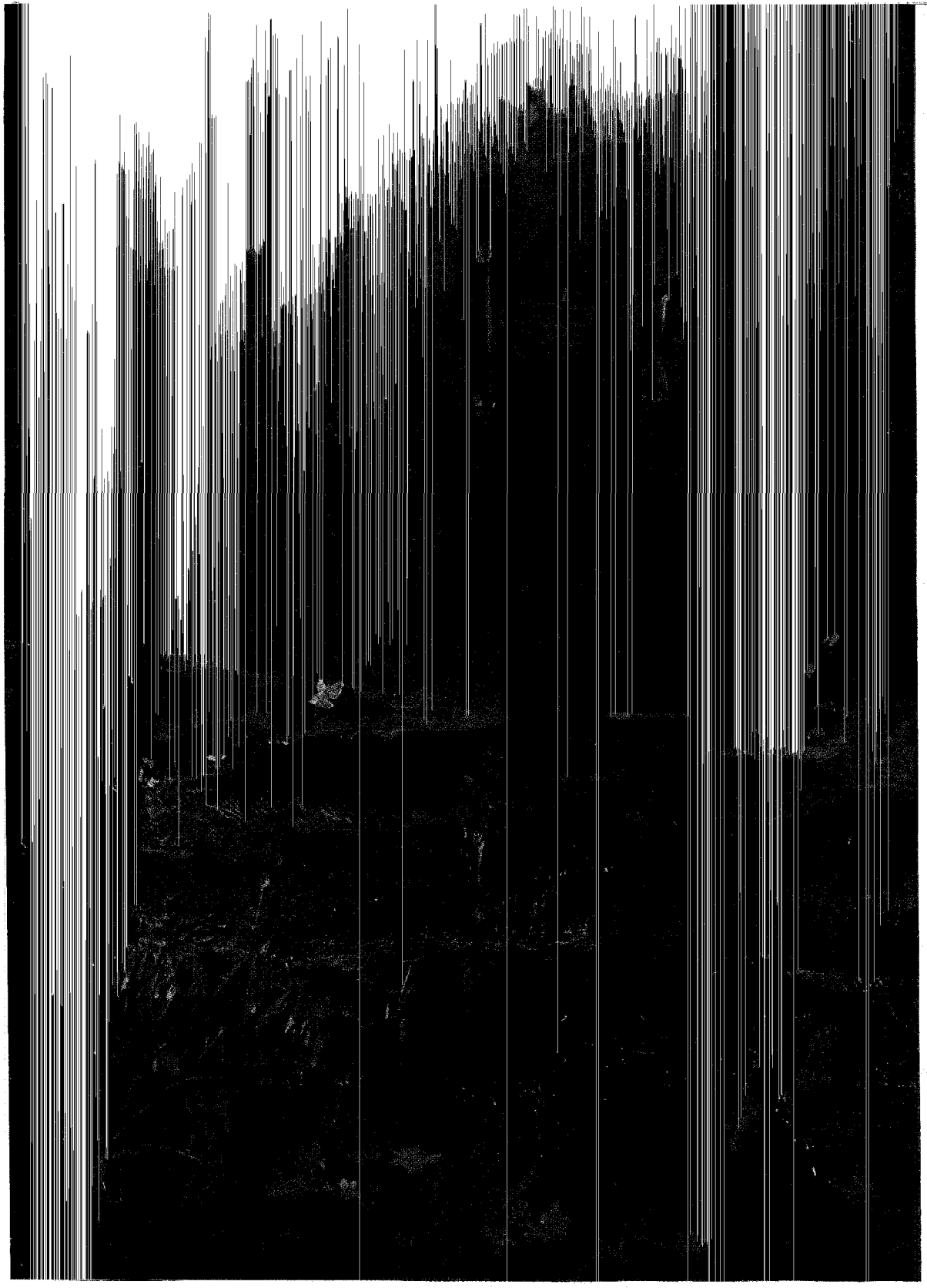
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE NIGHT TOGETHER

Had she done a foolish,
shameless thing?
Could she
ever hold up her
head again?

By JEAN BELL MOSLEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



She had stayed all night, even though Trabus scorned her.

The girl and her dog had been running steadily for an hour now, across Maxton's Meadow, up Crawley's Ridge, through the Little Piney. There was a vast pain in her side and her mouth was dry, but she dared not stop. Earlier, when she had set out, she had repeated almost with every breath, "Let me be in time. Please let me be in time." But this she had ceased, knowing that she must conserve every ounce of energy, for there was yet Chimney Top to cross over, and several miles beyond that before she would reach the courthouse.

At the Green County courthouse, Trabus Ledford licked dry lips, pressed his spine hard against the witness chair and braced himself for cross-examination. All morning the state's attorney had worked like a deadly black spider, weaving a web of circumstantial evidence around him which Trabus feared had left no doubts in the minds of the jurors but that he had murdered Wash Gibson, premeditatedly, cold-bloodedly, and over the picayunish matter of a few pine logs.

The hostility about him in the courtroom was like a living thing. For a brief moment he wished that somehow man might set up a communication with an all-seeing jury-on-high that would telegraph back the truth immediately. Then a man wouldn't have to come here like this and let another man ferret and dig and drag out all the old troubles and parade them, jagged and raw, before other men. Men like Cutter Ames, Ace Hazelton and Thorn Babson, sitting there like vultures waiting to swoop down on him. All the men from the sawmill were there and Widows Rhemly and Conran, waiting and watching, enjoying his plight because it made their own seem better.

However, he had chosen to testify in his own behalf, so whatever old troubles and wrongs of his the prosecutor chose to dredge up, he must brace himself and meet head-on. Though he now felt life had little to offer, even should he be acquitted, still, if this was man's way of getting at the truth, then he would lay bare his wrongs, let them hiss at him, laugh at him or whatever they wanted to do.

"You are the son of Murderin' Bick Ledford?" the prosecutor began.

"Objection!" Trabus' lawyer shouted, and was on his feet instantly.

Trabus had not understood this objecting, sustaining and overruling business. Once the judge had had to stop the trial and explain to him when he was to answer the question and when not. There had been a ripple of suppressed laughter at his ignorance. He had thought to come here and tell his story straightout and in simple language. *And*, he thought bitterly, *I'd start right out objecting to being the son of Murderin' Bick Ledford.*

You see, he'd tell them, *Bick, my father, almost killed Wash Gibson in that drunken brawl five years ago down at Three Oaks Tavern. He did kill Lew Rhemly and Bill Conran and died himself with his stomach knife-ripped open. He used to come home drunk and beat me and mom to near death, as far back as I can remember, for nothing at all. I got scars left over from him. And it's that old trouble of pa's and Wash's that's got me in this, I guess, though I harbored no grudge against Wash.*

"Tell the court where you resided previous to your arrest," the state's attorney resumed.

"At Mrs. Ramsey's boardinghouse down by the sawmill."

"But that was not the only place, was it, Mr. Ledford?"

"Your honor"—Trabus' lawyer was on his feet again—"I don't know what bearing Mr. Ledford's residence has on this case."

"I propose to show, your honor," the prosecutor came back, "that Trabus Ledford was attempting to build himself a home on property that did not belong to him, and from the very logs that led to the trouble between him and Wash Gibson."

"Very well. Proceed," the judge said.

The lawyer repeated his question and Trabus admitted that he had spent a great deal of time on Chimney Top Mountain. A sad smile passed across his face. He saw his half-finished cabin, the meadow, the deer, the girl. His hands gripped the chair until his knuckles showed white, remembering the girl. He had told no one about her, nor that he had been with her the night Wash Gibson was murdered. How could he say there was one who might help him in this trouble when he neither knew her name nor where she lived? They would have laughed and said she was a creature of imagination or wishful thinking, though Trabus could have told them that she was very real, beautiful and golden-haired, that they had worked and eaten together on Chimney Top, and talked and planned, and once he had touched her. The muscles in his jaws twitched and his palms grew wet. What had happened that night of the murder made him feel now that it did not matter very much what the jury might decide.

He would like to tell the jury about the pretty little mountain-top meadow and why he had spent so much time there, but he doubted he could put the things into words so that anyone would understand, for words had always come hard for him.

They had come upon the place, he and his hound, the (Continued on Page 138)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

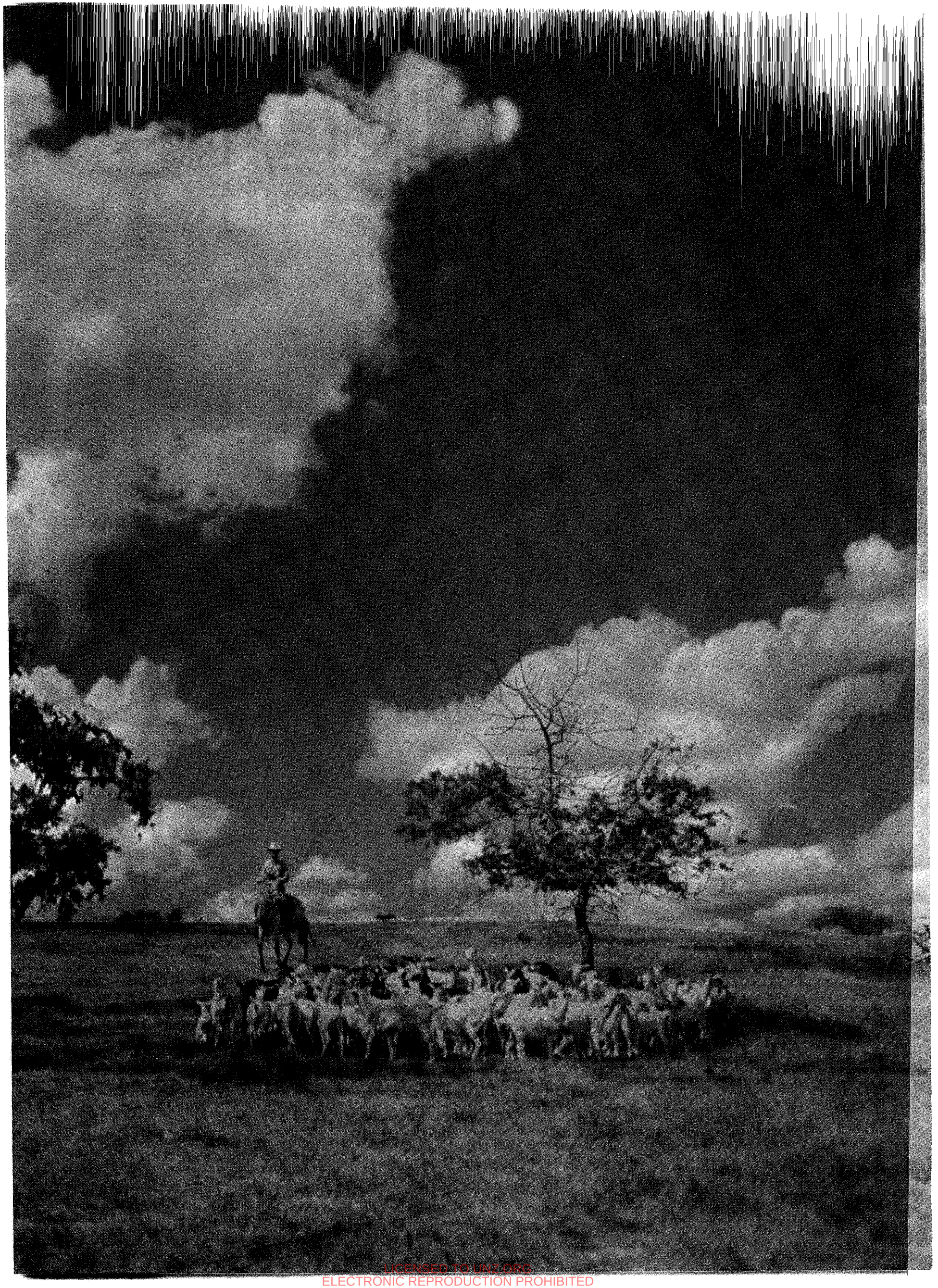
The Face of AMERICA

BIG BACK YARD

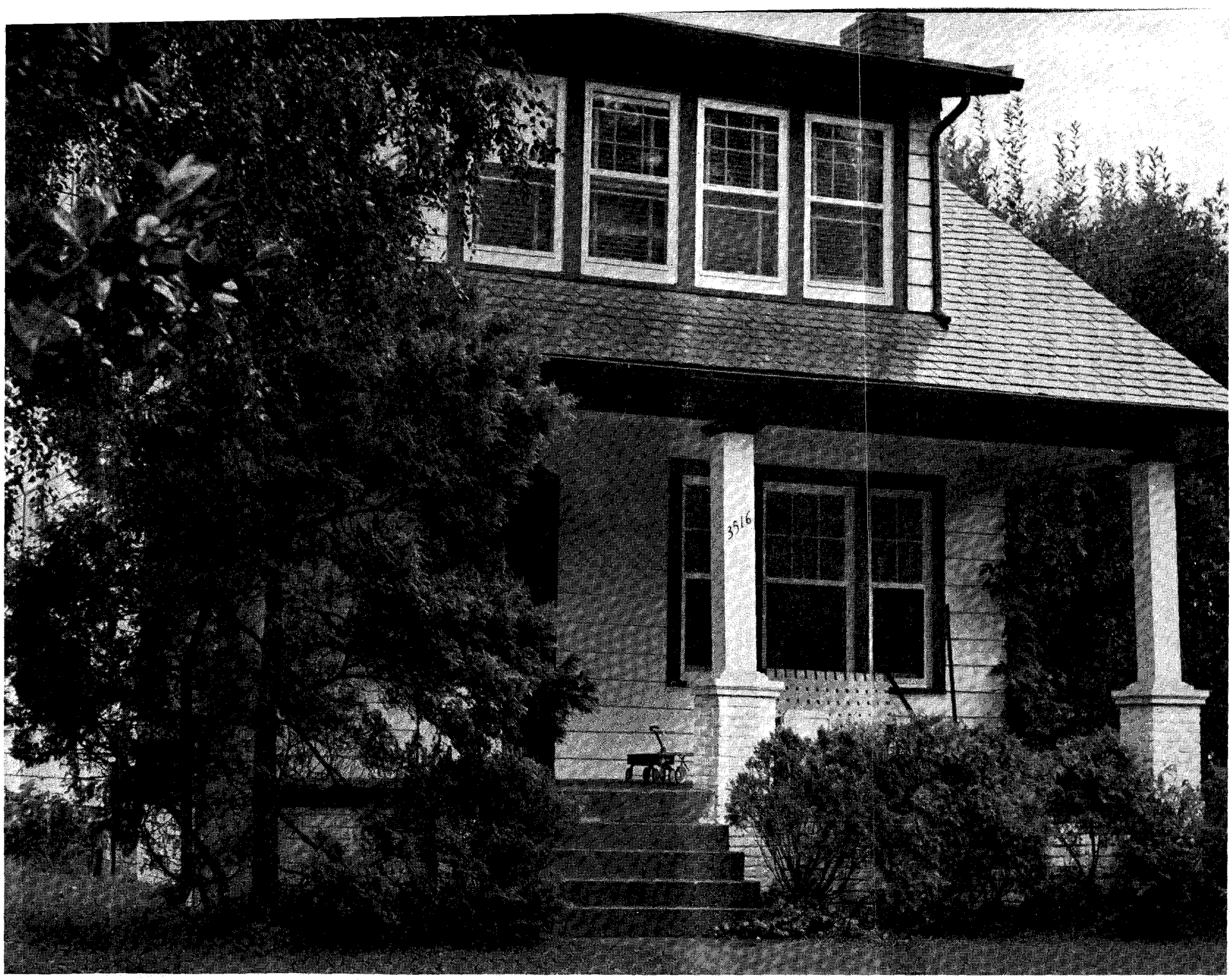
Beyond the burgeoning cities, Texas ranges roll in gentle swells to the horizon and beyond, a fair, oak-dotted grassland vaster than many nations are. But if Mother Nature weren't meddled with a bit, soon she would clothe this land in underbrush, a hard-to-chew diet that cattle don't go for at all. So to the rescue come Mr. Billy and Mrs. Nanny Goat, and their relatives and friends; they dine blissfully on young brush shoots, leaving room on the table for the serving of grass and clover, called ambrosia on a bovine menu. This is Aaron Alford's ranch and that's his son-in-law, Curtis Caffey, beyond the goat herd; Aaron grazes 100 head of cattle in his 500-acre back yard, and George Bredt (left) ranches where he isn't cramped for space either, far away where the sky dips low.

For a change, Aaron and his wife can run down to metropolitan Austin, 91 miles away, but why leave for long a spot where one can call so much lovely elbowroom one's own? ❁ Photograph by Bill Shrout

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The author's old house—the latest thing in the 1920's, but now "dated as plus-4's and rumble seats. Selling it became a challenge to the real-estate industry."

So You're Selling Your House!

By Paul F. Healy

An exhausted homeowner tells how he disposed of his middle-aged bungalow—in just 78 frustrating days and sleepless nights.

Real-estate activity is reported to be brisk these days. Even old houses are officially said to be "moving" steadily in the boom market. Well, that's fine, but I feel for these old-home sellers—if their experiences are anything like mine when I disposed of a middle-aged bungalow earlier this year. My ordeal was composed in equal parts of suspense, exasperation and straight farce comedy, and it might not be typical. The main trouble was that my house was small as well as old, was overrun by five children and had a butterfingered owner.

Old houses are like mothers-in-law: almost everybody likes to visit one, but hardly anybody is anxious to acquire one permanently. However, my wife, Connie, and I are just goofy enough to prefer them—old houses, that is, not mothers-in-law—for reasons of architecture as well as price. Planning to sell our obsolete residence, with no previous knowledge to guide us, I had hoped the transaction could be

The Healys' new house is larger. "It probably would be harder to sell—God forbid!—than our old bungalow."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Healy, his wife Connie, and brood. The kids were rough on prospects. Ultimately they had to be banished.

KEEP YOUR LAWN and flower beds trimmed and cultivated, and the yard free of refuse. An inviting exterior insures inspection of the interior.

FIX THAT FAUCET. Dripping water discolors enamel and calls attention to faulty plumbing.

FIX LOOSE DOOR KNOBS, sticking drawers, warped cabinet doors, etc. Such things are quickly noticed by the prospect.

DISPLAY THE FULL VALUE of your storage and utility space by removing all unnecessary articles which have accumulated.

AVOID CLUTTERED APPEARANCES and possible injuries by keeping all steps and traffic lanes clear of toys and other objects.

FOR AFTER DARK INSPECTION, turn on your lights from the front porch on through. The prospect will feel a glowing warmth otherwise impossible to obtain.

AVOID HAVING TOO MANY PEOPLE present during inspections. The prospect will feel like an intruder and will hurry through the house.

SHUT OFF RADIO, television or record player—it distracts. Let the salesman and the buyer talk free of such disturbances.

KEEP PETS OUT OF THE WAY—preferably out of the house.

BE COURTEOUS but do not force conversation with the prospect. He is there to inspect your house, not to pay a social call.

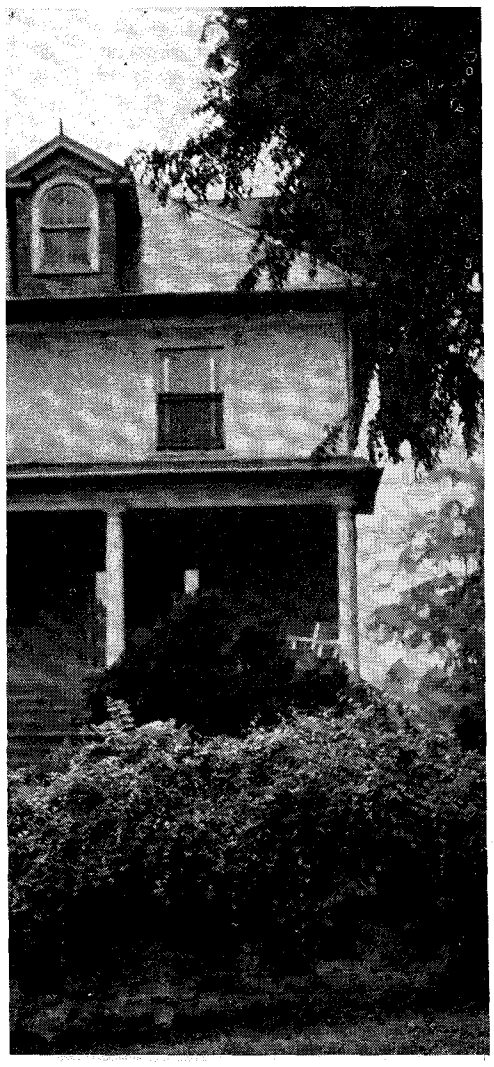
DO NOT APOLOGIZE for the appearance of your home. After all, it has been lived in. Let our trained salesman answer any objections that are raised.

DO NOT TAG ALONG with the prospect and the salesman. The salesman knows the buyer's requirements and can better emphasize the features of your house when alone. You will be called if needed.

DO NOT TRY TO DISPOSE OF FURNITURE and furnishings to the prospect before he has purchased the house, or you may lose the sale.

REFUSE TO DISCUSS PRICE, terms, possession, or other factors with the customer. Refer him to us.

REFUSE TO SHOW YOUR HOME to a prospective buyer. Ask him to call us.



The author rebelled against dictatorial real-estate dealers who handed him edicts, including this one.

kept decent and simple. I imagined a prospect walking in off the street without a real-estate escort, admitting frankly that he liked the place, and inquiring how much I was asking. He would then make a reasonable counter-offer and in a brief period of gentlemanly negotiation we would agree on a price and shake hands on the deal.

Any survivor of an old-house deal will laugh at the depths of my naïveté. And yet, an abortive nightmare version of my dream deal did occur. One day, before we had yielded ourselves to the real-estate agencies, an arrogant prospect stalked through my house in the manner of Cecil B. De Mille, trailed by a secretary with pad and pencil at the ready. The secretary took notes as our prospect called out our faults, some real, some fancied. "Plaster falling down," "squeaky stairway," "broken faucet" and "sloping floor" were some of the negative comments I recall him bawling in his directorial voice.

Cowering in the living room, Connie and I at first winced with each stabbing count of his indictment, but then we gradually began to burn with indignation. We were being libeled.

After an hour of condemnation, our prospect returned to the living room, took three pages of psychological warfare from his secretary and handed them to us. He shook his head gravely, as if he had found a firetrap.

"I'll give you twelve thousand dollars," he said. "Take it or leave it. I'm willing to take it off your hands."

We were asking $19,950, so I immediately said we would leave it. He reacted with mingled surprise and pity.

"Three months from now," he forecast, "you'll come to me and you'll say, 'Mr. Bentley,' you'll say, 'you can have my place for twelve thousand dollars.' You'll be desperate to get rid of it."

He paused, giving us another chance to snap up his ridiculous offer, but I had made up my mind not to sell to him even to save myself from debtor's prison. Later I heard that he owned six houses—all purchased cheaply after his declamatory appraisal had brainwashed the owner.

We realized our house was not a castle, but we also knew it was not the wreck he had alleged. It was a (Continued on Page 87)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paula picked up the shining object. It was Brad's watch, and the hands said four minutes past nine.

Death in the Wind

Brad said he wasn't near his ex-wife at the time of her murder. But his watch told a different story.

By EDWIN LANHAM

Brad Davis, foreign correspondent for the New York Courier, and his wife, Ruth, had adopted a French war orphan named Pierre. Later, Ruth divorced Brad and married Porter Bellows. Ruth was not at home when Brad arrived at Menasset Harbor to see Pierre, so Paula Trent took it upon herself to bring the boy and his father together.

Paula managed a real-estate business for her sick father. She and handy man Joe Burns were Pierre's only real friends. Paula told Brad that Ruth had inherited a million dollars and that she was trying to turn Pierre against him.

When Pierre and Brad returned from a short sail, they received an angry reception from Ruth, Bellows and Lieutenant Gray, of the Connecticut police. "She thought you had kidnaped the boy," said Gray.

That night, Brad called on Ruth to make arrangements about seeing Pierre. They got into a bitter argument, which Pierre witnessed. Brad spent the night aboard his yawl and was awakened in the morning by a storm. He had been caught in the heart of a hurricane.

When Pierre saw that the wind was inflicting a lot of damage, he went to the sea wall to find out whether his boat had been wrecked. He peered over the sea-wall rail; then cried out in terror, "*Maman!*" Ruth lay among the rocks, head down.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

"Peter, go in the house!" Porter Bellows shouted. "Peter, get out of this wind!"

Maman had not moved as the water washed over her, and Pierre knew that she was very badly hurt. Fear blocked his thoughts as he ran into the house and up the stairs to his room. The memory came to him of the little duck that he had fed, that had stayed over the winter and through the next summer. A hunter squatting in the marsh on a gray November day had shot the duck sitting in the water, and Pierre remembered now the stain on its downy, speckled breast and its twisted head and limp neck.

A voice came up the stairwell, low and urgent, and Pierre opened the door a crack. Porter Bellows was talking on the telephone, and above the creaking of the house and the gusty crescendo of the wind Pierre heard him say, "I've called the doctor, but it's no use, Paula. A big tree blew down and carried her over the wall onto those rocks twenty feet below. Can you come look after Peter? He needs you."

Pierre knew what death was. His mother was dead and his father was dead, but they had never been real to him. When he had thought of death he had thought of the duck that had fed from his hand, but now he thought of a yellow scarf like a limp wet rag on the rock.

The wind rattled the windows of his room and he felt frightened and alone, but he was accustomed to being alone in this room. Little boys should make no noise before ten o'clock in the morning, *maman* said. On nice days he would go find Joe Burns and help him with whatever work he was doing about the grounds, but today Joe was out there in the wind. Joe could help him when he was lonely. Joe lived over there across the harbor on Steamship Point near where Uncle Alex was building so many houses, but Joe's house was old and weather-worn and not new and square and bright-colored with concrete foundations, like the houses Uncle Alex was building. *Maman* said they must be mixing that concrete with gold dust instead of cement. *Maman* said that was all right, except that the gold dust Uncle Alex was using belonged to her.

Pierre crept to the window. He saw the butt of the great tree, but there was no one on the lawn outside. There was only the wind outside, whipping leaves and branches, piling up the waves like horses running from the whip and driving them onto the beach where Uncle Alex was building the houses. He pulled open the top drawer of his bureau, slid his fingers under the lining of slick paper, and drew out a photograph hidden there.

One day Pierre had heard *maman* talking to dad-dee, and she had said, "This strange little man just walked in off the street and said he was Pierre's uncle. What he wants is money, but he'll get no money out of me."

"Did he have any kind of proof?" dad-dee had asked.

"Just a photograph. He said it was Pierre's father and mother, and I tore it up and threw it in the wastebasket, but he laughed and said he had another, and he said he could get other proof. I told him I didn't care to see it. I told him to get out."

Later Pierre had found the photograph torn in two pieces in the wastebasket by *maman's* desk and he had carried it to his room and pasted it together on a strip of cardboard taken from a laundered shirt and cut to size.

Perhaps it was his father and mother in the photograph; he hoped it was. He had not asked *maman* about it because he knew she would be angry if she found out he had taken the photograph. But he had followed her up the stairs after breakfast the next day, to the room she called her office, and had stood by her side as she sat at her big desk writing a letter and had murmured, "*Maman*, do I have an uncle from France?"

"Now why do you ask a question like that?" she had said. "What if you do and what if you don't? Aren't you happy here, Pierre?"

"Yes, very happy, *maman*."

"Then stay happy," she had said. "Now go away and please don't bother me. And in the future, Pierre, remember that little boys shouldn't eavesdrop."

Pierre sat on the bed, holding the photograph in both his hands. It showed a man and woman against the background of a painted forest, and the man wore the uniform of a soldier of France. The woman had blond braids and a smile that dimpled, and the man had a mustache and dark eyes that stared at the camera. They sat close together on a bench, and he could tell that they never quarreled, like *maman* and papa.

Last night he had seen them quarreling, and *maman* had not come up to say good night. *Maman* had been angry, and whenever she was angry she did not say good night. When she was angry she sometimes said, "Haven't you any gratitude at all, Pierre? Don't you appreciate what I've done for you?"

Sunlight came into the room and no longer was there the sound of wind. The storm was over as unexpectedly as it had come. He put the photograph away in the drawer and opened the door, and as he went down the stairs he thought of papa, who had sailed out last night into the storm. If a boat was caught in a storm, it went to Coot Island. As he went out on the porch he heard voices and saw Paula and Uncle Alex there, talking to dad-dee.

Uncle Alex called, "Hi, Pierre," and Paula spoke Pierre's name softly, but as she moved toward him he shook his head and ran across the lawn to the concrete lookout where dad-dee's telescope was mounted. He pulled up a metal chair to stand on, and swung the telescope on its swivel toward Coot Island.

He was motionless, concentrated on the wilderness of water, with his thin fingers enclosing the brass stem of the telescope, when Paula came up behind him and said gently, "We had a dreadful time getting here. The causeway road was partly under water and there are trees down all over the place. Alex wouldn't let me come alone, but I had to see you, so he drove me here." She put her arm around him, but his shoulders stiffened. She murmured, "It was a terrible storm, wasn't it? It was a hurricane."

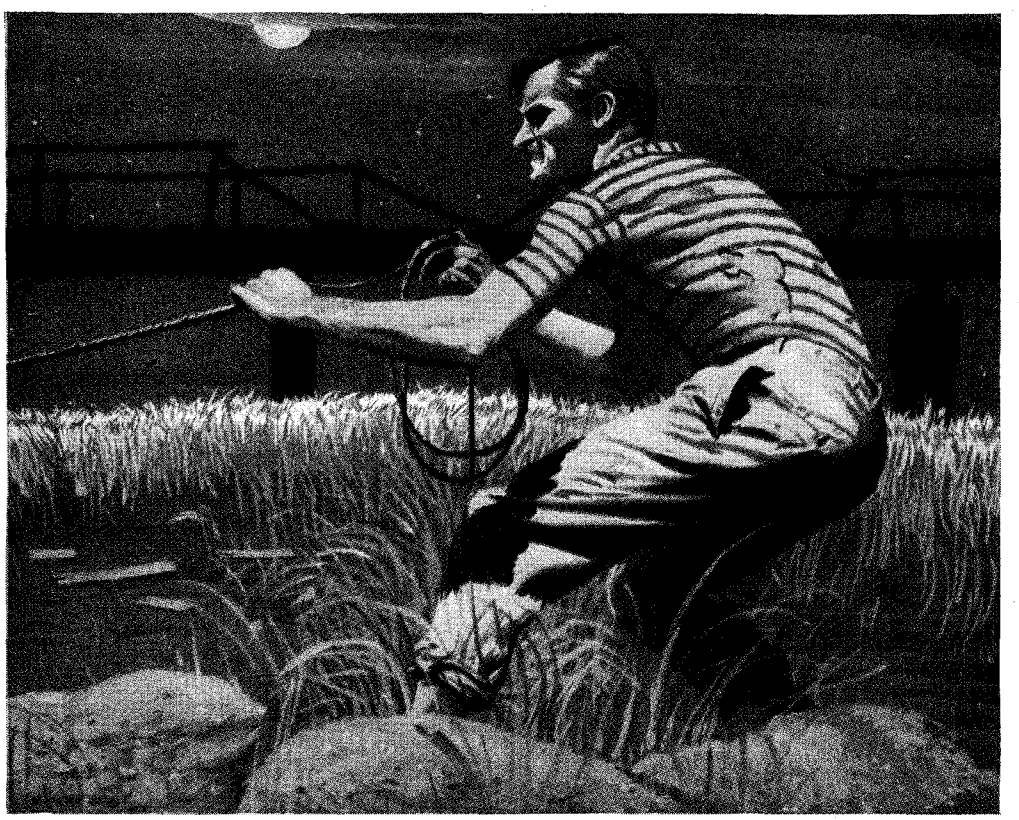
"I know," he said.

"Sometimes nature is very cruel," she said. "See how the waves have pounded Uncle Alex's houses over there on Steamship Point? I'm afraid Joe Burns' house was hit too. It's that way all along the shore. There's been a great deal of damage. Everyone has suffered." Paula blinked her eyes very rapidly. "Do you know why I came here through the storm, Pierre? It was to take you home with me for a visit. We could have a regular feast of backgammon, you and I. Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes," he said.

"You've never spent the night in my house, you know," she said. "We have a room that's just perfect for you,

(Continued on Page 105)



He caught the dinghy and pulled it with him toward shore.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the Convair plant in San Diego, John Hallman and G. W. Leesch set a tungsten cylinder in a solar furnace.

A special mirror inside the experimental furnace catches the sun's rays and focuses them directly on the tungsten. The heat thus generated is so intense that the metal cylinder burns like a matchstick.

BIG POWER PLANT IN THE SKY

By NEIL M. CLARK

Already scientists are using the sun's energy to heat houses, pump water and cook meals. Some contend that solar power has an even greater potential than atomic power.

A sunbeam traveled 93,000,000 miles, landed on a mirror in San Diego, California, bounced two feet, and right in front of my eyes set fire to a piece of solid metal like a match to paper. It's hard to believe the sun packs such a wallop, unless you've been lying too long on the beach in swim trunks; then you know.

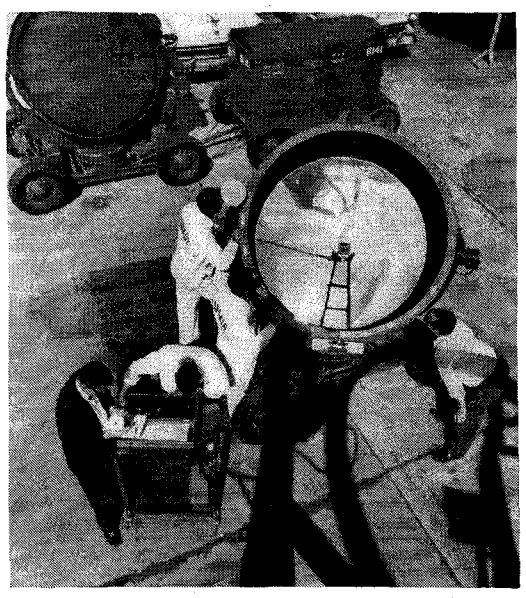
Important people, however, including United Nations officials, are saying that the sun may be our best bet to raise world living standards and find answers for some tough problems of politics and peace. It will take money and brains, they admit, to master the use of the sun's energy, just as it did to master the atom. But it should be easier, they think, to put the sun to work than it was to crack the atom. And they expect the sun to do things the atom won't.

What does the sun have that the atom doesn't? We usually think of the sun pretty casually, and only when it makes us too hot. The human comfort range under the sun lies within a few degrees on the thermometer, from about seventy to about ninety degrees Fahrenheit. It is seldom brought home to us that we make effective use of only a tiny fraction of the sun's heat. That's why the San Diego sunbeam was impressive. It did its stuff in the factory yard of the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation—Convair—a branch of General Dynamics Corporation. It was a balmy day, with the thermometer at seventy-two degrees. But Dr. J. Farber, Convair's lean and youthful senior thermodynamics engineer, knew how to hop that up.

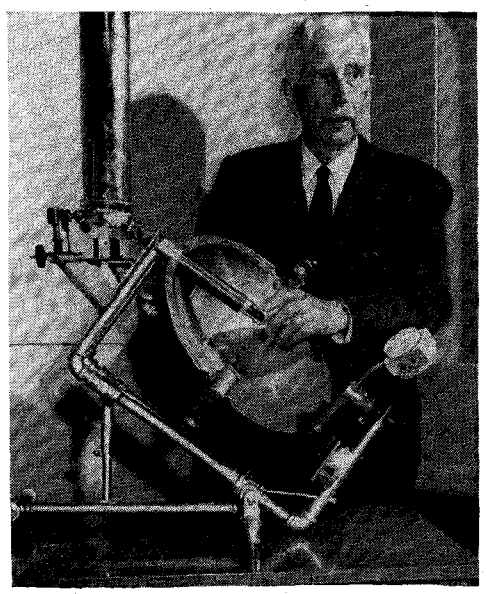
In a roped-off area I was shown four solar furnaces, two completed and two being built. A solar furnace is a special kind of mirror—sometimes many mirrors. One of the San Diego furnaces is 120 inches in diameter and is said to be the largest of its kind in the world and the largest of any kind in the United States. You could call it a giant's shaving glass, the concave kind that magnifies freckles into saucers. The mirror face is made of a single piece of polished quarter-inch aluminum formed into a parabolic reflector. A mechanism keeps the mirror slowly turning, so that it always looks straight at the sun.

The theory of the solar furnace is not new. Boy Scouts start fires with a burning glass. Archimedes, twenty-one centuries ago, is said to have won a naval victory for his native

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The solar furnace, a converted searchlight, can produce temperatures of 8500 degrees Fahrenheit.



Solar-energy expert Charles Greeley Abbot invented a boiler that runs on pure sunshine.

city, Syracuse, by means of a mirror which focused the sun's rays on Roman ships and set them afire. The French naturalist Buffon 200 years ago concentrated sunlight with small mirrors and melted metal and set fire to wood some fifty yards away. The solar furnace is a gigantic burning glass. The parabolic shape of the reflector focuses all the rays that strike it on a dime-size point. When they are focused—well, that's what's fun.

The furnace I saw being used was medium-sized, with a sixty-inch reflector. It was made from a remodeled Army-surplus "Tommy" searchlight, one of those mobile field lights with a beam that could pick up enemy aircraft miles away. I watched a helper fasten a quarter-inch-thick cylinder of tungsten in a chuck centered opposite the mirror and two feet from it. The chuck was adjusted so the tip of the tungsten was at the mirror's focal center.

"Put these dark glasses on," I was told, "and stick your head in this hole in the side of the furnace housing."

"Inside?"

"Inside! It won't burn you."

A plywood cover was whipped off the mirror. Almost instantly, without a warm-up lag, the tip of the tungsten became incandescent and went up in smoke. Two feet from me concentrated sunshine caused that tough metal to burn like a firecracker fuse. In a minute most of it was consumed, and the plywood cover was put back.

"Now a piece of magnesium," said Farber.

A hunk of magnesium oxide was inserted in the chuck, centered, and the plywood cover whipped off. Again the action was nearly instantaneous. But where the tungsten burned, the magnesium oxide shattered into countless pieces.

"You can understand," Farber said, "why tungsten and magnesium wouldn't be good for sheathing a plane or guided missile that cracks the thermal barrier and generates intense heat." Modern airborne craft, he reminded me, are attaining enormous speeds. Metals considered stable in the past are asked to endure unheard-of strains. Engineers must find which can stand up under great frictional heats. Nobody, Farber thinks, is going to the moon or Mars till materials are found that can "take it" in the earth's atmosphere at speeds of perhaps 10,000 mph. He showed me a tray of ceramic materials tried in the solar furnace and found wanting. They included firebrick, graphite, zirconium dioxide, boron nitride and others, with melting points ranging from 1650 to 3500 degrees centigrade. Some were pitted, others had fractured and still others showed severe oxidation. "At present," Farber said, "there is no way to get heats for industrial use hotter than those in a solar furnace."

How hot, I asked, does it get in there?

"We calculate heats on the order of 8500 degrees Fahrenheit." An oxyacetylene torch produces temperatures of about 6000 degrees Fahrenheit.

It is expected that there will be many industrial uses for solar furnaces. The French scientist Felix Trombe, probably the world's foremost expert in this field, is said to have melted iron at the rate of 150 pounds per hour in one. Farber thinks the use of such furnaces will increase tremendously.

"Doing it with mirrors" is one way of using the sun. Before I reached San Diego I had been chasing solar-energy activities for a year. I learned that scientists in Russia, India and Japan, to name just three countries, are wide-awake on solar research, and Israel is making it a major effort in energy-source research. In Madison, Wisconsin, I spent time with Prof. Farrington Daniels, chairman of the department of chemistry at the University of Wisconsin and a leader in the search for new energy sources. He had just come back from a conference at New Delhi, India, where he was one of twenty-eight scientists from twenty countries assembled by UNESCO to swap ideas on what's new in wind and sun power. He let me read galley proofs of a book, then unpublished, that grew out of discussions at a conference in Madison in September, 1953, sponsored by the University and the National Science Foundation. It is thought to be the first book devoted wholly to solar-energy utilization. I found contributions in it from scientists of a dozen countries. Other conferences have been held at Rome and Washington, and probably the biggest one yet, sponsored by Stanford Research Institute and the Association for Applied Solar Energy, is coming in November at Phoenix, Arizona. The Ford Foundation has made a grant of $26,500 that will enable more than fifty scientists from thirty foreign nations to participate.

The Stanford Research Institute recently published a 300-page directory of world activities in solar-energy utilization, catalogued by twenty-seven countries in which research is going forward.

The principle itself is nothing new. Boy Scouts have used sunbeams to start their fires for years.

Daniels pointed out why solar-energy research isn't already further advanced. "Sixteen years ago," he said, "nobody knew how to crack the atom. War triggered the search for new power sources. Hitler and time were against us. It was thought necessary to go all-out on one thing, so atom cracking was chosen. Research men were turned loose with billions to spend, and everybody knows what happened. Within half a dozen years A-bombs fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Give research freedom and funds, and it gets results."

Small and soft-spoken, Daniels doesn't pound desks, but he makes his points. "If, in 1939," he said quietly, "anyone had asked whether the atom or the sun would be tapped as our next big power source, I would have said the sun. It seemed easier. I'm still inclined to think it is. What if the brains and billions had been

(Continued on Page 124)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts

"There seems to be some sort of round, shiny obstruction—no, that's the doorknob!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Rah, Rah, Rah

I am a little concerned about reports by sociologists that the average college student doesn't eat enough, doesn't sleep enough and doesn't doctor enough.

This is in direct contrast to my college days. I got my degree at Whiffen U., a medium-sized institution at Eggdrop Falls, New York, where I later majored in torts.

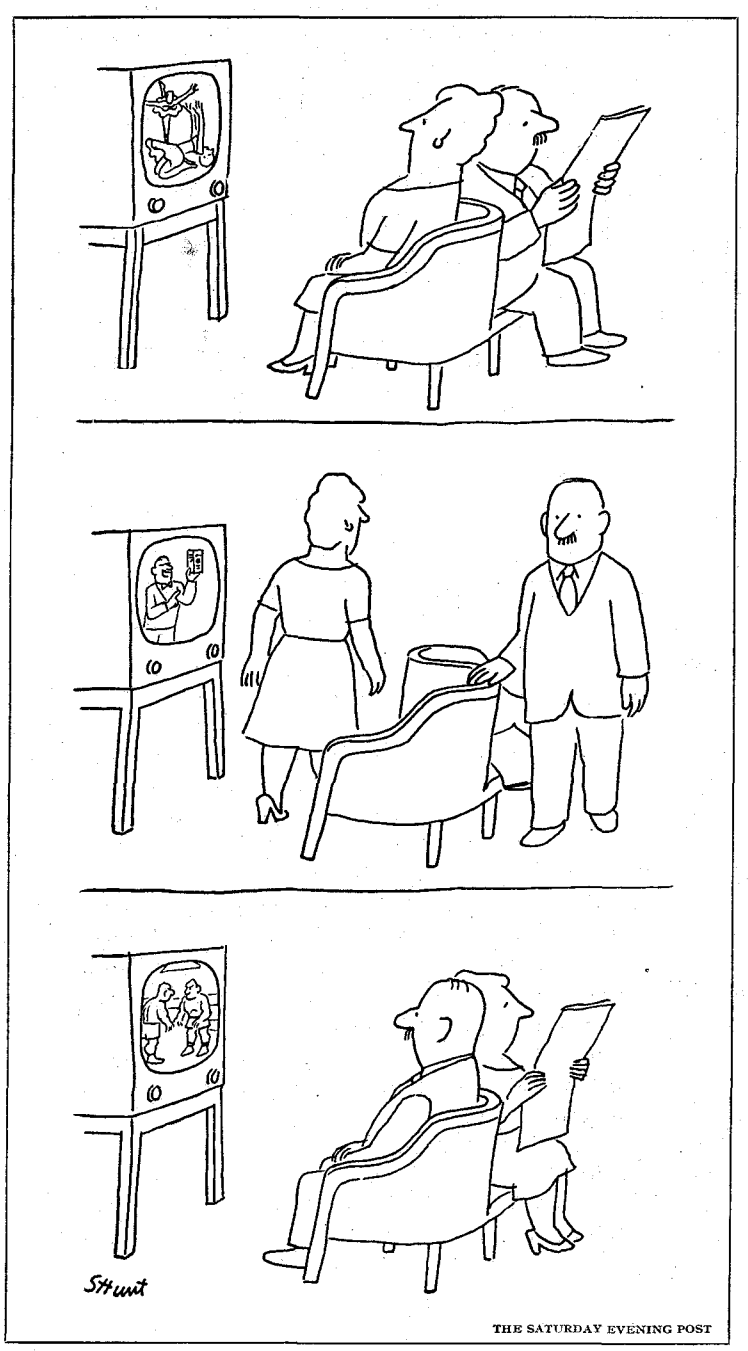
Our campus was a healthy place, morally, mentally and physically. A survey in my freshman year (1887) showed that 92 per cent of the boys on the campus had never been kissed. Thirty-eight per cent of the girls had never been kissed. A few active boys seem to have been kissing most of the girls. But, in general, we were pretty strait-laced.

We were a husky lot physically because we were well fed. I believe the charge for board was sixty-two dollars annually, and for that we got four meals a day, cooked by a French chef who had been with old Rector's. On Saturdays we had a late champagne supper and were entertained by show girls imported from Albany.

We were excellently cared for in a medical way, since there were four resident physicians on the campus as well as fifteen resident nurses. The nurses used to come around every morning, wake us up, serve us a hot breakfast and take our pulse. The girls were chosen for their beauty as well as their efficiency, all of them having been chosen by a majority vote of the student council after a bathing-suit contest.

All in all, we were much happier and healthier than students are today. What if it did take us nine years to get our B.A.? We weren't going anyplace in a hurry.

ROBERT FONTAINE



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I'll Give Till it Hurts

"It's better to give than to receive."
Now, there is a proverb I believe,
And in some cases I'll vote for it twice,
Viz., medicine, kittens and advice.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Good-By, Boys!

Scientists have begun to worry about the peculiar rise in the death rate of men compared to women. They say a man between eighteen and fifty today has twice as many chances of leaving this valley of tears as a woman has. The future situation is obvious. In a few years there will be hardly any men left.

No one seems to know what to do about this *faux pas* on the part of Mother Nature, who, up to this time, has managed to keep the two sexes pretty well balanced. Nor does anyone know the reason for the situation existing.

My own opinion why men die faster than women is that men think. Thinking wears on the brain, producing distilled water in the veins and leaving the victim a ready prey for fatal illness. Women, on the other hand, don't think at all. They go by instinct, being equipped with a delicate set of antlerlike antennae in the back of the frontal lobe. (See Goodankind: Iss Der Dames Ussen Brainz?) These antennae twitch when women are in a quandary, and convey a message to the brain center—a message which is usually translated as "Go ahead. You can charge it" or "A girl is entitled to a little fun." Stuff like that. All thinking is eliminated.

Mating probably is the most wearing thing for men. I mean, actually, courtship, of course—that is, finding and nailing down the mate. Women don't have to do anything but be women to acquire a mate. They just have to maybe spray a little wave set on and tighten their sweaters. Outside of that, they just have to stand there looking like the female of the species, and the men go to work.

But a man has to spend four years in college—six, if he's like me—get a good job, get promoted, have his salary substantially increased and still stay young enough to be active. After that he has to chase the female all over; bringing her flowers, candy, sports convertibles, and so on; drinking her father's cheap domestic wine; listening to tales about all the handsome and wealthy men her mother could have married, lending money to everybody and promising to treat the girl in question to a standard of living slightly below that of Princess Margaret.

By the time this has all been done—plus two years in the Army—the average man has had it; he is debilitated and melancholy, ready to collapse, which, after a few years of marriage, he presently does.

The future, however, may be a little brighter, and I am certainly eating my wheat germ and looking forward to it. With four women around to every man, it is obvious the men will be fondled, fawned upon, cuddled and supported in lavish style.

I can hardly wait.

GIDEON GAY

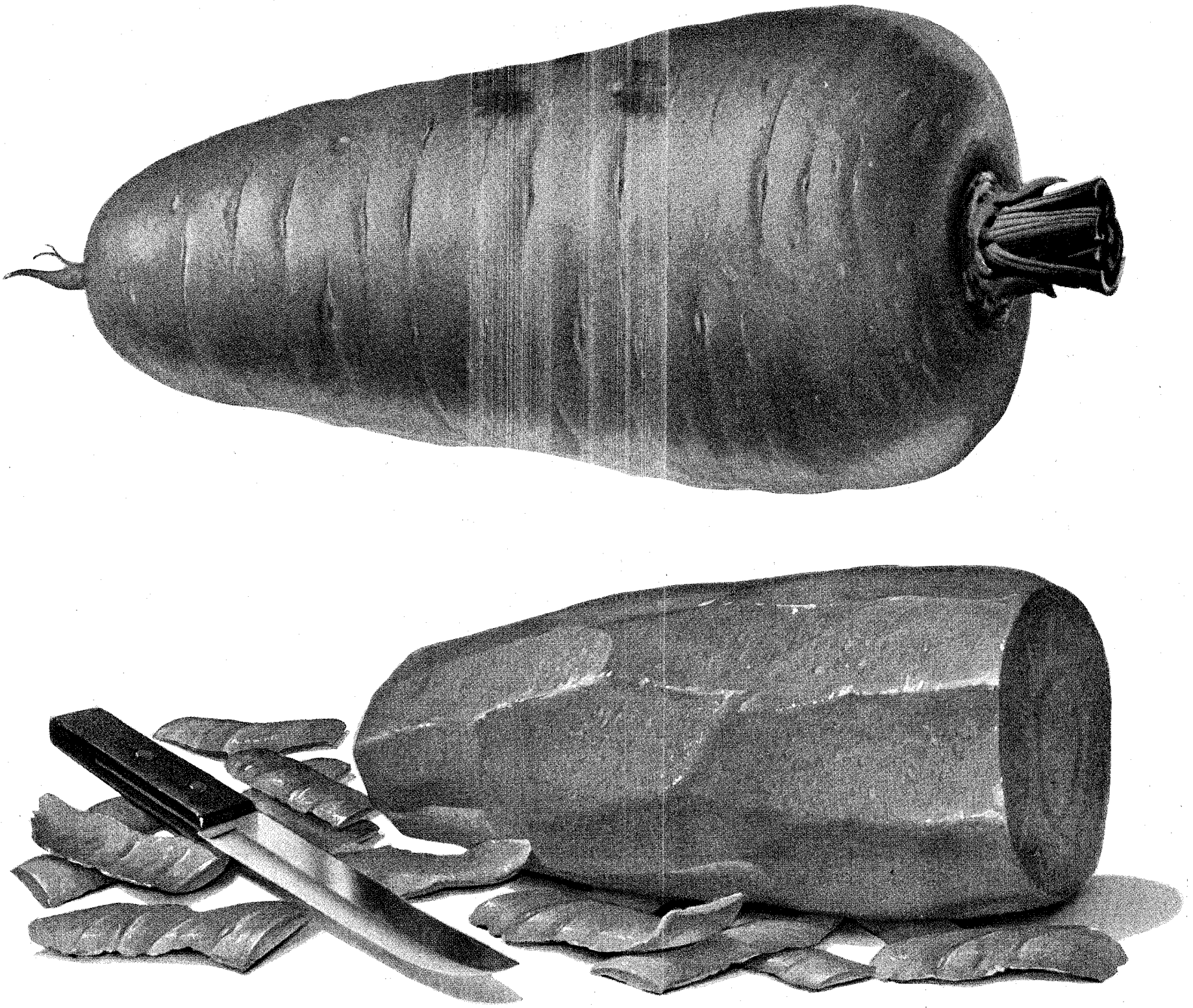
Show Woe

While at a deeply moving show,
I find myself inclined to grow
A bit annoyed with people who
Depart before the show's quite through.

Ah, yes, I find it rather mean,
Each time a terminating scene
That moves me to the very core
Moves others merely to the door.

RICHARD WHEELER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



We may seem a little extravagant with the Campbell Carrot

Ever notice the care that a good cook takes when she's expecting somebody important for dinner? That's the way we try to work every day here in the Campbell Kitchens.

Take carrots, for instance. No two carrots that come to Campbell are exactly alike. So the only way we can make sure of removing every last little flaw and discoloration is to trim them by hand. And that's just what we do.

On the average, 15 to 18% of the carrot is cut away in the process. This may seem a little extravagant, we think it's well worth the cost to make sure that nothing but the best goes into the soup.

Hand trimming is only a small part of the treatment we give every carrot. Each one is rinsed, washed, inspected, diced, and inspected again.

Then Campbell's skilled chefs cook the carrots so that the rich orange color stays in.

The over-all care Campbell takes with every carrot is typical of the lengths to which we go to make sure you can serve every food from the Campbell Kitchens with confidence and pride. It's the only way you can do things when you live by this creed:

"*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

"*We blend the best with careful pains*
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products* • **Swanson** *Products*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leo Irby calls himself an "escapologist." He can free himself from this stock without breaking the white seals.

Adventures of Slippery Leo

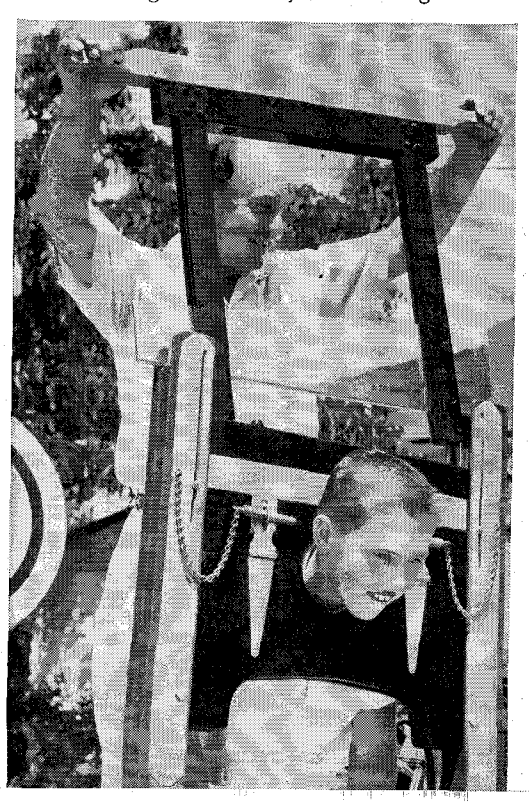
Lock him in the Chinese Water Torture Tank.

Strait-jacket him and suspend him upside down over a tiger's cage.

Leo Irby has always managed to make his getaway.

By HORATIO WINSLOW

Leo prepares to "behead" Jimmy Kendall, one of his seven grandchildren, on a trick guillotine.



If you are in Southern California and you barge into a crowd of people with eyes fixed aloft, the chances are they're watching Leo Irby. And if you look upward, too, you will see Leo strapped into a strait jacket and hanging upside down from a high window, or a roof, or the end of a crane. Leo will be doing an escape. In a couple of minutes you will see him slither out of the strait jacket and haul himself up to safety.

Leo Irby is an escapologist. Paid the proper fee, he can be signed up to escape from prison cells, expertly knotted ropes, handcuffs, thumbcuffs and leg irons, outsize milk cans with padlockable tops, nailed packing boxes and glass-walled tanks. Mr. Irby is prepared to escape from almost anything excepting taxes and autograph hunters. And he's kept busy because the public is interested in escapes.

There are reasons for this interest. Should the performer fail in his try, many would feel that the big smarty got what he deserved. Should he be injured or killed, spectators would tell their neighbors, "Yes, sir, I saw it all. Terrible! Made my blood run cold. And I was right there in the front row."

But Leo Irby has another explanation of why an escapologist draws a crowd. "Most

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leo will escape from this basket after his assistant, Lynne Turner, padlocks, straps and trusses it. Harry Houdini's widow says Leo is the only man skilled enough to follow in the footsteps of her late husband.

One of Leo's daughters, Mrs. Bernice Capestro, straps him into a strait jacket at his home in Alhambra, Cal.

Lynne Turner and Art Baker prepare Leo for the Milk Can Escape. Leo once had a close call with this trick when he found freezing milk had been provided instead of the usual milky water.

people, I believe, sympathize with the man doing an escape. That's because from morning to night all of us are trying to escape from something. It may be a bill collector, the day's work or bad news from a doctor. Anyhow, we're all in the same boat. And when the professional escaper works himself out of a tight corner, it encourages others to think that they can wriggle out too."

Leo Irby is a grandfather seven times over, but advancing years haven't stopped his activities as an escapologist. He still yearns for the thrill of overcoming an unexpected obstacle within three minutes—and avoiding a decidedly stuffy death.

It's this utterly unforeseen danger—and it can happen at any time to an escapologist—which makes life worth living for Leo Irby. He enjoys it. Without regret he tells of the million-dollar thrill which came to him in 1940 at the annual convention of the Pacific Coast Association of Magicians.

On a platform in the middle of San Diego's Plaza, clad only in a swim suit, Leo stood beside an enormous milk can. It had a capacity of fifty gallons plus the displacement of a human body. Also on the platform stood Beatrice Houdini, widow of Harry Houdini, the legendary Escape (Continued on Page 62)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREATEST GUY IN THE WORLD!

The man who takes his family OUT to dine!

Great man! Great mathematician! Dad figures that three meals a day, seven days a week, make *twenty-one meals!* At least one too many if *you're* doing the cooking, like Mom.

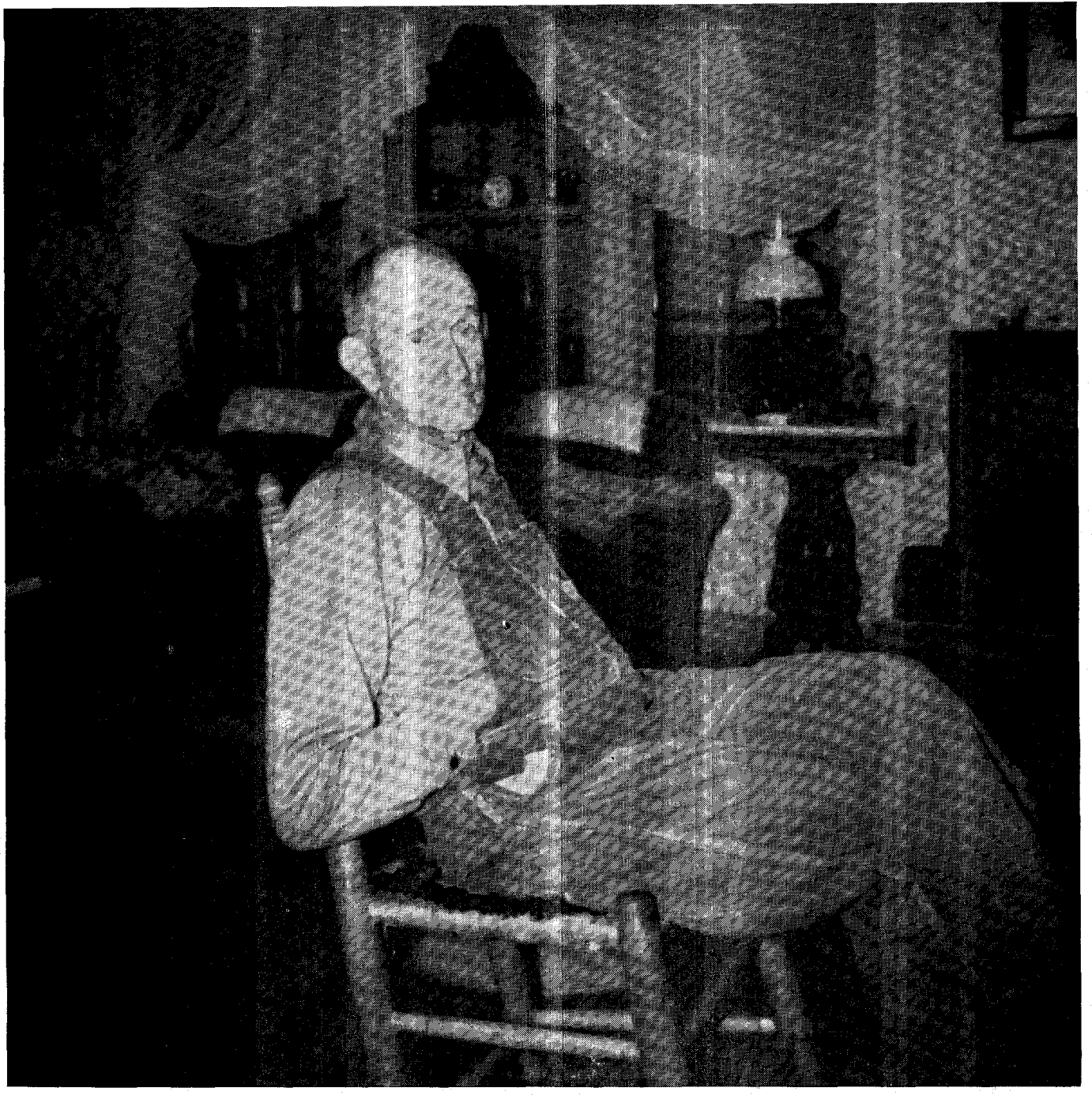
So he gives the whole family a treat . . . takes them all *out* to eat, once every week. And whether they go to a famous hotel, a big, popular restaurant, or just to the friendly little local eating place–it always seems like a party.

Mom relaxes, gets that Best Girl, Big Date feeling again. The kids revel in the heady pleasures of picking and choosing from a real "grown-up" menu. And Dad, who has fun too, enjoys the added satisfaction of being a family hero . . . recognized by one and all as the *greatest* guy in the world!

It's a happy family habit to eat out once a week!

P.S. This very sincere compliment to the Food Service Industry comes with the best wishes of that old friend of the family . . . General Foods Institutional Products Division.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The last picture ever made of Dad." Mitchell Stuart at his home in W-Hollow, Ky., a few weeks before his death ten months ago.

"He Was Part of This Land"

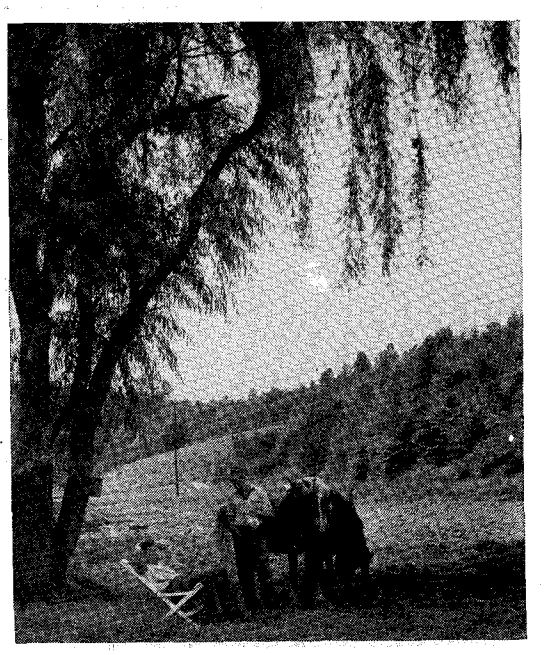
"The horses and cattle knew him and spoke to him. . . . The image of him is stamped invisibly on everything in this valley." A poet's tribute to his father.

By Jesse Stuart

I have looked for him all day, but I've not seen him. This is the time of year he liked to be going about. Always in April he was going with a seed bucket or a hoe or both. Sometimes he went down the road, driving a team, a big black horse and an even larger sorrel mare with a flaxen mane and tail. There he'd be sitting upon the little seat over the wagon bed with the leather check line in his hands. He was a little man, and he'd be sitting there on the creaking wagon, with plows, hoes, mattocks, axes and scythes loaded in the wagon bed. Often somebody would be with him. Sometimes he'd be going by himself.

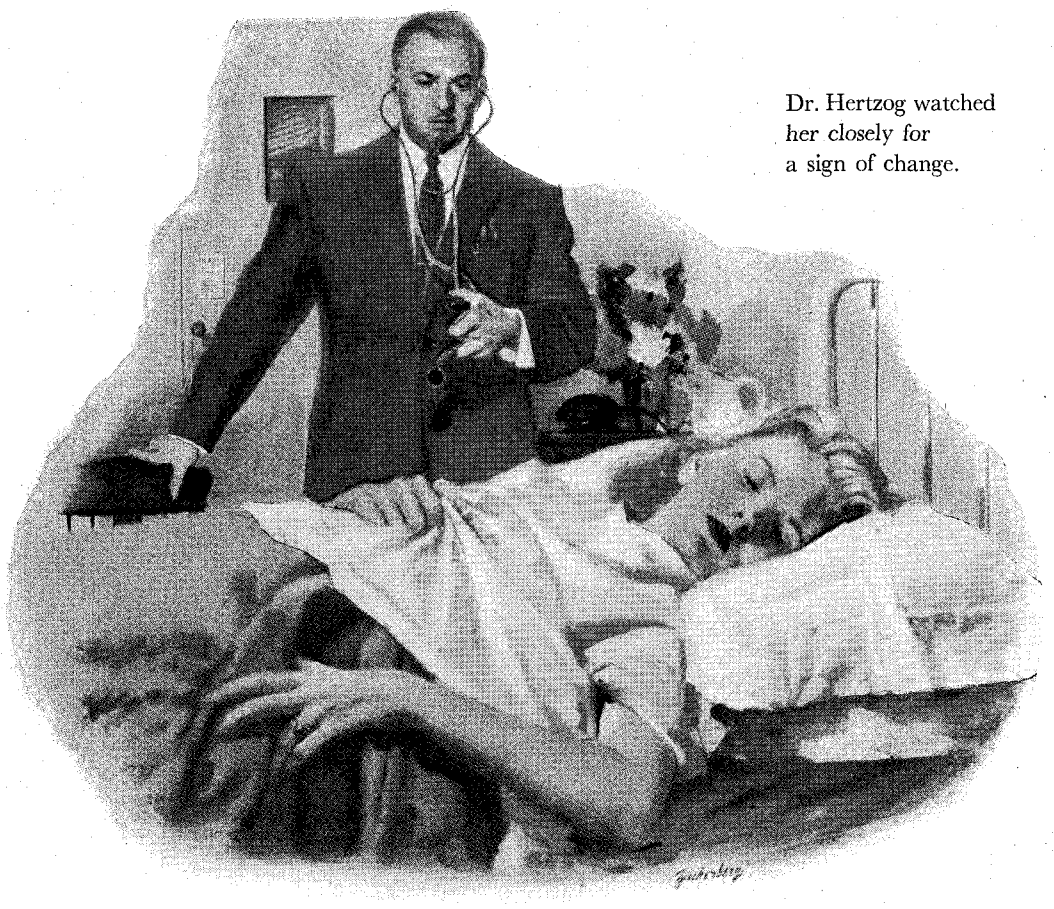
He never drove or walked past that he didn't have from one to a half-dozen dogs following him. Only two were his own dogs. But other dogs

(Continued on Page 55)



The author (left) is recovering from a heart attack on his farm in the valley his father loved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dr. Hertzog watched her closely for a sign of change.

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

How much pain could she be expected to endure for a chance to use her legs again?

Anne Devereux was going to have a baby, and her husband, Paul, wondered: Was Doctor Hertzog right? Could severe labor pains provide a shock that would release Anne's legs from paralysis?

Anne thought her case was hopeless, and did not suspect that her father, political leader James Kirkland, had promised to support Paul's political career if Paul would marry her. Paul was in love with Anne and wanted to forget the circumstances of their meeting.

Christmas at the Kirkland house was an especially memorable one that year. Mrs. Catherby, Anne's grandmother, came to visit, as did old Harrison Hartwell, Paul's employer, and Johnny Bovard, Paul's closest friend. Even Anne's nurse, Miss Davis, and Hackett, the butler, joined in the festivities.

Paul's campaign for state senator was progressing nicely, and Kirkland was talking of grooming Paul for the governorship. But Paul could not make himself forget that Arno Malotte, Kirkland's right-hand man, was linked to a numbers racketeer named Camponelli. Once, Paul fought with Arno in the presence of Kirkland's secretary, Miss Sayles. Paul knew that one day he would have to confront Kirkland with his suspicions. But not now, not with Anne in her present condition.

VI

And June came, not with intolerable heat as in some years, but with a gentle effulgence that made even old and tired hearts bloom a little again. Anne sat each day in the garden under the shade of the rowan tree, setting the last delicate stitches in the little garments it had been her pleasure to work upon. Hackett who, being English, loved a garden and spent his leisure hours puttering about in it when the regular gardener was not there, came over often to watch her deft fingers and gaze raptly upon the small bits of white.

"I'm happier than I can tell you, Miss Anne," he said one day, "about everything—you and Mr. Paul and the baby coming. Sometimes I think I'm almost as excited as your father, if I may be allowed to say such a thing; only ——"

"Yes, Hackett?"

"Only sometimes I'm afraid he's a little too excited, as it were. He's likely just nervous, but it occurred to me—if I may say so—that maybe you could do something to put him a bit more at his ease, as it were."

Anne smiled. "You know how he has always worried about me, Hackett. But it's sweet of you to be concerned about him, and I'll try to calm him down."

In one of the inner offices of Kirkland and Company at that very moment the same anxiety was being voiced. Arno leaned back from his desk. "Sayles," he said, "have you any idea what's wrong with the chief?"

"In what way?" Miss Sayles asked.

"Go on! You know as well as I do. He's nervous as a cat. He starts a sentence and he doesn't finish it. His face is too red. There's something the matter with him."

"Well," she said slowly, "he might just be sort of anxious. Men—fathers are, I guess. You see, Anne's going to have a baby."

"When?"

"July sometime. He told me the other day."

And Arno sat quiet, not speaking, only staring at the wall across from his desk. It was this silence, this outward sign of the heart's bitterness which she alone knew, that made Sayles begin to say stumblingly what she had rehearsed a hundred times in her own room.

"Arno, there's something else I want to tell you, though I guess it's a queer thing for me to do. But we've worked together here in the same office for over twelve years and, as you say, we do know each other—better maybe than anybody else ever would—and it's like this. You said once I was a—a cold fish. I'm not, Arno. I'm not cold at all; I'm —— Well, you see, I know how to make a nice home and I can cook. I could make a man comfortable and I could make him happy other ways—you know. I could keep on working or I could stop. I'd do just like he wanted. I—I can't say it any plainer, Arno."

Her face was scarlet. She, too, watched the wall and the filing cabinets, as though from them an answer would come.

Arno stood up and came to her chair while her heart stopped beating. He touched the top of her head with—was it his fingers or his lips? She would never be sure in the dark watches of the night. He spoke gruffly, thickly, "You're a good kid, Sayles, but I'm not for you. I'm sorry—but just forget it, will you?"

He walked quickly to the door and went out. Then he opened it, and Sayles' heart started to beat again.

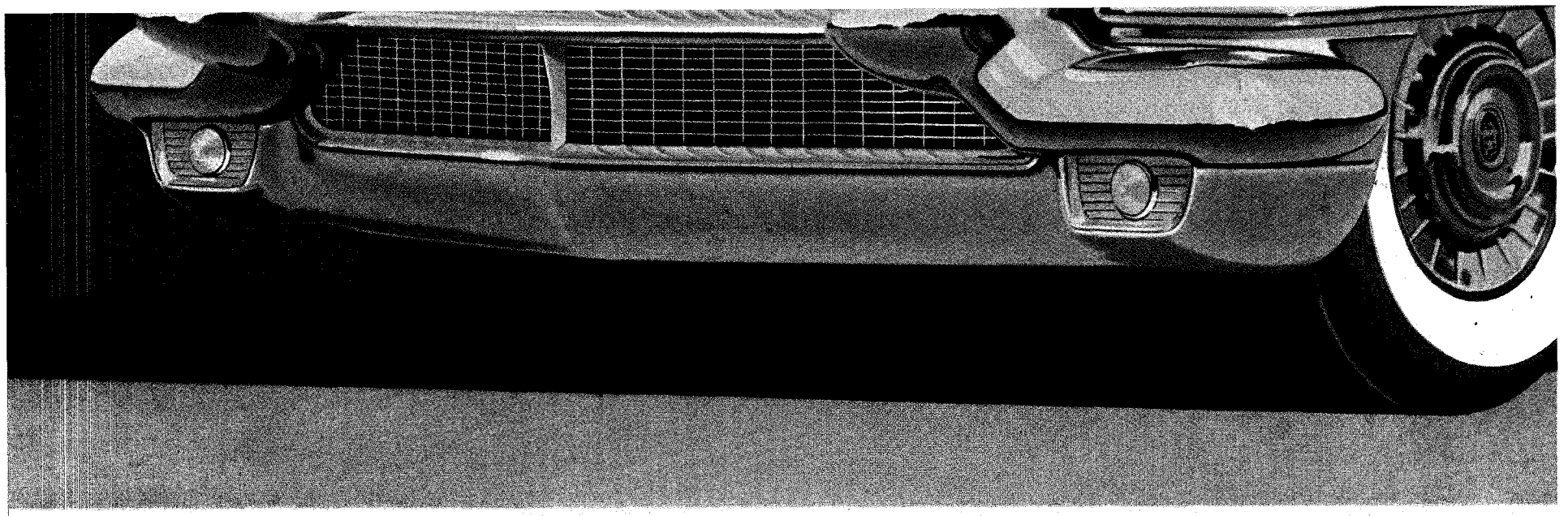
"I'm sorry, girl, but it's just no dice!"

Then he was really gone, and there was no sound of any kind in the office. . . .

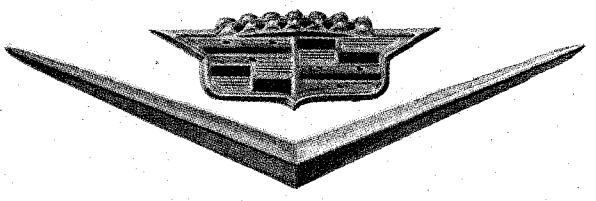
It was that night that Anne had the accident. The doctor had

(Continued on Page 148)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



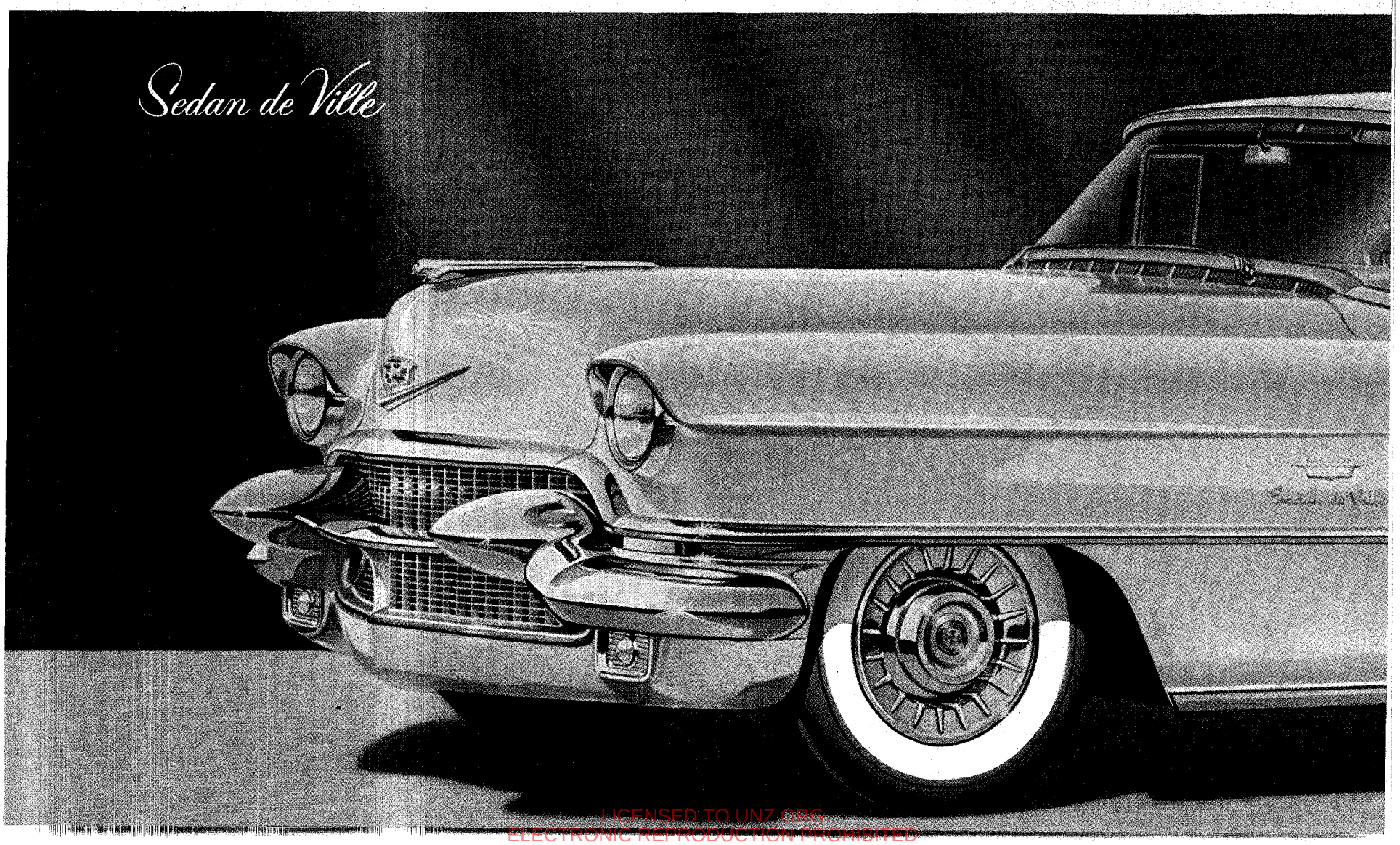
Cadillac



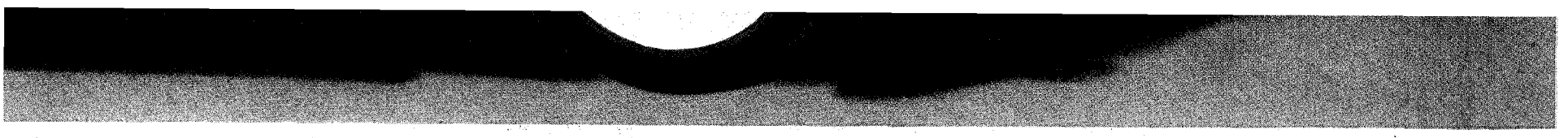
presents for 1956...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most inspiring motor car the world has ever seen!



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ı are looking at the Eldorado Seville and the Sedan Ville—two entirely new and exciting additions to lillac's royal family of motor cars.

'hese spectacular new Cadillacs—in company with other brilliant Cadillac models for 1956—introduce tandard of automotive excellence that will find no nterpart on the highways of the world.

Vhere, for instance, could you find anything to match n for beauty and elegance? Their long, low, sweeping s . . . their jewel-like grille and rear-fender designs . their brilliant new color combinations . . . their sparkling highlights of chrome and gold . . . all combine to create a beauty that is truly unique.

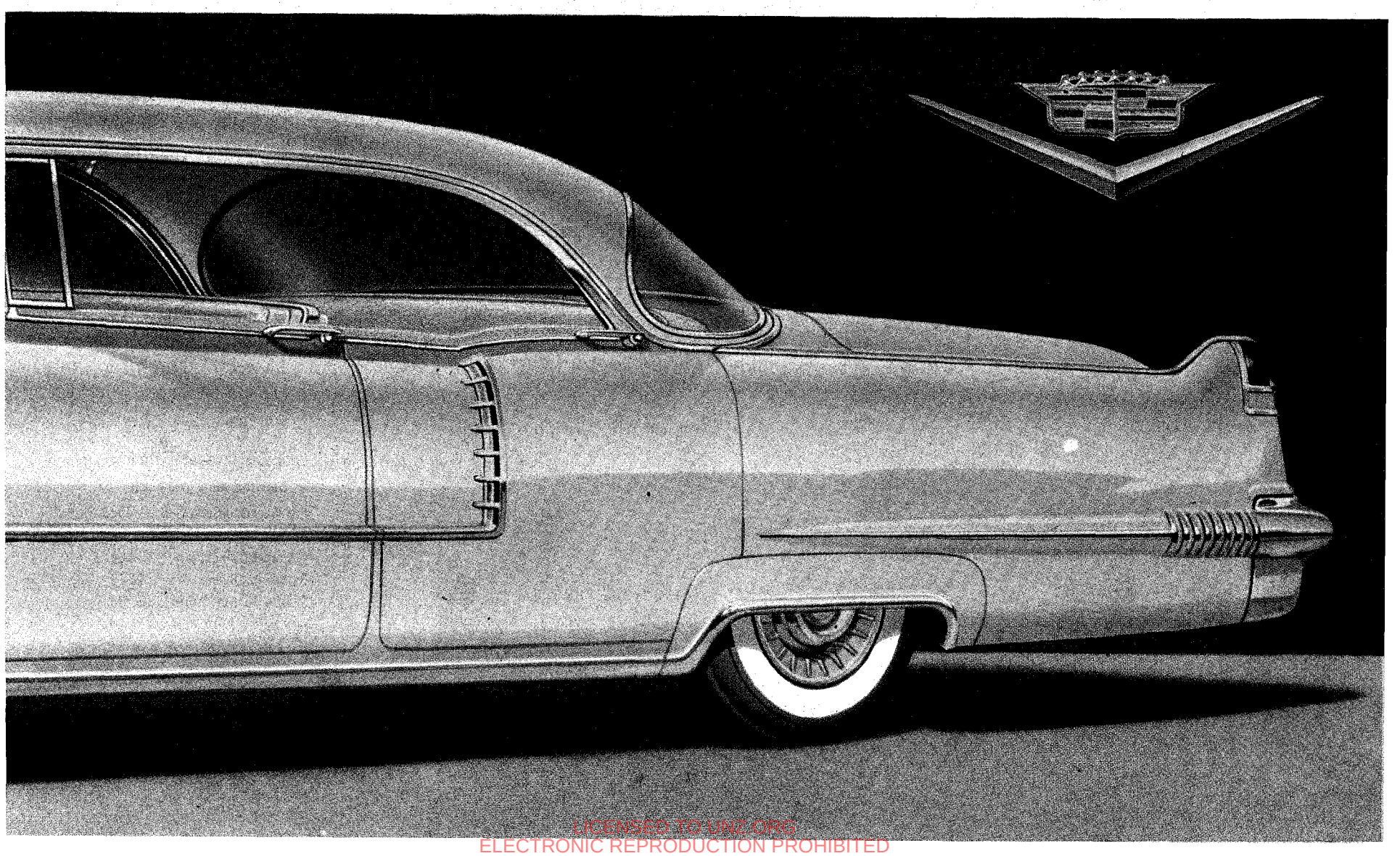
Where could you find anything to equal them in luxury? Inside aré fabrics of rare richness and pattern . . . and appointments that are beautiful and regal almost beyond description.

And where could you find anything to rival them in performance? There's a completely redesigned Cadillac engine developing 285 and 305 horsepower . . . an entirely new, controlled-coupling Hydra-Matic Drive . . . and advanced Cadillac Power Steering and Power Braking.

This extraordinary new Cadillac beauty . . . and this brilliant new Cadillac luxury . . . and this dynamic new Cadillac performance . . . have been interpreted in four separate series and in nine individual body styles.

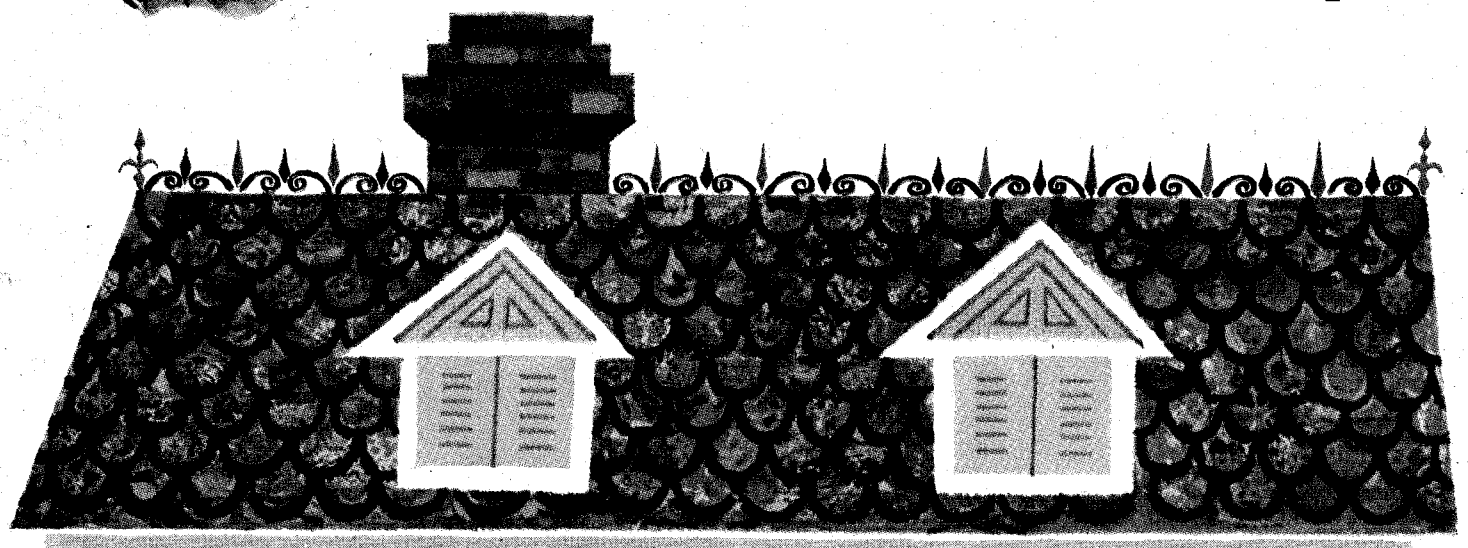
We sincerely urge you to visit your Cadillac dealer for a personal inspection and demonstration at your earliest convenience. You will agree, we know, that these are *the most inspiring motor cars the world has ever seen!*

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everybody enjoys a talk-together when the family's apart

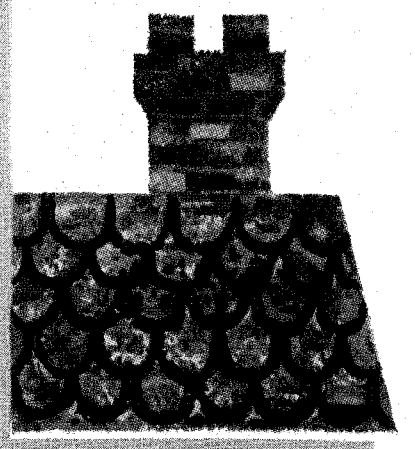


It's good to hear the voices of

The ones you miss—the ones you love.

Across the miles, from place to place,

It's like a visit—face to face.



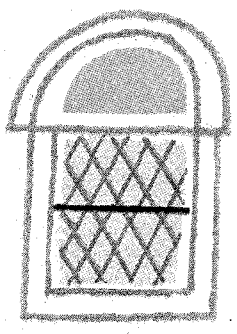
Father, mother, daughter, son—

The thrill is shared by every one.

There is no faster way to go

And best of all, *the cost is low.*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Long Distance rates are low

Here are some examples:

Pittsburgh to Cleveland	45¢
Boston to Philadelphia	70¢
Atlanta to Cincinnati	85¢
Dallas to Denver	$1.10
Seattle to New York	$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number.
It's Twice As Fast.

SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE, WOULD LIKE TO HEAR YOUR VOICE RIGHT NOW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He Was Part of This Land"

(Continued from Page 49)

liked him and his dogs, and they joined and trotted in front of the big horses or followed the wagon. This small man, with his wind-and-sun-tanned face, lean and spare, with a big nose and blue eyes and a kind voice for horses and dogs—I keep looking for him to drive the horses by, but I don't see him. I often think I hear his wagon and I go to the door and look, but it's something else. I hear the winds in the oaks on the hill, the big weeping willow and the wild-plum trees.

And sometimes I think I hear his footsteps going down the road in front of my house. And I run to the door to look. But I don't see him. It's a little trick the wind plays on my ears. Or it might be a little trick my mind plays on me. I know he should be along at any time, and I feel sure that he will be. Because he's part of this valley. He is a great part of it. He came to this valley when he was sixteen years old. And he grew up here. He was a young man before he traveled outside this county. He was almost sixty before he went 100 miles from home. He was never happy anywhere but on this little spot of earth. When he was away he worried until he got home.

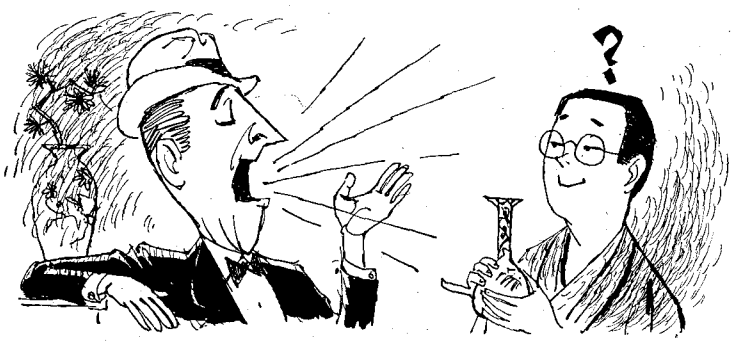
He had a routine in his home in W-Hollow. His horses expected him to be at the barn at four in the morning. His cows, too, expected feed in their mangers at this time. And their patient soft brown eyes lit up with joy, and the horses spoke to him and greeted him when he reached the barn. And his hogs spoke to him from the pen until he fed them too. They liked breakfast early, before the chickens flew down from the trees to help them eat their corn.

This was the way of life for this little W-Hollow man. For almost three fourths of a century, hundreds of horses, mules and work cattle knew him early in the morning and spoke to him. Many hundreds of cattle and hogs and sheep had known and spoken to him. He had greeted them morning, noon and night, had fed them, bedded their stalls and was kind to them. He loved animals and they loved him. And in the spring of the year, especially in April, he got all his livestock onto the green April grass. He put milk cows in a pasture, his horses in a pasture, mules in another, cattle in others, and he had a small pasture for his hogs. He gave animals range and freedom.

Sometimes, when I think I hear footsteps on the walk around the house, I go to the window. I expect to see him walking to my tool shed with a hatchet in his hand. Sometimes he uses all his staples or nails, and he just drops in to my tool house to see if I have any. Then, too, he might need one of the tools in my shed. They're always there for him. They have always been there for him. His tools have always been in his tool shed for me. His tool shed is four tenths of a mile away. I suppose his tools are in order. He has always kept them that way. But this is the time of year I expect him to be coming around to look over the fences to see if the wind has blown a tree across one or if a post has given way. We have miles of fences on this farm, and each April he has always gone over each fence, with his hatchet, wire pliers, staples in his carpenter's apron, some extra pieces of wire and a pair of wire stretchers and staple pullers. He always went prepared to do a job.

Then, he passed here so many times with a hoe across his shoulder that I knew when I saw him coming with a hoe that he was either going to the pasture to clean out the water holes in the spring or going to hoe one of his many truck patches. He had truck patches all over this farm, from the valley to the top of the highest hill.

(Continued on Page 58)



The Perfect Squelch

The party was a pleasant gathering of pleasant people until Cedric arrived. He obviously considered himself the intellectual superior of the affable folks around him, and set out to prove it. Having just returned from Japan, he continually embarrassed everyone by speaking some unintelligible sentence and then explaining condescendingly that it was Japanese for, say, "pass the peanuts." Or he would reply to a question in Japanese and then translate for the benefit of the lesser mortals within earshot.

Finally he turned to his hostess and, in one of his few remarks in plain English, said, "You might not believe it, but after only a month of study of the language I was able to speak with a Japanese storekeeper in Japanese for half an hour."

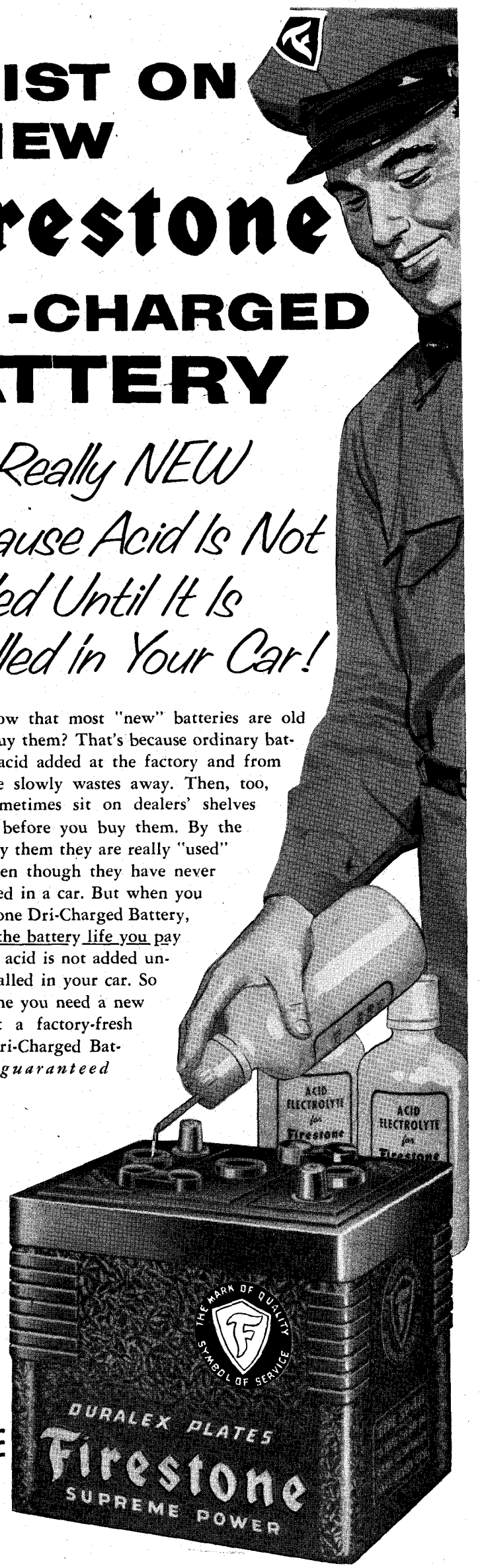
"Oh, yes, I believe it," his hostess said evenly. "The Japanese are so polite."

D. W. Gee

INSIST ON A NEW Firestone DRI-CHARGED BATTERY

It's Really NEW Because Acid Is Not Added Until It Is Installed in Your Car!

Do you know that most "new" batteries are old when you buy them? That's because ordinary batteries have acid added at the factory and from then on life slowly wastes away. Then, too, batteries sometimes sit on dealers' shelves for months before you buy them. By the time you buy them they are really "used" batteries, even though they have never been installed in a car. But when you buy a Firestone Dri-Charged Battery, you get all the battery life you pay for, because acid is not added until it is installed in your car. So the next time you need a new battery, get a factory-fresh Firestone Dri-Charged Battery for *guaranteed* longer life.



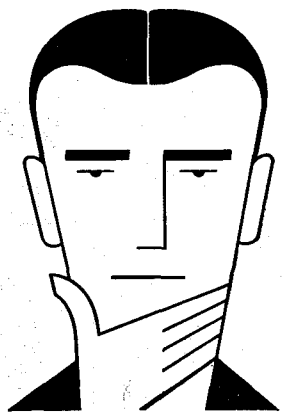
4 YEAR GUARANTEE

Copyright 1955, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

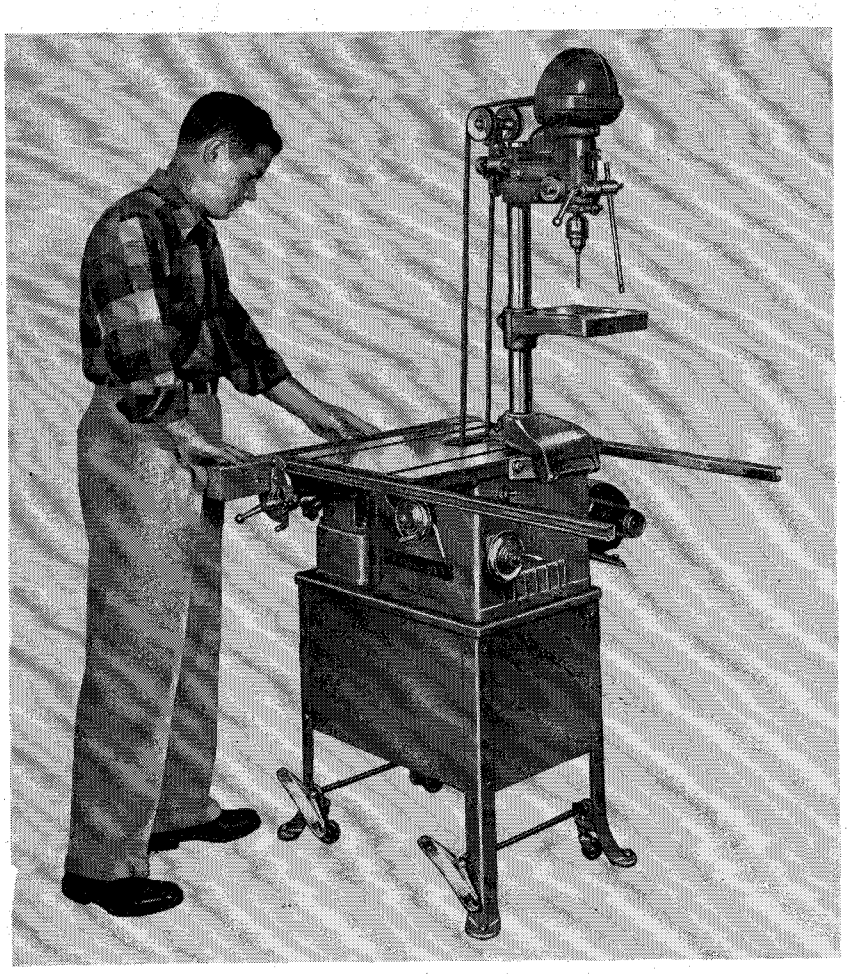
Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over ABC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON'T BE "SOLD"... GET THE FACTS...



MAKE UP your own mind about the



DELTA SHOP

Famous one-motor combination of full-size power tools

It's a Saw • It's a Drill Press • It's a Jointer • It's a Sander

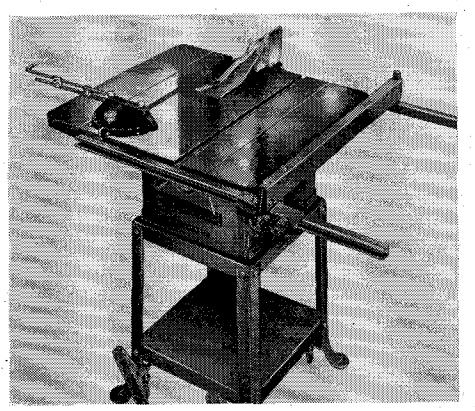
The ONLY right combination of basic power tools. The U. S. Chamber of Commerce says this about multipurpose tools: "The machine which is used most should be the basis of this tool . . ."

The DeltaShop is built around the Circular Saw—the basic, most-used tool in woodworking. And it also includes the full-size Delta Homecraft Jointer, Drill Press, and Sander. *Not* a collection of attachments, but a combination of real Delta Quality Power Tools mounted on one stand, operated on one motor.

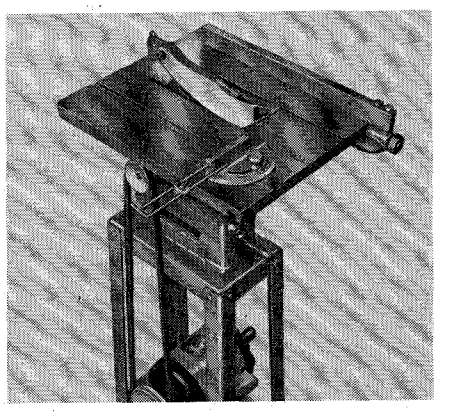
Exclusive "Tool-at-a-time" Plan makes it easy to own. The DeltaShop is the *only* combination tool you can buy "a-tool-at-a-time," as your budget permits. And later, if you want to expand your shop, you can operate each full-size tool separately with its own motor.

See the DeltaShop—*compare it with any other combination tool on the market* for performance, for convenience, for *value.* Then MAKE UP YOUR OWN MIND.

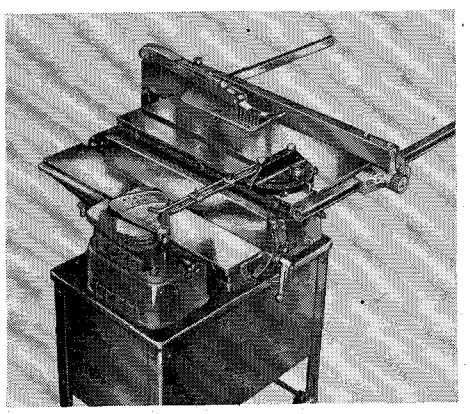
See the Exclusive Delta Saber Saw Attachment: Makes *curve* cutting machines of both the DeltaShop and the Delta 8" Tilting Arbor Saw! Unlimited capacity for internal and external curved work.



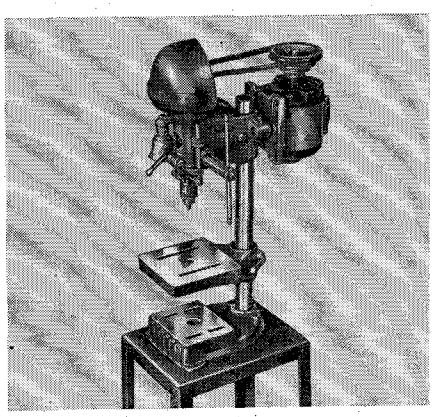
Delta Homecraft 8" Tilting Arbor Saw:
The circular saw is the basic woodworking tool and this is the finest made for home use. Delta also *makes 4 other sizes and types.*



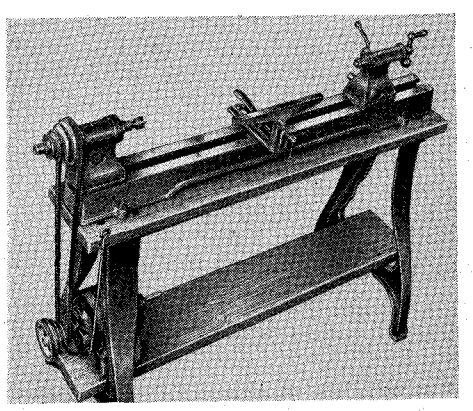
Delta Homecraft 8" Tilting Table Sav
Gives you big saw results at small saw cost. combines precision with ruggedness to let you every type of home repair job quickly, easily.



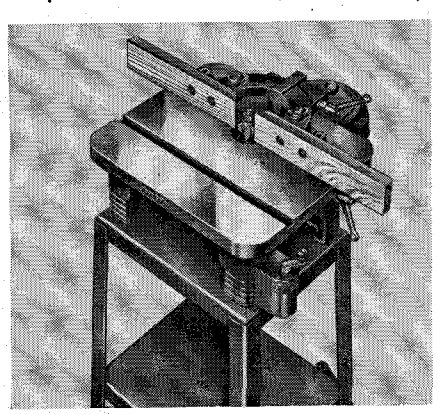
Delta Homecraft Saw-Jointer:
Money-saving combination of 8" tilting arbor saw and 4" jointer on one stand with one motor. Larger Delta saw-jointer combinations also available.



Delta Homecraft 11" Drill Press:
Drill, mortise, rout, carve, shape, grind, and many other jobs with this multi-purpose tool. Del drill presses are the most widely used in the wor



Delta Homecraft 11" Wood Lathe:
Turns beautiful, symmetrical forms in wood, plastics, and even *light metals. Finest lathe for the home* workshop. Delta 12" model also available.



Delta Homecraft High Speed Shaper
Makes smooth, professional looking shaped ed on moldings, picture frames, furniture. Quality f tures found in no other shaper at its low price.

DELTA...world's most complete line of power tool

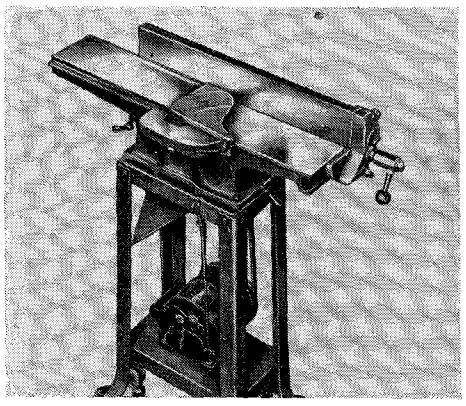
for Home Workshops...Industry...Builders...Schools...Custom Shops

53 MACHINES . . . 246 MODELS . . . OVER 1300 ACCESSORIES

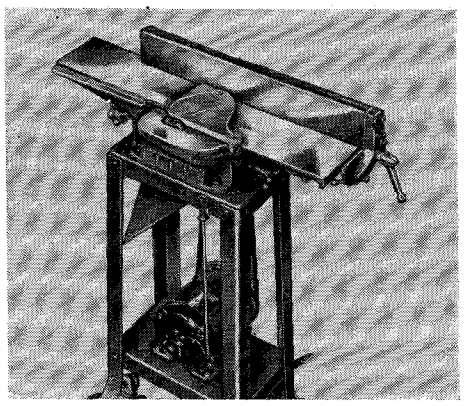
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR OWN MIND

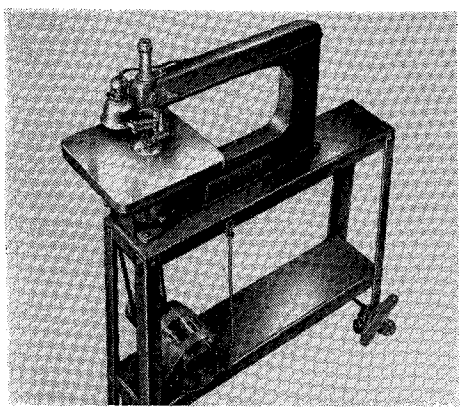
power tools best for you!



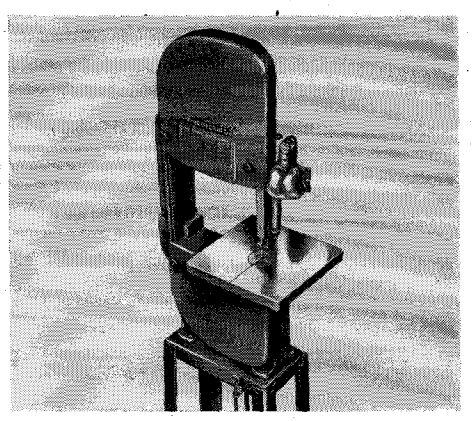
Delta Homecraft Deluxe 4" Jointer:
Planes far smoother than by hand, in a fraction of the time. Designed especially for home workshop use. Three other sizes and types available.



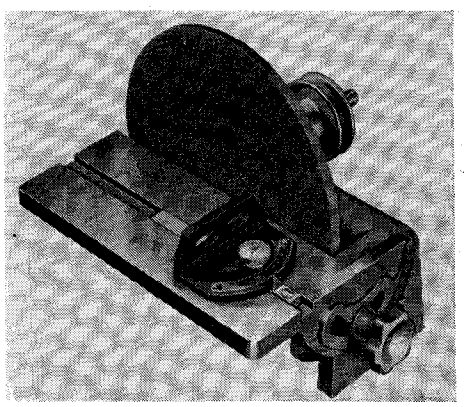
Delta Homecraft 4" Jointer:
You get many of the built-in quality features found in larger Delta jointers—at exceptionally low cost. Big enough for any planing job in your home.



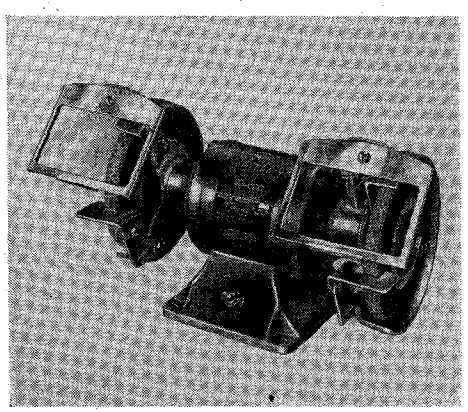
Delta Homecraft 16" Scroll Saw:
Rugged enough for Dad—safe enough for the children. Does intricate curve cutting easily, accurately. Delta also makes larger 24" scroll saw.



Delta Homecraft 10" Band Saw:
Does both curved and straight line cutting even in hardwood up to 6" thick. No finer band saw made at its moderate price. Larger 14" model available.



Delta Homecraft 8½" Disk Sander:
Finishes wood, plastics, ivory and non-ferrous metals to satin smoothness; also drills, grinds, buffs. Most versatile sander in its price range.



Delta Homecraft Grinder:
Every home shop needs a bench grinder for sharpening, buffing, polishing and dozens of other uses. A sensational value.

INDIVIDUAL TOOLS OR ALL-PURPOSE COMBINATION?

Which is best for *you?* Only you can decide that—after you have weighed the facts, pro and con, in terms of your available workshop space, the kind of work you want to do, and the condition of your pocketbook. But your Delta Dealer can help with impartial facts because he has no ax to grind; Delta, oldest and largest power tool producer, makes *both* combination tools *and* individual tools to suit every need and budget.

ARE ALL POWER TOOLS EQUALLY ACCURATE, RUGGED?

No, no more than all cars, TV sets or washing machines are equally good. The precision, trouble-free performance, economy, and fun you get *out* of a power tool depend on the skill, experience, and craftsmanship the *builder* puts *into* it. For many years, Delta Power Tools have set the standards of quality—and true economy—in thousands of industrial plants, in 70% of American school shops, and in the finest home workshops.

ARE POWER TOOL ACCESSORIES IMPORTANT?

Very—because the right accessories can almost double the usefulness of many power tools, at extremely low cost. A circular saw, for instance, can do many jobs, in addition to sawing, if you have the proper accessories. And because Delta's 1300 accessories are designed as part of the world's most complete power tool family, many of them can be used with *several* tools. That's an added advantage of selecting from the "first family" of power tools.

HOW MUCH DO GOOD POWER TOOLS COST?

Some brands are sold largely on price—at what appear to be very low prices. But buying on price alone can be a very expensive "economy," if you don't get *value* for what you spend, regardless of amount. Delta makes tools in several price ranges; which is best for you only *you* can decide. But of this you can be sure: any Delta Power Tool in any price range represents a real bargain *value*—maximum quality and performance for your money.

LET YOUR DELTA DEALER HELP YOU GET THE FACTS

Let him demonstrate the famous DeltaShop, and individual Delta tools. See for yourself why Delta tools—at prices far lower than you'd expect—are the biggest power tool values in America. *Then compare with any other brand of power tools made,* and MAKE UP YOUR *OWN* MIND! You'll find your Delta Dealer listed under "TOOLS" in the yellow pages of your phone book, or see Delta Homecraft Tools at leading hardware and department stores. Send coupon for free fact book on Delta tools.

SEND FOR FREE FACT BOOK NOW!

DELTA POWER TOOL DIVISION
Rockwell Manufacturing Company, 5161 N. Lexington Ave., Pittsburgh 8, Pa.

- ☐ Please send me free, illustrated booklet on Homecraft Power Tools.
- ☐ Please send me names of Delta Dealers nearest me.
- ☐ Please send catalog of Delta literature on power tools, plans and projects.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ County_____ State_____

DELTA ROCKWELL

DELTA QUALITY POWER TOOLS

Another Product by **ROCKWELL**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

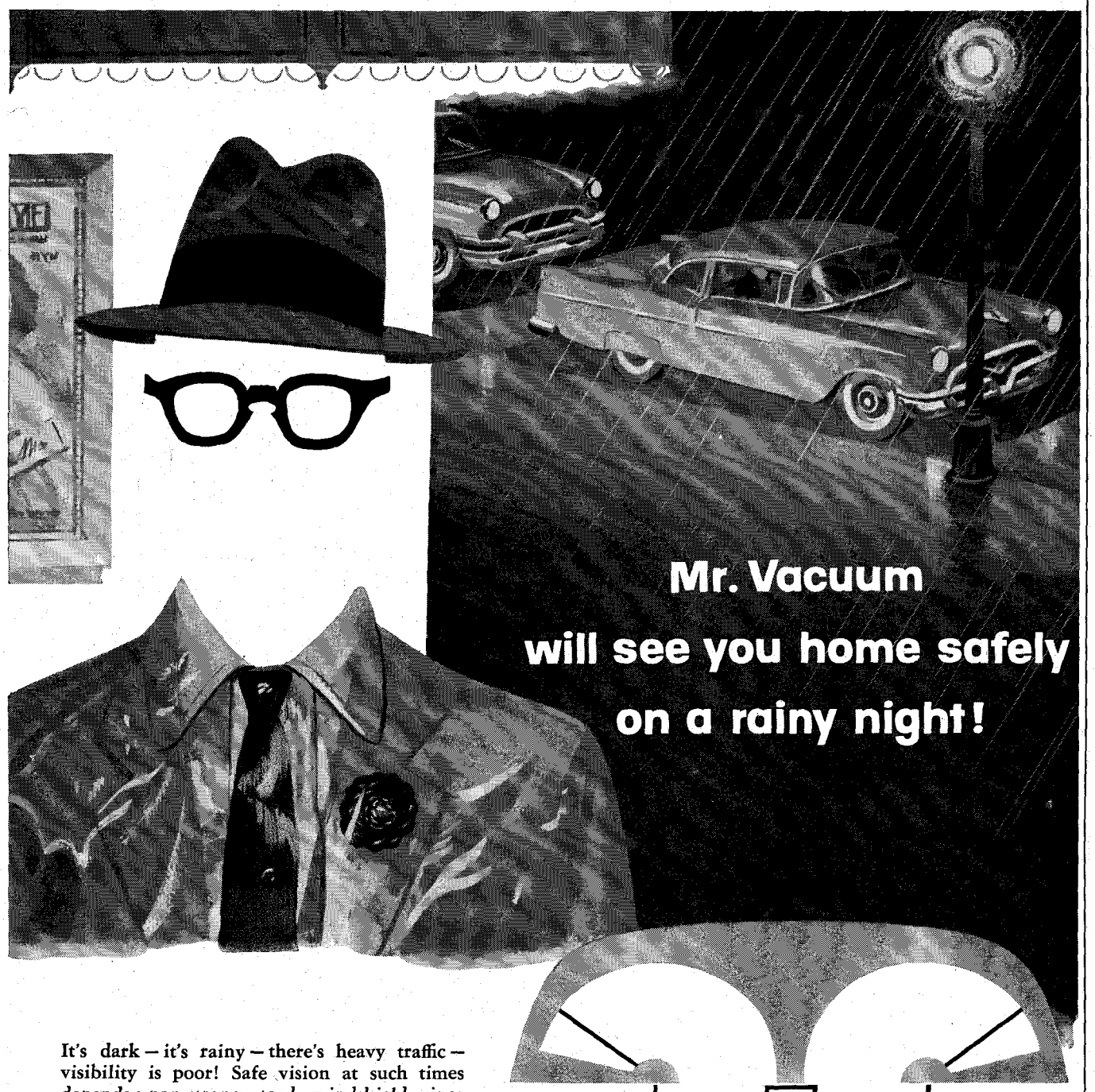
(Continued from Page 55) He planted potatoes on high hilltops in new ground, to grow them good and big if the season had plenty of rain. And, just to be sure, he would plant some in the old land down in the bottoms, where, if the season was dry, he'd still raise potatoes. He raised tomatoes in new ground, so they would have a soft, sweet taste. He set others in old ground to be certain of a crop. He planted corn, peas, beans and carrots, beets and lettuce this way too. He was the best gardener we have had in W-Hollow in my day. He got better with time. He studied land, plants and seasons each year. He never could learn all he wanted to know about them.

I saw a ditch yesterday on his land when I walked up the hollow to look at his pasture hill where he and I cleared the ground a long time ago. Now the cattle have walked down the hill to the stream so often in single file to get water that they have made a path, and water has flowed down the path and erosion has started. I wondered why he hasn't been there with some of last year's corn fodder and laid it in this ditch. Or why he hasn't cut sprouts and put their tips uphill to catch the wash of the next rain and stop the erosion. That's the way he taught everybody around here, his sons and others in W-Hollow who came to his farm. He never let a ditch start. He couldn't stand to see a scar on his earth.

And he wouldn't let anybody hack one of his trees with a hatchet or ax. He wouldn't let any boy carry an air rifle over his ground to shoot at his wild songbirds. He followed the stream through his farm to see if it was choked and had broken from its channel. If it had gathered sticks, brush or small trees into a dam, he cleared it out and let the backed-up water flow away.

There wasn't anything on the ground, in the streams, among his trees or up in the air that he didn't watch. He was the most alert man I ever knew. A fire could be two miles away, and he could smell leaves burning and would come running with a hoe over his shoulder and be at the fire before anybody else. He always went first. He always got the jump on anything before it got the jump on him. He got control of weeds when they were small. He cut his corn before frost. He dug his sweet potatoes before frost bit the vines. He dug Irish potatoes before autumn rains.

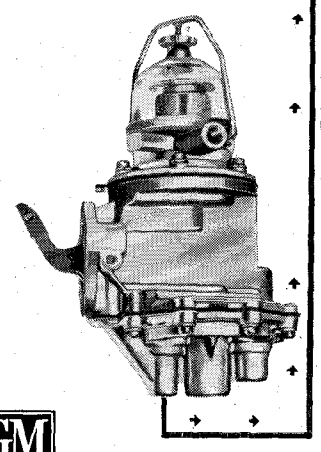
He was the first man ever to try new grass seeds on the W-Hollow hills. He was the first man to try to get a road built up the valley. He split blighted chestnuts for bridge flooring—because he wasn't able to buy flooring sawed at the mill—and built eight bridges, so that we could get a road.



It's dark — it's rainy — there's heavy traffic — visibility is poor! Safe vision at such times depends upon strong, steady windshield wiper action to keep the obscuring rain cleared from the glass. That's when you need the help of Mr. Vacuum!

That's what an AC Combination Fuel and Vacuum Booster Pump provides. Perhaps your car has one — many cars do. If not — your AC dealer can easily replace your present fuel pump with this double-value, double-purpose AC product.

Safety is everybody's business. You'll drive under trying conditions more safely, more comfortably, and with less fatigue if you ride with Mr. Vacuum. It's the extra vacuum power that insures safer vision.



AC FUEL PUMPS WITH VACUUM BOOSTER

DEPENDABLE FUEL SUPPLY *PLUS* DEPENDABLE WIPER ACTION— EVEN WHEN YOU SPEED UP

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • Flint, Michigan

GM GENERAL MOTORS

AC FUEL PUMPS ARE STANDARD FACTORY EQUIPMENT ON 9 OUT OF 10 CARS AND TRUCKS ON THE ROAD TODAY!

People are Like That

It has been thirty-five years since women, after a prodigious political battle, won the right to vote. Has time proved them more conscientious than men about exercising this hard-earned right?

Apparently women are even more indifferent about voting than are men. A comprehensive study revealed that a higher percentage of women than of men neglect to go to the polls on Election Day. While mothers may find it hard to leave the kiddies, men have to leave their work and that, too, isn't easy to do. So there aren't many real alibis to excuse the one third or more of eligible female voters who never vote.

J. C. Lison

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was the first in this rural area to have electricity. He was the first man ever to have a registered bull. He kept a registered bull for thirty years and charged only a small fee for his services to improve livestock here. I saw his young bull when I walked up the valley yesterday. He was a registered Polled Hereford. It seemed that this sun- and wind-tanned little man should be beside the stocky, curly-haired bull, rubbing his shoulders and neck. But he wasn't. It was terrifying not to see him.

I walked on up the valley to his barn. I could almost feel his presence there. In the mornings he always cleaned the stalls and rebedded them. Over there was his sweet-potato-plant bed. Below it was his garden. This time of year I should be able to hear his laughter. It always rode on the W-Hollow April winds. Or he might be out somewhere in a patch of dogwoods, for they were in bloom now. He always liked them. He always liked to find a dogwood beside a stream, where he could look at the white blooms and hear the water run at the same time. But I didn't see him beside the dogwoods up that way and I didn't see him beside the stream, full of singing, clean, blue April water.

It was not unusual for me to be looking for him. This entire valley was his beat. How many people have lived in this valley of W-Hollow since 1800 I don't know. Not many, if any, lived here before then. But of all the people who have lived in this valley since 1800—no matter if they were older than the little W-Hollow man—not one of them knew more trees, wild flowers, cliffs, squirrel nests, hawks' and crows' nests and ground-hog and fox dens than he.

No one knew better where the wild strawberries grew or the hickory trees that bore nuts or the black and white walnuts.

No man had ever plowed more miles of furrow than he. He must have plowed enough land for a single furrow to reach around the world. Men have said that his plowpoint has hitched on more rocks and roots than any other man's. Old men and young men say his long-handled, gooseneck hoe has turned over more gravel, from year to year on every square foot of available W-Hollow farming land than any two other men's hoes. He knew this land. It was his land. It possessed him and he possessed it. He was a part of this land and it was a part of him.

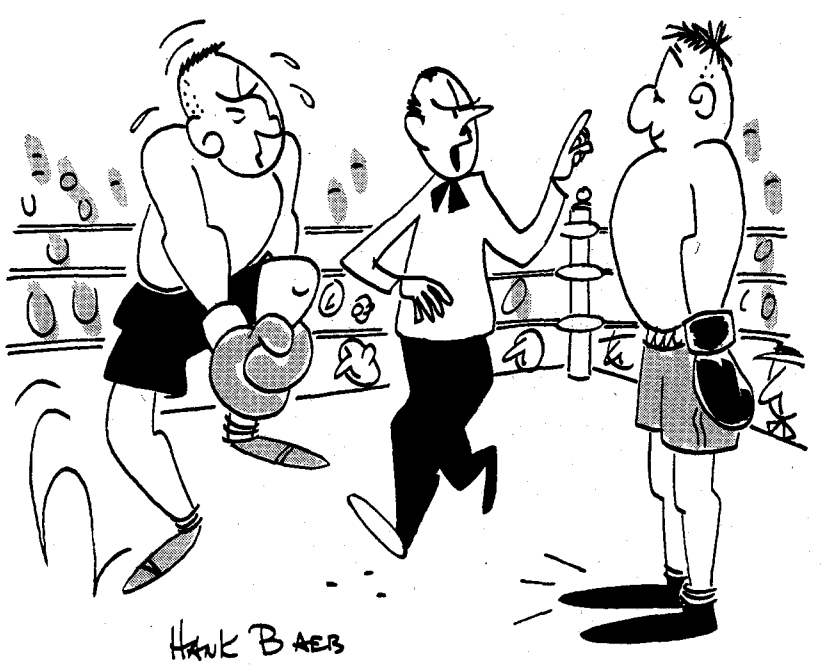
Why do I keep looking for him? Why doesn't he come? Why do I think I hear him and his team go past when it is only the wind in the long green fronds of the weeping willow and in the strange, durable half-leafed branches of the oaks on the hill above this house? Why do I hear him on my walks? Why do I hear him just about everywhere, when it is only the wind and the rustle of April leaves against the wind? Why isn't he here?

He must be here. He couldn't leave this valley. He couldn't get away from it. Especially not now, while W-Hollow is in its array of wild flowers on every bluff. Wild alum, whippoorwill flowers, sweet William, percoon, wild iris, wild plums and dogwood's white sails cover the W-Hollow hills! This is the most beautiful valley in the world in April, when all the blooms are out. The small W-Hollow man kept all the fires but one out of W-Hollow, so wild flowers could grow and bloom and young timber could grow up as sound as silver dollars. He had a rare nose for smelling fire. Only one fire ever reached his acres, and lightning set it. But he got this one out, though it was set in three places at the same time.

He had worked and laughed a lot up until the morning of December twenty-third. In the afternoon, he sent for all of his children but me. I wasn't able to be there. He lay on his bed and gave instructions. He told them not to sell his team of horses. He told them to keep his bull. He warned them not to forget to grease the wagon wheels, make a new wagon bed and put new blocks on the brakes. He told them to be sure to put cup grease in the horse-drawn disk harrow and to plow and disk the garden early. He told them to clean up all the barnyard manure and get it onto the fields. Then he told them to spread lime on the meadow and to go over the fences and to check water holes in the pastures.

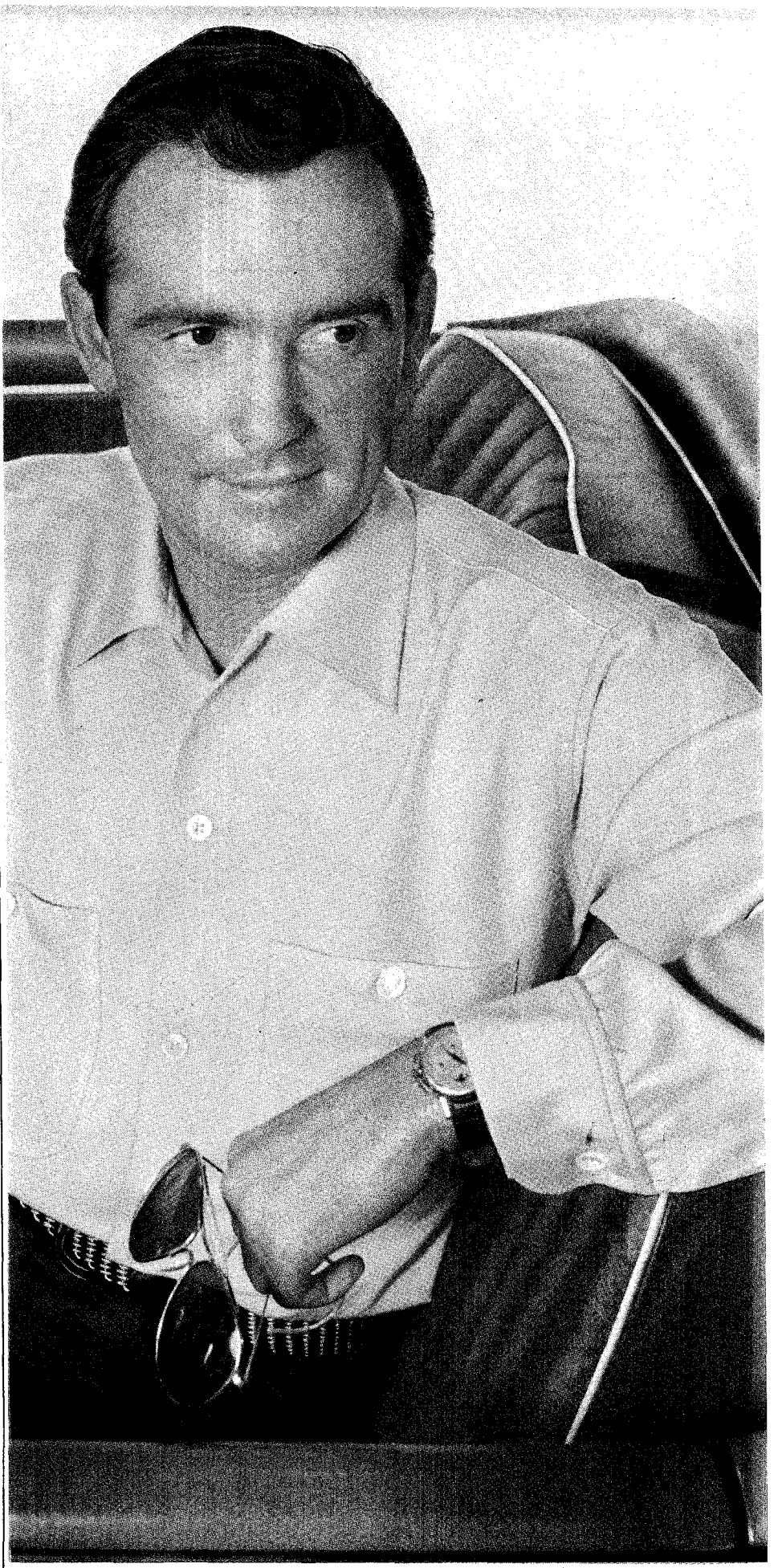
After he gave instructions, he said he must soon be going. He smiled when he told my brother and sisters his feet had tickled the skin of W-Hollow earth more than the feet of any other man living or dead, and now he was ready to move on. Then he smiled broadly and breathed his last. He left a community he had worked so hard to improve, protect and keep beautiful. He had spent his lifetime in this valley and now he left it a better place to live.

Knowing all this, it is still hard for me to believe he is gone. This is why I think I hear him when it is only the wind in the willow leaves. I think I hear his hoe turning the stones over again in his corn row. How can he leave his world where the image of him is stamped invisibly upon everything? He is still a part of this valley, just as it is still a part of him. THE END

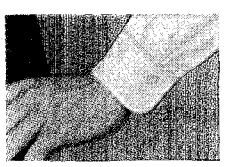


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

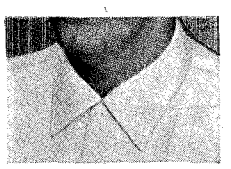
"All right killer—let's watch those low blows!"



The ARROW GABANARO for '5(



Exact sleeve lengths



Exact collar sizes

Fits where a shirt should fit—everywhere

The New Arrow Gabanaro is an ideal companion for a mar off hours. The scores of colors blend perfectly with casu clothes. Gabanaro now comes in improved, softer, lighte "*Sanforset*"® rayon. These fine sport shirts are complete washable; $5.95. Arrow sheen gabardine Slacks, $8.95.

ARROW first in fashion

CASUAL WEAR

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

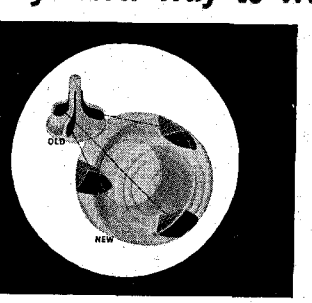
Now!....see what

Get more kinds of clothes more thoroughly clean with exclusive Westinghouse "New Way

Only Laundromat's exclusive "New Way to Wash" does all this:

- Exclusive Agi-Tumble Action flushes, lifts, turns and tumbles every piece to get all the dirt out!
- Rinses so thoroughly it leaves even the washer clean!
- Handles clothes with less wear and tear so they last longer!
- Saves you so much soap and up to ten gallons of water a load!
- Works so automatically and still gives you complete control!

Only "New Way to Wash" has this exclusiv



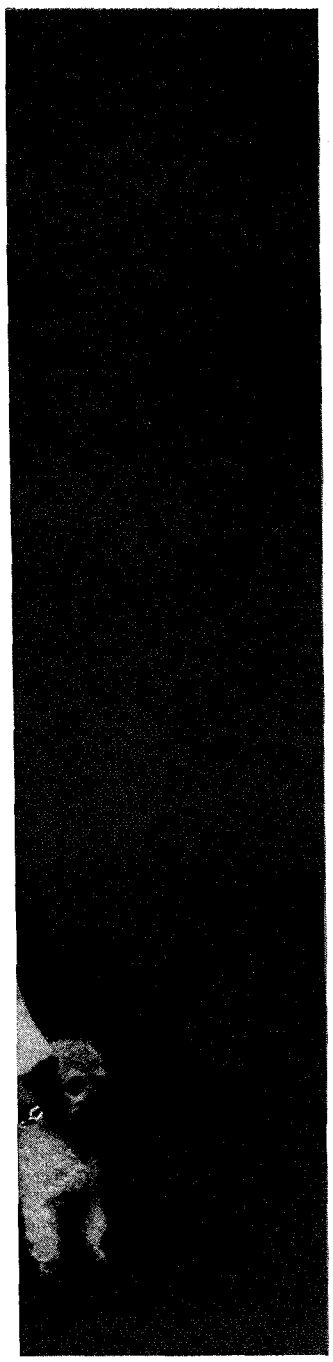
Even, thorough agitation! Agitator vanes built into sides of washbasket replace center-post agitator, clean more thoroughly, eliminate wear and tear.

50 washings a minute! Each piece is flushed, lifted, turned, tumbled as if it were the only piece in the load...The washing action closest to individual care.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clean can mean!

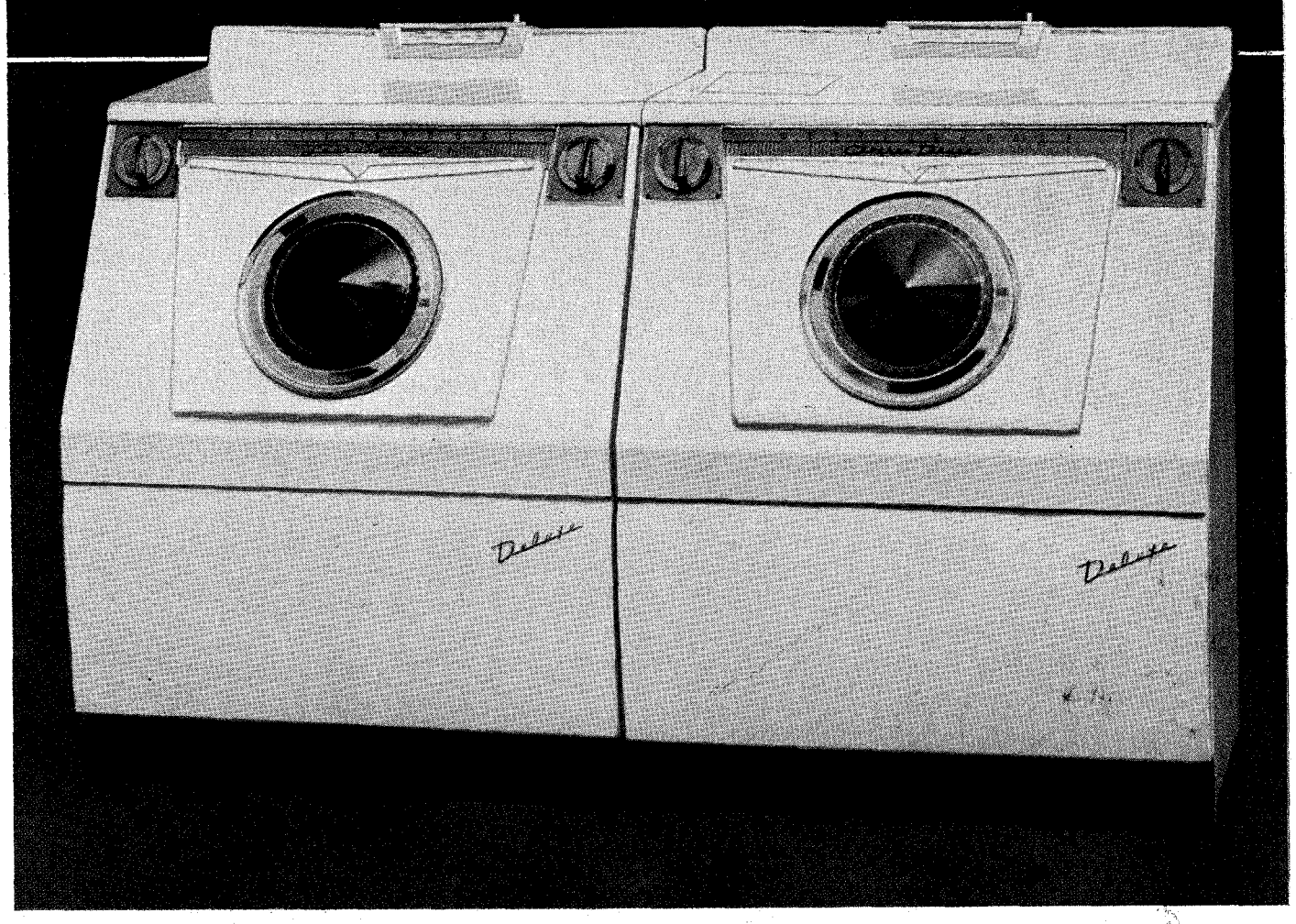
safely
o Wash"



gi-Tumble Action!

ost efficient rinsing! Agitator
ines lift clothes away when
aining begins. Dirty wash and
nse water never drain through
ie clothes . . . Dirt stays out.

BRAND NEW 1956 LAUNDRY TWINS

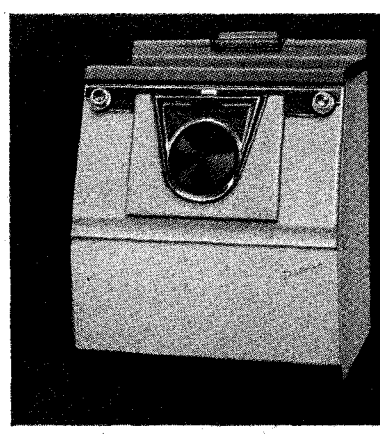


with today's most automatic, completely flexible controls

DELUXE LAUNDROMAT® has *New Pushbutton Laundro-guide* that gives time and temperature for all fabrics, degrees of soil. *New Color-Glance Controls* light up to show what phase of cycle is operating. Automatic control dial can be set to stop, start, repeat or eliminate any part of cycle. *New Soap 'N Water Saver* and *Weigh-to-Save Door* measure exactly. Save soap and up to 10 gallons of water.

DELUXE DRYER does more than dry—it fluffs, freshens, protects clothes. *Exclusive* Direct Air-Flow System blows fresh, heated air directly into clothes. *Color-Glance Controls* on Heat Selector Dial show regular, low, heatless cycles. *Color-Glance Controls* on Dry Dial light up to show three kinds of "dry": fluff-dry, damp-dry, quick-dry. Infinite settings let you dry everything exactly as you want it.

Look for the free sample package of *all* in your new Westinghouse Laundromat. *all* is the safe, efficient, controlled-suds detergent for thorough washing. It has been tested and approved by Westinghouse Home Economics Institute for use in the Laundromat.



Wash'N Dry Laundromat. First it washes, then it dries. Fully automatic operation in a single space-saving unit. Weigh-to-Save Door, Laundrofile and Exclusive Air-Flow System.

Space-Saving Laundromat 25—Does a full family-size load in a space only 25" wide. Available with casters for portability or may be built in under counter. Completely automatic. All operations stop automatically when doors are opened.

Budget Dryer also available.
All in White, or Holiday Color combinations.
All with safety door switches.

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse

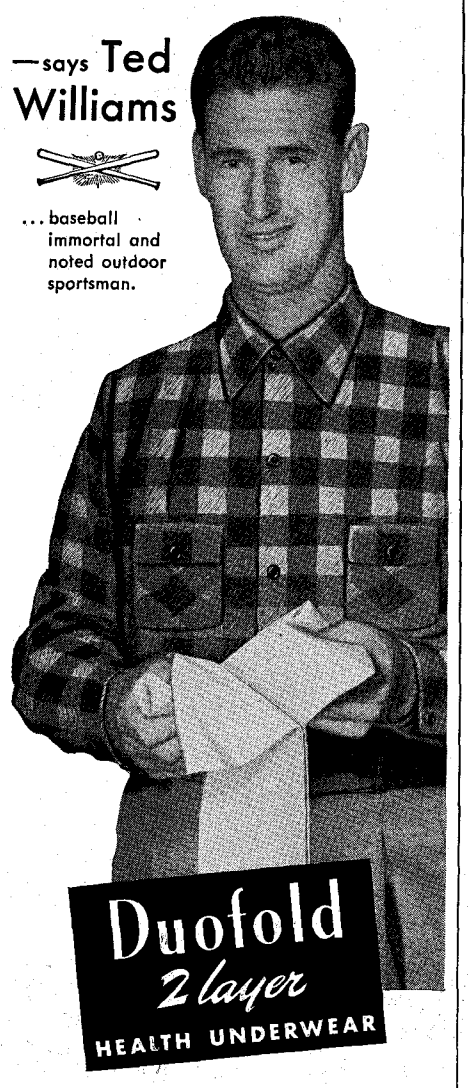
See TV's Top Dramatic Show . . . WESTINGHOUSE STUDIO ONE . . . Every Week

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Enjoy yourself... It's LIGHTER than you think!"

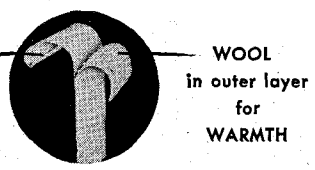
—says Ted Williams

... baseball immortal and noted outdoor sportsman.



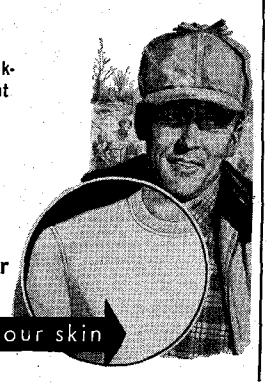
If you think of old-fashioned, itchy "heavies" when you think of cold-weather underwear—boy, try modern, 2-layer Duofold... it gives you all the warmth you want—without the weight or that pesky wool itch.

Nothing, no, nothing but the fine, soft cotton inner layer touches your skin. All the warm wool is in the outer layer, where it can't itch.



Duofold's two thin layers are lighter, too — you move in perfect freedom—enjoy all outdoor sports without binding restriction. All popular models, also sports models in Sun Valley Red or White for men, women and boys; Peppermint Candy Stripes for the ladies! At better stores everywhere . . . or write Duofold, Inc., Mohawk, N. Y.

In shrink-resistant union suits or shirts and longs



For cold-weather comfort,

Begin with your skin

Adventures of Slippery Leo

(Continued from Page 47)

King. As an honorary member of the association, she was there in the sacred cause of publicity.

"Call this off, Leo," she whispered. "It's too risky. The milk hasn't come, so there's an excuse for sidestepping it."

Irby shook his head.

Mrs. Houdini pleaded. "Look, Leo, this milk-can escape can be deadly. Once, in Germany, when Harry was doing it, something went wrong. Cutting open the can was quicker than unlocking it, but even that way, by the time we got Harry out he was half drowned. Don't try it. Please!"

At this point an emergency second order of milk reached the Plaza. At once, helpers with buckets began filling the milk can.

This is no polemic against milk. Babies cry for it. But for the milk-can escape to go off well, the performer wants water whitened by a few cans of condensed milk. And there's a reason for his partiality toward the thinner mixture. It was the thinner mixture which had gone astray; the substitute delivered was fifty gallons of undiluted milk—rich and creamy. Exactly as recommended by your family doctor.

Leo submerged himself in the milk can while a committee from the audience clapped on the lid and fastened it with four big, elaborate padlocks. Then they screened the milk can with curtains.

"Being locked up in a milk can," Irby says, "has its drawbacks. It's pitch dark; you can't breathe; you've got to do some moving, but you're so doubled up that it's hard to get around. And above all, you mustn't let yourself get panicky. I learned concentration and self-control in a tough school, but in that San Diego milk can my mind began to zigzag."

Irby explains: "A plunge into cold water starts the blood circulating, which peps up the thinking machinery. But this wasn't water, it was milk. And it wasn't merely cold, it was freezing. It must have come straight from some refrigerating vat. My body seemed smeared over with a clammy, icy varnish. It seemed to ooze through my pores into my whole nervous system and clog my brain. I couldn't remember what I had to do to get out of that milk can.

"A lot of practice had drilled the necessary moves into my subconscious. That was lucky, because I was like a boxer who stays on his feet after a knockout punch. He keeps on leading and blocking, but he doesn't know where he is.

"The first thing I really remember is being able to stand up straight and fill my lungs not with milk, but with air. I notice that I'm standing on the platform and that the milk can is still padlocked. I've made the escape. When I opened the curtains, the first thing I saw was Mrs. Houdini with tears running down her cheeks. Then I realized I must have stayed overtime in that milk can. It gave me quite a kick."

That day, in a statement to a San Diego reporter, Mrs. Houdini said, "Leo Irby is the only man sufficiently skilled to follow in the footsteps of my late husband."

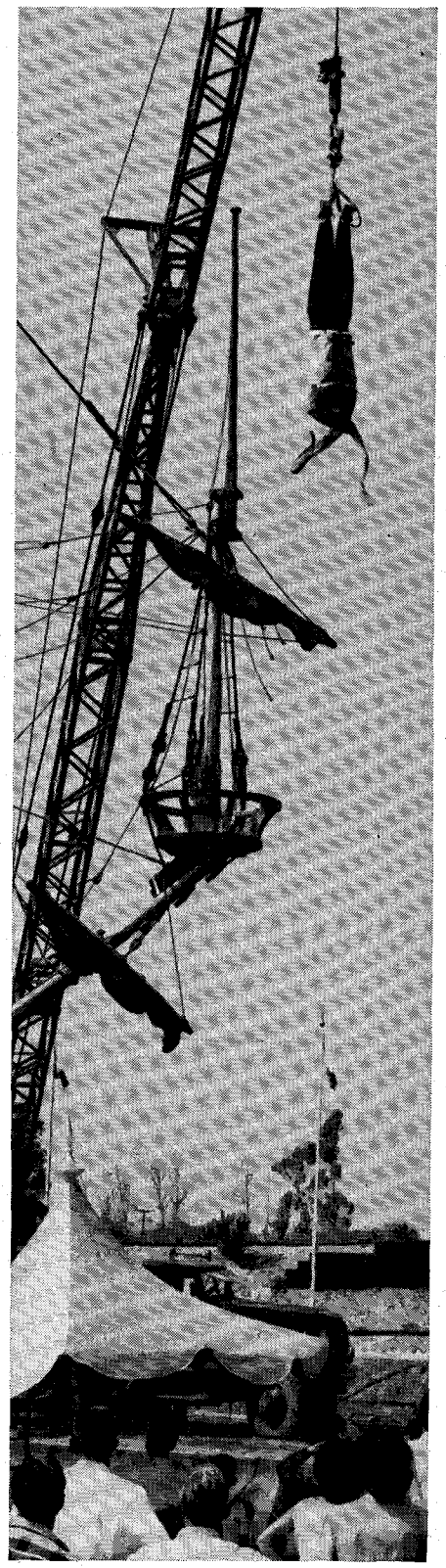
All this constitutes a tribute to the tough school which trained Leo—a school where you either graduated with honors or died in a hurry. For over twenty years, Leo Irby was an oil-well shooter in California, Texas and Oklahoma, blowing wells with nitroglycerine.

Haskell M. Greene, manager of the Hercules Oil-Well-Shooting Company, of Whittier, California, has this to say: "Leo Irby was employed by us for a period of about twenty-one years. His job entailed the handling of nitroglycerine and other high explosives in his everyday work. To do this day in and day out shows his ability to think clearly and act clearly under the strain of hazardous conditions. Jobs that would be too risky for most people, Leo would tackle with an air of enjoyment."

He went all out for thrills. Even today he treats himself to an occasional big moment by shooting water wells. No nitroglycerine involved; he has to get his kicks out of sissy stuff like dynamite and TNT.

But it was the oil-well-shooting routine which launched Leo on his second career. When no emergency demanded his attention, he entertained off-duty workers by his hobby of conjuring. After twenty-one years of these amateur shows, he was as deft as a professional. And from sleight of hand to specializing in escapes was only a step.

Now, a full-fledged escapologist, home and headquarters in Alhambra, California, Leo is still on the sunny side of sixty. He tips the scales at one hundred and seventy-six pounds—no fat. He sleeps well, eats three good meals a day, speaks with a modified Missouri accent and likes everybody.



At Disneyland, Leo works his way out of a strait jacket while suspended in the air.

He has no illusions about his appearance behind footlights. "Size me up. I'm just an ordinary cuss; medium build and bald-headed. Not a chance of being mistaken for Errol Flynn. No looks at all. But I always give an audience the best I can give 'em, and they like it. When the hard way of making an escape is more mystifying than the easy way—and that means more entertaining—I do it the hard way. All my escape apparatus is open for examination; I don't use stooges; I've never been helped out of an escape by an assistant. When a committee comes up to the stage, I always hope I'll find 'em intelligent and sharp-eyed, and total strangers to me."

This attitude has made a favorable impression on experts. Mr. Floyd Thayer, who, until his retirement, was probably the best-known manufacturer of magical apparatus in the United States, says, "I know of no one in the entertainment field who is doing Irby's type of work."

The lack of competition may be due in part to the risks involved. Insurance companies don't like to issue policies to people who play with things like the Chinese-water-torture tank. This sinister contrivance, taller than the performer, has four glass sides and is completely filled with water. Leo is handcuffed and suspended upside down, with his feet attached to the tank's wooden lid. A crane hoists Leo and the lid into the air. Then they are lowered till the lid can be locked to the top of the tank, leaving Leo as completely submerged as a goldfish.

Curtains are drawn about the tank, and two guards stand by with axes to smash the glass sides, if necessary. Of course, the rush of water would sweep Leo against jagged, cutting edges. In that case he wouldn't need artificial respiration so much as sewing up.

The escape from a strait jacket is somewhat easier. Still, it is hardly a suitable exercise for grandfathers who wish to prolong life. The effort puts a heavy strain on aging arteries.

Leo explains how it's done: "Get loose from the sleeves and then raise your arms over your head. The rest is easy." What he doesn't explain is how to get the arms out of sleeves that have been crossed and tightly fastened.

Another escape which grandfathers should avoid is the getaway from the celebrated Brooks trunk. Bought by Irby from the son of its inventor, the trunk was built of sheet steel at an original cost of about $2000. It's the smallest escape trunk known. The inventor had trouble squeezing his hundred and thirty-five pounds into it. Irby spent thirteen months getting his hundred-and-seventy-six pound body limber enough to wedge himself inside and allow the top to be closed and locked. He escapes from the trunk and its corded canvas jacket in rather less than two minutes.

The two minutes may suggest to old-timers that the escape game in 1955 isn't the leisurely affair it was at the beginning of the century. Well, it isn't. Fifty years ago an audience enjoyed the tension of waiting while the escapologist worked to free himself from a packing box nailed shut or from a solidly riveted boiler, all concealed in an outer cabinet.

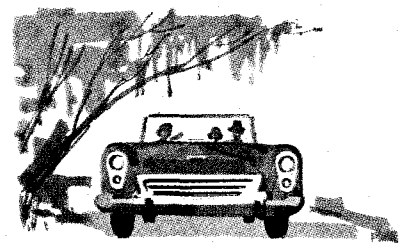
While the escapologist was hidden from view, the orchestra blared and the audience breathed hard. Finally, after fifteen or thirty minutes or even an hour, the escapologist would stagger out from his cabinet, to all appearances thoroughly exhausted—hair ruffled, lungs heaving, one sleeve torn; blood, or what looked like blood, marking both wrists. The handcuffs and the leg irons which had gripped him would now be linked into a long chain. Hurrah! The relieved spectators would give an ovation.

"Of course," Irby says, "the performers of that day

(Continued on Page 66)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The finest tires are made with NYLON cord



Whether you're driving on high-speed highways or city streets, the extra strength of nylon tire cord gives you extra protection.

Nylon cord tires resist bruise damage, run cooler than ordinary tires. And nylon's toughness absorbs the added strains put on today's tires by power getaway, power steering, power braking.

Nylon tire cord was first developed to take the terrific landing impact of heavy bombers. Today nylon cord tires are standard equipment on commercial airliners. And billions of miles of use in heavy-duty trucking have proved the superiority of nylon cord tires.

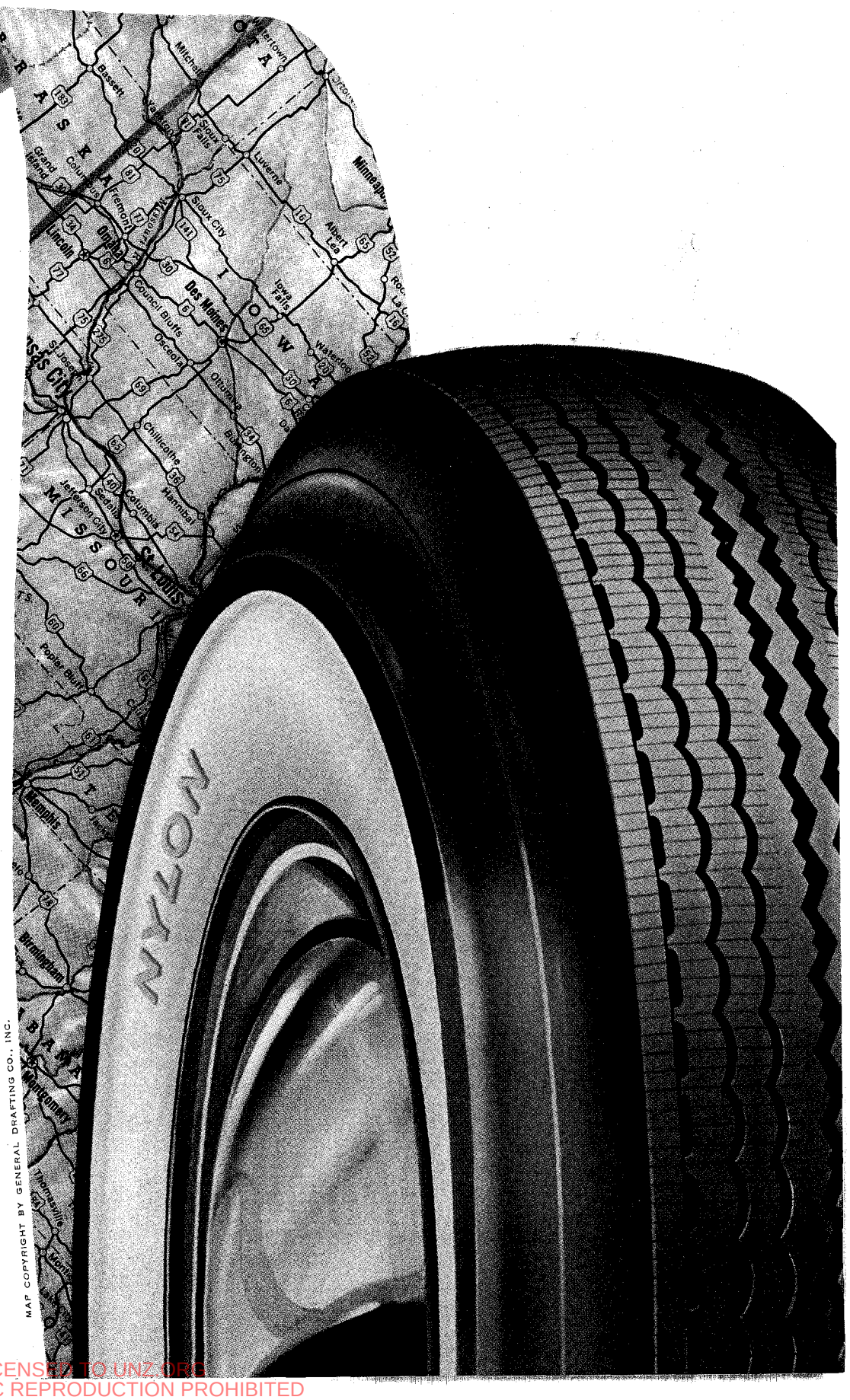
You'll find that nylon cord tires give priceless extra protection to you and your family —yet cost very little more.

Du Pont produces the nylon fiber.
Leading tire manufacturers make nylon cord tires —in tubeless or conventional types.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

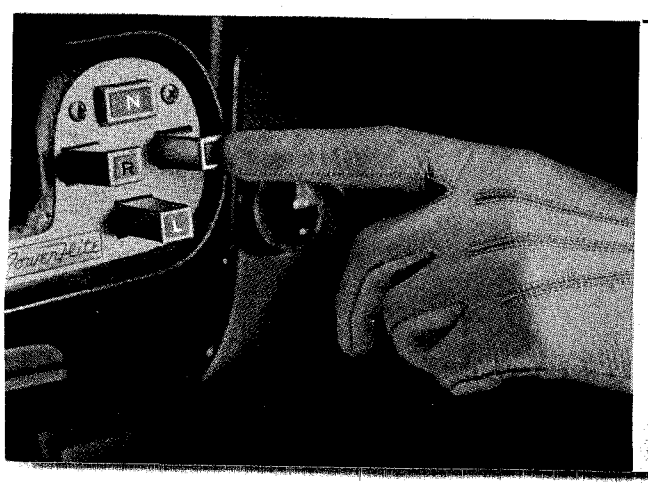
November is **National Tire Safety Month.**
For utmost protection, equip your car with nylon cord tires. See your tire dealer today!



MAP COPYRIGHT BY GENERAL DRAFTING CO., INC.

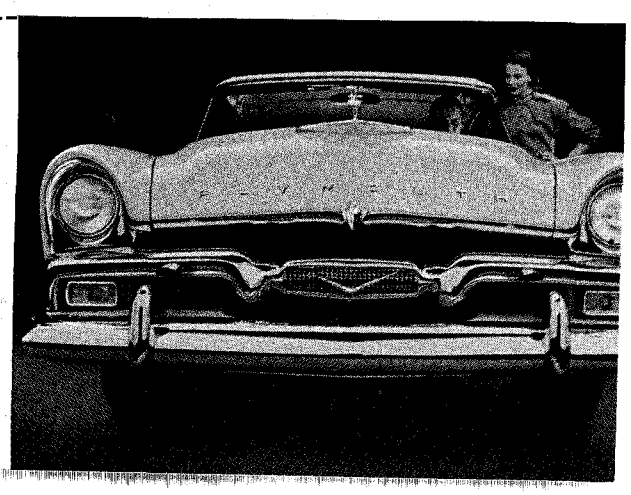
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVERY WAY GLAMOROUS...EVERY WAY



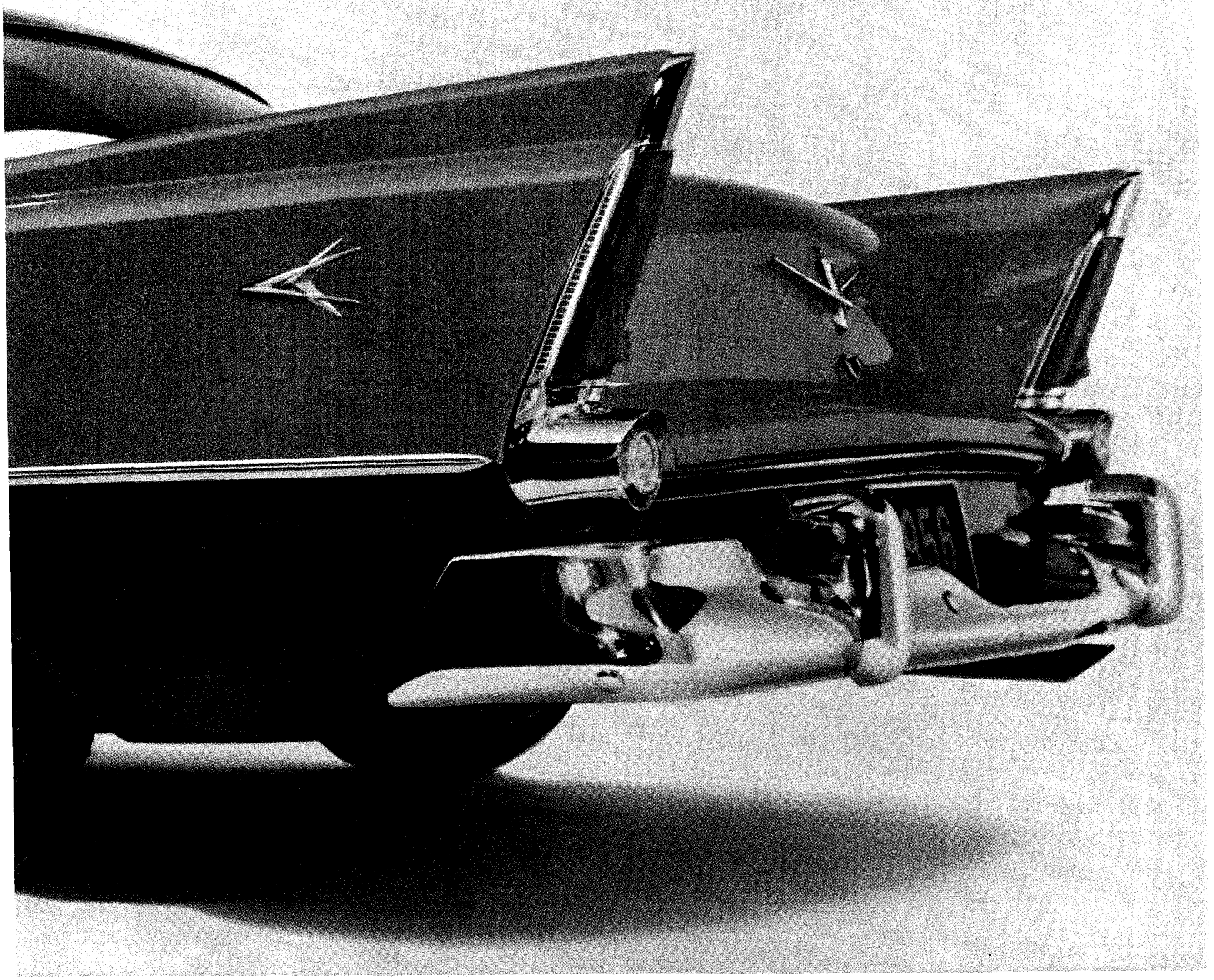
ALL-NEW PUSH-BUTTON DRIVING!

First on Plymouth in the low-price 3! A finger-tip touch on a button selects your driving range. Easy as flicking a light switch. Then PowerFlite fully automatic transmission takes over. The ultimate in driving ease! Look for the new control panel—for *modern* motoring!



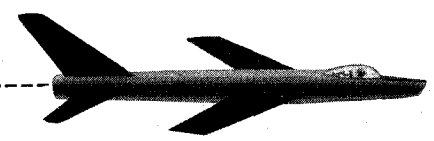
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The car that's going places with the Young in Heart



Plymouth Belvedere Hardtop Sport Coupe. 28 other all-new Plymouth models, including exciting new Suburban line of station wagons in 3 low price-ranges. New Hy-Fire V-8 or PowerFlow 6.

NEW...AERODYNAMIC PLYMOUTH '56



ALL-NEW HIGH TORQUE GETAWAY!

Top thrust at take-off—split-second, safer passing! It comes from Plymouth's exclusive *90-90 Turbo-Torque* performance—an exciting new way of turning higher engine power into greater go-ahead power! New V-8 or 6 engines, with PowerFlite plus new *90-90 Turbo-Torque!*

ALL-NEW AERODYNAMIC STYLING!

Fabulous new beauty that ranks Plymouth first in the styling frontiers of the jet age. Note Plymouth's sleekly swept-back "fins." You'll be proud to own a car so dazzlingly new! Bigger . . . longer . . . roomier, too! Luxurious interiors "Decorator-Tuned" to outer beauty.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Wouldn't you like to know!"

It's no secret . . .

someone cares for you! The restaurants that provide clean cotton table linens . . . the motels that furnish snowy-white cotton bed and bathroom linens . . . the grocery stores that require clerks to wear spotlessly-clean cotton coats and jackets. Wherever you travel in the business or professional world, freshly-laundered cottons are a sure sign of consideration for your comfort, convenience and health. Isn't it nice to know!

Mr. Businessman: this is Linen Supply Service

You have no investment, no inventory, no maintenance. Everything is furnished and serviced by your linen supplier, at low cost. Dependable delivery and pick-up maintain a continuous supply of your exact linen requirements—large or small. Call your local supplier listed in the classified directory under LINEN SUPPLY or TOWEL SERVICE—or write to Linen Supply Association for free booklet.

Linen Supply

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA and National Cotton Council

22 W. MONROE ST., CHICAGO 3, ILL.

In any business . . . Linen Supply is good business

FOR DENTISTS *IN DEPT. STORES* *IN SCHOOLS*

(Continued from Page 62)

freed themselves just as quickly as we do now. But keeping the audience waiting made the thing a lot more impressive. So, after mussing himself up, the fellow sat down inside the cabinet and maybe read a magazine while the audience worked itself into hysteria. Well, that wouldn't go today."

The audiences of 1955 don't care to wait. Either the show moves right along or they go somewhere else. As for the television fan, if he has to wait five minutes, he'll be twisting the dial to catch another show.

A half-hour television program called You Asked for It has introduced Irby to mass audiences. On this program his escapes draw an audience of 20,000,000 TV viewers—more customers than Houdini played to during his entire lifetime. The acts which appear on the program are chosen according to requests of the letter-writing public. Irby has appeared oftener than any other attraction.

In this branch of show business, Leo is obliged to conform to the dramatic conventions of television. This includes rehearsing with a director. The director says, "Now, Leo, let's have that old ferocity scowl. Remember, you're risking your life and challenging man and nature to stop you. Take it big, Leo, and —— No! No! No! Wipe off that smile!"

In addition to making an escape on television's split-second schedule, today's escapologist has to face an audience which isn't satisfied with marvels performed behind curtains. The miracle must take place in plain sight.

For instance, there came requests to have Leo break away from a death-dealing medieval contraption, and do it visibly. The upshot was the Borgias' baleful water wheel. A cautious historian might balk at attributing this invention to Lucrezia Borgia and her notorious family; still, it's a water wheel, and when it's turned with a victim aboard, it does have baleful possibilities.

The diameter is slightly greater than a man's height, and along this diameter the victim is gyved, pinioned and chained. Then the wheel is set up vertically so that its lower portion splashes through a tank of water. Each turn of the wheel plunges the man's head below the surface. The victim may survive a certain number of revolutions, but sooner or later he'll drown.

In spite of the continuous dunking, Leo manages to free himself without damage. The splashing water and the rapidly spinning wheel veil the secret method of escape.

Then there is the maze of swords. Leo, naked except for a swim suit, is handcuffed and footcuffed on a small, slowly revolving platform. He stands there, in a thicket of twenty-seven sharpened swords. He can't move without being punctured. In plain sight, he frees himself from this situation, but watchers can't explain how it's done.

The most spectacular escape of all was inspired by a fan letter asking to see a chained-up Irby try to get away from a hungry tiger. To meet this request, Leo borrowed an untrained, two-year-old Bengal tiger—claws unmanicured, teeth intact. The tiger had had no previous theatrical experience, and he was readied for his part by a twenty-four-hour fast. The idea was to enable him to play his role with artistic conviction.

Inside an iron-picketed enclosure, the tiger prowled and licked his chops as he regarded Leo, hanging above him, suspended from a crane and buckled into a strait jacket with his head downward.

Suspense was created by a slowly descending pendulum—courtesy of Edgar Allan Poe—whose lower edge had been honed to do a cutting job. As it swung back and forth, it inched steadily toward a rope running to the crane's pulley. Given time, the pendulum would sever the rope, thus dropping Leo into the maw of the tiger.

As the act got under way, the concern of the TV fans was shared by the stage hands, the director, and even by Art Baker, the master of ceremonies, who visibly lost some of his suavity. For, as Leo struggled to free his arms and as the keen edge of the pendulum began to fray the rope, the tiger rose on his hind legs. This brought his muzzle close to Leo's head, a juxtaposition not on the agenda.

With inspired rapidity, Leo broke all records in getting his arms out of the strait jacket's sleeves. But this set the sleeves to dangling, and their movement aroused all that was kittenish in the tiger. The tiger began batting the sleeves about, which started Leo swinging in time with the pendulum. As the pendulum bit deeper and deeper into the rope, the tiger abandoned the sleeves to center his attention on the man squirming out of the strait jacket.

With a final frantic thrust, Leo released himself from the last strap and buckle. The tiger leaped, and sinking his claws into the strait jacket, ripped it off the performer. Immediately the tiger's breakfast was hoisted up, swung to one side and deposited safely beyond the iron enclosure.

And now, a word from Mrs. Irby. "Our grandchildren are growing up," she says. "Someday they'll marry. And then what? It's simply out of the question to think of a great-grandfather being shut up in a milk can or fooling around with tigers. Leo will have to stop this escape business for good and all. If he still wants thrills, he'll have to get them out of watching baseball."

THE END

... ...

Old House, New House

By Peg Bracken

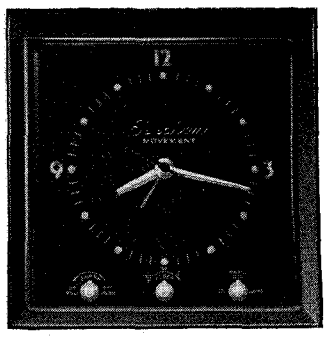
"So here's the key," you say;
and now it's theirs—
Rafter and rooftree, hearth
and door and sill,
The feel of it, and the
special sounds on stairs.
Your new house waits for
you beyond the hill.
What holds you here?
Here's nothing left of
you—
The movers' crates stand
ready in the hall.
You take the last long look,
as travelers do,
And, in that little breath,
possess it all.

"Come see us, now!" they
smile. You nod, well
knowing
You'll not return. You can't
go back again
To loves, years, houses—
therein lies the warning
To all who love, grow,
move. All right. You're
going.
(Will they paint the picket
fence, just now and
then?
And trim the young green
hedge of a sunny
morning?)

... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many ways could you use this ELECTRIC MEMORY?

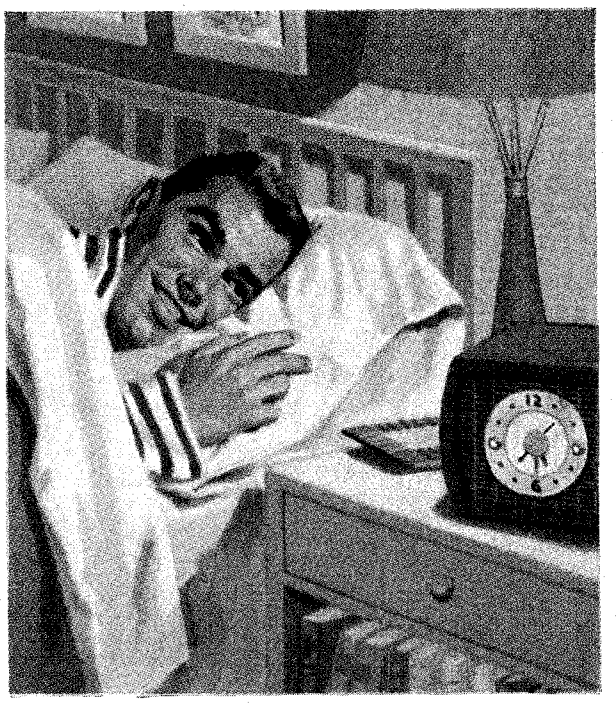


Remembers to start the coffee . . . tell all the news . . . report on the weather.

Remembers to switch on baby's bottle heater, then calls the baby sitter.

Remembers to turn on your favorite program . . . or turn off the radio automatically.

Remembers to buzz teens when it's time for studies . . . sings when they're done.



Remembers to call the early riser silently by switching on the bedside lamp.

Remembers to turn on TV, record players or tape recorders at any time you choose.

New CLOCK-RADIOS with TELECHRON ELECTRIC MEMORY TIMERS automatically remember to wake you to music . . . operate appliances . . . light lamps . . . give accurate time!

EQUIPPED WITH Telechron® TIMER

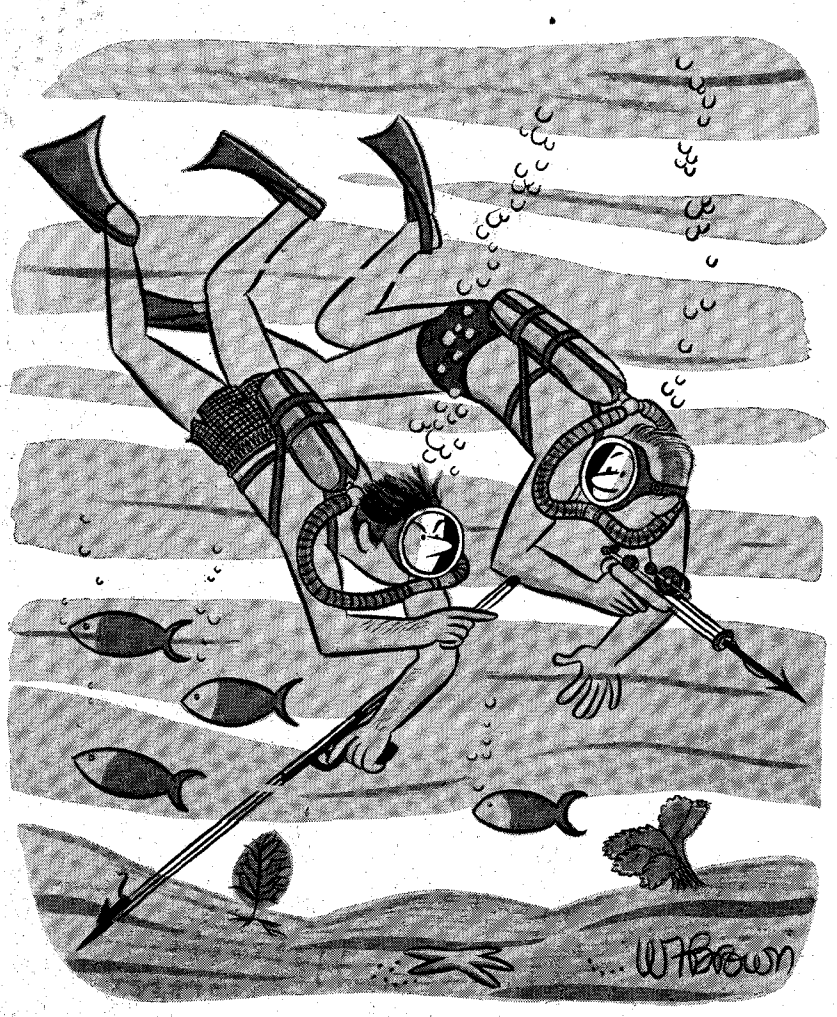
Look for these clock-radios with built-in Telechron Electric Memory Timers. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Crosley	Airline	Firestone	CBS
Packard-Bell	Westinghouse	Stromberg-Carlson	Capehart
Sentinel	Philco	Silvertone	Automatic
Sylvania	Raytheon	Hallicrafters	Truetone
Mitchell	Hoffman	Motorola	TraVler
Emerson	Zenith	Webcor	Sonora
Magnavox	Benrus	Sparton	Arvin
Admiral	Dumont	RCA	

TELECHRON timers make life easy . . . *automatically*

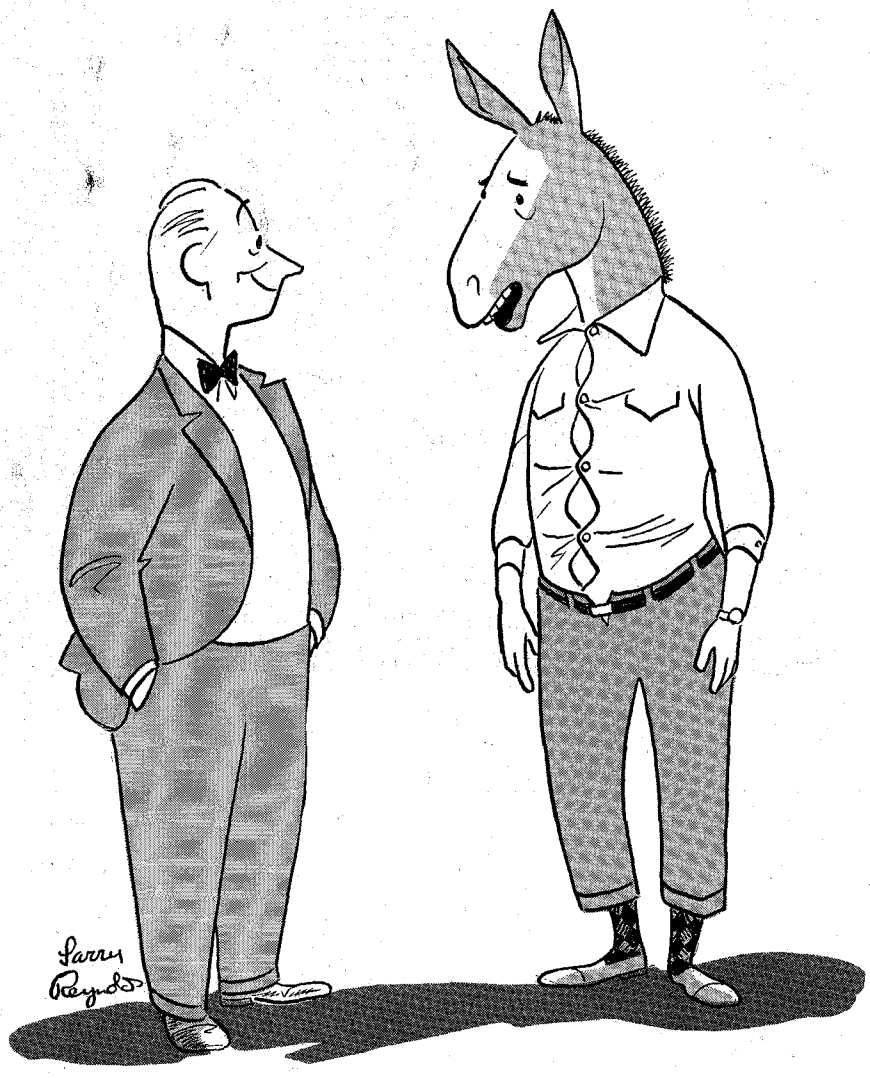
Telechron Timers, Clock and Timer Dept., General Electric Company, Ashland, Mass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Quick Al, there goes the one that swallowed my 'Sanforized' shorts last summer!"

"It's nice to get Dad's once-worn shirts, but why doesn't he wise up and buy 'Sanforized' ones?"



"Well, *maybe* you were right . . . *maybe* I should have looked for the 'Sanforized' label . . ."

R. TAYLOR
MISTER! Avoid cotton garments that shrink out of fit. Make sure you see the "SANFORIZED" trade-mark. Never take "SANFORIZED" for granted no matter where you buy.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madman's Chain (Continued from Page 26)

and screwed the nut home. Bracing the bolt against a rock, Sam struck repeatedly at the threaded end with the hammer until it became a rivet head over the nut. Nothing but a metal-cutting tool could ever unfasten it.

Taking the free end of the chain in his outheld right hand, Sam found he could get about twelve feet from the tree. Keeping the chain taut, he scuffed a line through the pine needles with his heel all the way around the tree to complete the circle. He then went to the birch clump on the river edge, where he cut a stout six-foot whip.

Returning to the tree, Sam knelt again by the rock and riveted the free end of the chain around his left ankle. He then threw the hammer beyond the circle, felt through his pockets and tossed his knife, matchbox and a few stray nails after the hammer. Next he went over the area of his circle and got rid of every rock and stone that could be dangerous if thrown. There wasn't anything else he could think to do, so he sat down facing the cabin.

The Finelace homestead was in a crescent bend of the river with a sand bar along the shore where the cabin was and about eight acres of box canyon with good black soil and a cold little stream full of water cress. There was a big truck garden, some berry bushes and fruit trees, a corn patch and a sizable wheat field. There were six pigs and around thirty chickens. But mostly the Finelaces ate the wild meat Sam got with the 410 or the .30–.30.

Sam and Delda had begun their married life trying to operate a country store near Twin Falls. But they were both farm-raised and, by the time the store failed, they knew where they really belonged. The only way they could get a farm for themselves was to take up land so isolated that most people wouldn't have considered it. Sam and Delda didn't mind being so far from anybody; besides, they had too much to do to get lonely. And now their little farm supported them well; they were independent and unbeholden.

There was no road, or even a trail, to the Finelaces. The only way to get to civilization was to walk upstream along the river rocks, and when a cliff came down and cut you off, you had to climb to the main ridge and around to get back on the river again. It was sixty miles to Saddler's ranch, but there the road began and it was only twelve miles of easy walking to Burnt Pine, where there were stores, telephones, and a state highway.

Sam always walked out in October. He would have six or seven ounces of placer gold and a pack of choice skins. This would bring around three hundred dollars, which was enough cash for what store-boughten things the Finelaces needed and to buy the lumber and nails to build a scow to float home in. Once he got home, Sam would take the scow apart, straighten the nails, and maybe build a shed or add to the flume that brought working water to his placer.

The sun was turning the western rim of the canyon orange; when it became bright gold the light would come in through the cabin window and wake Delda. The sun was the only clock the Finelaces had or needed.

In a little while Sam could smell coffee. Then Delda called from the back door.

Sam stood up. "I'm out here!" he called. "You'd best bring Gussie too!"

Presently Delda and Gussie came around the side of the cabin; the Finelaces hardly ever used the front door.

Sam stepped forward and pointed at the scuffed line with his whip. "Don't come closer than that."

Delda's brown eyes were alight and she was ready to smile because Sam often started the day with some little joke and she thought there was going to be one now. But as she looked at Sam the half-born smile died and her color went with it.

"Daddy's chained himself up," observed Gussie, in her flat little voice.

Delda's arm went across the girl's back and held her close. "What is it, Sam?"

"Last night when I was putting the potatoes in the root cellar there was a skunk in the bin," said Sam. He held out his right hand. "He bit me. I poked iodine in the tooth holes and it feels all right."

"You didn't say anything."

"I hadn't figured out what to do then."

"There wasn't any skunk smell."

"Something was wrong with him," said Sam. "After he bit me he fell out of the bin and ran around on the floor. He would go sideways and fall down, and then pick himself up and start off again until he ran into something. The door was open all the time, but he never seemed to notice it."

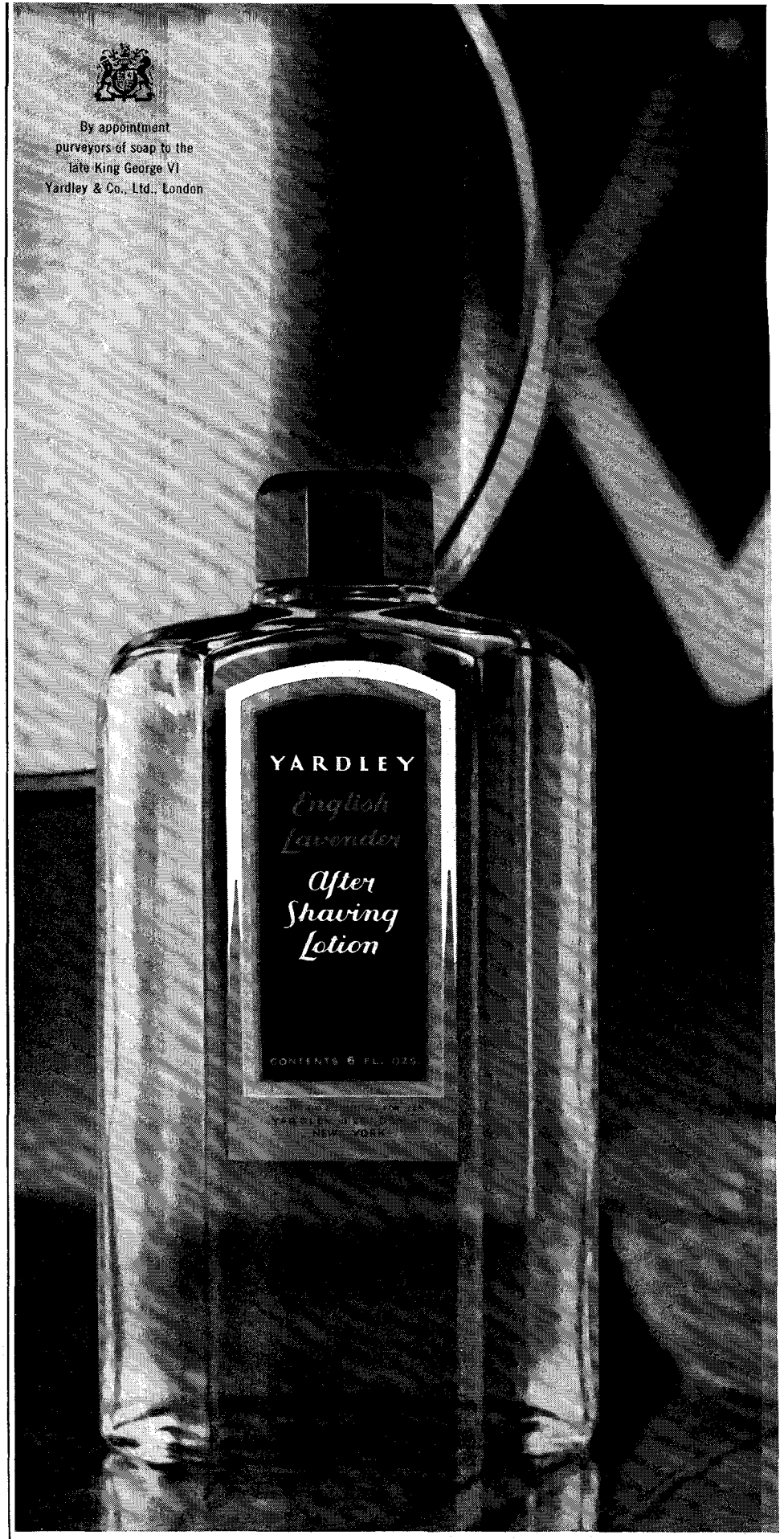
With a cry of wild protest Delda was in Sam's arms. He held her tightly.

Gussie, without knowing the reason, began sobbing.

Sam gave Delda a last hug and pushed her away. "Now get over the line and stay there." (Continued on Page 72)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How did you enjoy your dinner, sir?"



Yardley's Lotion Enhances Any Shav

ELECTRIC OR LATHER

Skin dry and powdery after an electric shave? Splash on that favorite of th well-groomed Londoner—Yardley After Shaving Lotion. This distinguished prep ration, also made in America, is cooling, soothing and lightly scented with Englis Lavender, so right for a man. It calms the skin, refreshes it, and gives you wonderfully clean, wide-awake feeling. Whatever instrument you use, it's for yo Nothing like it after any shave! At all fine U. S. shops, $1.10 and $1.50 plus ta

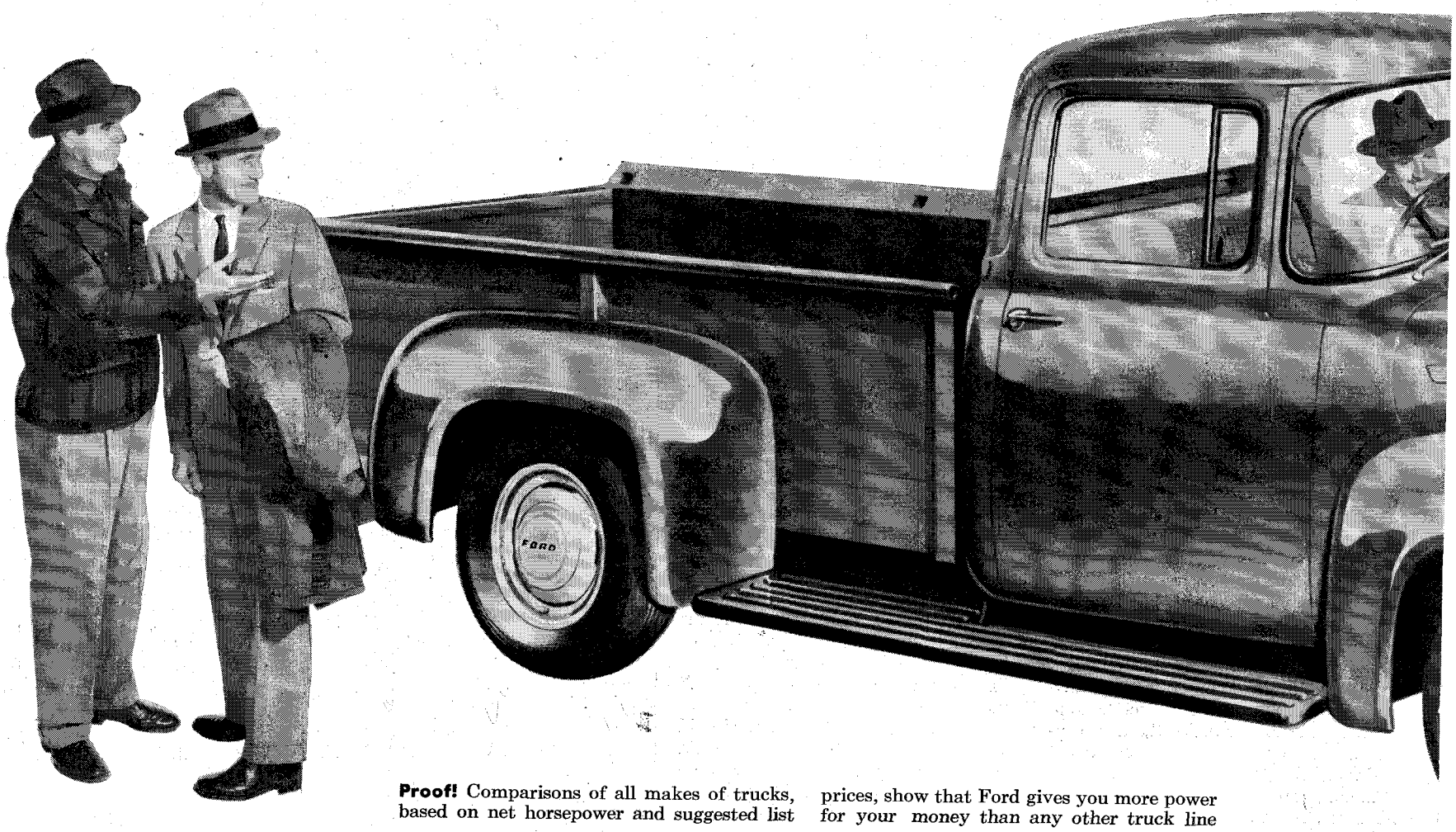
from Yardley of London, Inc

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original Engli formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Powerful eyeful....NEW

Now! More horsepower per dollar



Proof! Comparisons of all makes of trucks, based on net horsepower and suggested list prices, show that Ford gives you more power for your money than any other truck line

Treat yourself to America's easiest

If ever there was a truck that was fun to drive, the new Ford Pickup for '56 with Fordomatic is it! More than that, Fordomatic gives you money-making advantages as well. Fordomatic can pay for itself. And here's why!

"Fordomatic makes my delivery job a pleasure instead of a chore," as one Fordomatic owner puts it. Fordomatic handles the shifting automatically and lets you concentrate on the road. It saves *sixteen hand-and-foot operations for every traffic stop.*

But a truck is a money-making tool, not a pleasure vehicle. And Fordomatic helps you *make* more money and *save* more money in three important ways.

1. Fordomatic cuts maintenance costs. Since there is no conventional clutch in a Fordomatic Pickup, there are no clutch repairs.

But just as important is the fact that the Fordomatic's oil-filled torque converter acts as a "shock absorber" for the entire power train. Reduced shock-loads mean less maintenance expense as well as fewer time-wasting, money-wasting failures on the road.

2. Fordomatic saves time! The elimination of sixteen hand-and-foot operations not only saves work, it saves time. The more stop-go driving you do, the bigger the Fordomatic time savings. Fordomatic offers more starting power for faster getaway with full loads and greater maneuverability in traffic.

Fordomatic has a big advantage in the sand or mud of off-road work. It can pull through tough going that would mire an ordinary truck.

3. Fordomatic improves trade-in value. The trend is to Fordomatic. Used-truck buyers will pay extra for its many advantages. Therefore you'll get more for your truck with Fordomatic when you trade it in.

Shift to the Fordomatic Pickup for 1956, and you'll never shift again. You'll get a modern Short Stroke engine at no extra cost. You have a choice of 167-hp. Y-8 or a 133-hp. Six.

You'll get the new DRIVERIZED cab with full-wrap windshield and Lifeguard safety features. And you have a choice of a 6½-ft. box (standard) or an 8-ft. box at slight extra cost. *See your Ford dealer soon, for a "prove-it-yourself" ride.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORD TRUCKS for '56

than any other truck line!

There's no power like Ford Truck power for 1956! The engine line has now been expanded to include *eight* engines. Horsepower has been increased in *every* engine . . . with increases ranging up to 26% over last year!

And only Ford Trucks offer modern Short Stroke power in every model . . . Y-8 or Six . . . and at no extra cost!

In no other truck engine will you find the complete *combination* of sodium-cooled exhaust valves, self-sealing intake valves, solid cobalt chrome seat inserts, and other long-life features that you get in today's heavy-duty Ford Truck engines.

Unusual features like these make it possible to say that Ford Truck heavy-duty engines last and last and last under the toughest kind of operating conditions.

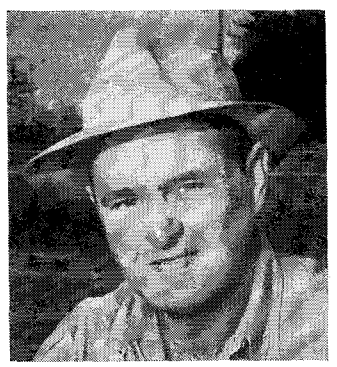
Ford Trucks are first with *safety first* in new DRIVERIZED Cabs! Only the '56 Ford Trucks give you safety features such as the new Lifeguard steering wheel and Lifeguard door latches. Safer tubeless tires are *now standard on all models*. New full-wrap windshields contribute to greater safety and visibility. New DRIVERIZED Cabs give you car-like riding ease.

Still greater payload capacities! For '56, Ford offers bigger payloads throughout the line. Payload ratings of heavy-duty models have been increased . . . some by as much as *one ton*. In the half-ton category, a bigger 8-ft. express body has been added to team up with the popular 6½-ft. Pickup.

driving Pickup...*with Fordomatic*

"It makes my job easier"..."It saves me money"...say Fordomatic owners.

"Fordomatic makes my job easier," says Peter Galletta, air-conditioning expert. "Shifting is a big part of the work of driving. With Fordomatic I've said good-bye to all that work."



"My whole family prefers Fordomatic," says nurseryman Fred Nurge, "because my truck is used for family driving too. It's perfect for driving ease. And Fordomatic has saved me money."

"Fordomatic saves time, assures faster deliveries," says pastry distributor A. Selinger. "Getaway is faster, I can keep up with car traffic. Fordomatic cuts route time substantially."

"I hope I never have to be without Fordomatic," says plumber Pat Ritchie. "Fordomatic is easier on tires because the rear wheels never spin, no matter how fast you start up."

"We've spent practically nothing for maintenance" (in over 2½ years), says florist Max Rapezyk. "With conventional trucks you can't avoid drive line shocks. Fordomatic ends all that."

Ford Triple Economy Trucks

Treat yourself to Fordomatic!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Black & Decker®

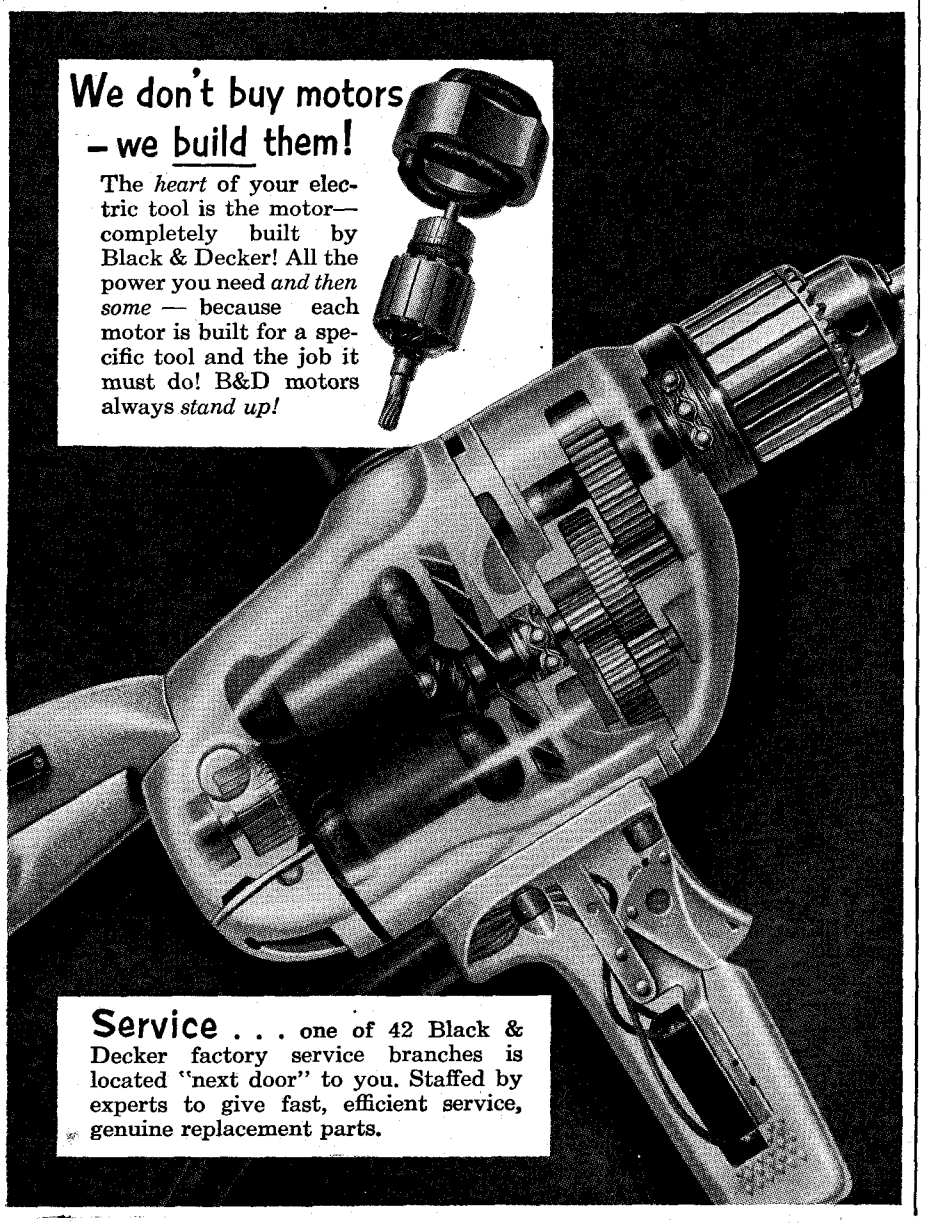
electric drills mean low initial cost, low operating cost, more convenience, less noise—and they're

POWER BUILT TO LAST

The power, speed and accuracy of Black & Decker Drills mean faster, better production, lower costs! The B&D - originated pistol - grip and trigger-switch, the lightweight, *balanced power*, guarantee reduced operator fatigue! And unexcelled workmanship throughout makes your Black & Decker Drills thoroughly dependable, inexpensive, "low maintenance" production workhorses: 31 models assure you of the widest selection of drills, from ¼″ to 1¼″ . . . for intermittent or continuous heavy-duty production or maintenance jobs! For catalog write: THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. Co., Dept. E115, Towson 4, Md.

BLACK & DECKER . . . *makes a Complete Line of Portable Electric Tools*

Drills • Sanders • Screwdrivers • Saws • Polishers Hammers • Vacuum Cleaners


We don't buy motors – we build them!
The *heart* of your electric tool is the motor—completely built by Black & Decker! All the power you need *and then some* — because each motor is built for a specific tool and the job it must do! B&D motors always *stand up!*
Service . . . one of 42 Black & Decker factory service branches is located "next door" to you. Staffed by experts to give fast, efficient service, genuine replacement parts.

(Continued from Page 69)

Little Peter came around the cabin, toddling stiff-leggedly in his sleeping suit. He reached Delda and tugged at her skirt.

Without taking her eyes from Sam, Delda spoke to Gussie, "Take Peter in and feed him his mush."

Gussie started around the side of the cabin with Peter, then changed her mind and went in by the front door. She left it open.

Delda asked unsteadily, "Sam, did it —— Was its mouth foamy?"

He nodded. "I killed it and saved the head."

"The brains will show the doctors if it was mad, won't they?"

"I've heard so. I do know they examine a dog's head."

"Sam"—her voice stopped and she couldn't say anything until she had swallowed—"do you know how long—I mean, how soon after ——"

He shook his head. "Might happen any time, for all I know. I've heard that an animal that gets it is afraid of water." He looked at the river for a moment, then smiled ruefully. "It doesn't bother me yet."

"Oh, Sam ——" Delda covered her face with her hands and slumped to her knees, her slim body shuddering with sobs.

"Aw, honey ——" He started to her, extended arms, but the chain jerked him to a cruel halt, "Please, Delda—don't give way."

Sam saw Gussie standing in the door, looking at them. "Go back to Peter, Gussie. We'll tell you about it later."

Delda stood up and went over to the porch and sat down facing Sam, her hand holding a roof support.

He made his voice matter-of-fact. "I've thought things out the best I could, Delda. We've had our troubles before—like the time Gussie had the fever—and we've licked them by ourselves. But this time it looks like we'd have to have outside help."

Delda was no longer crying; the dark eyes in the white face pleaded that Sam would know what to do. Sam usually did.

"Now then," he said easily, "if I started to walk out and it took hold on me before I got to Saddler's—well, I'd likely come to my end in the river or off a cliff." His voice lowered. "But, Delda, I might come back here. A madman don't know what he's doing. I might come back here and do something awful to you and the children. It would be the same thing if we all tried to go out together. If it was to come on me, there wouldn't be anything you could do to protect them and yourself—without you shot me. I don't think I could trust you to do that."

She shook her head quickly.

"You could leave me here with what food I'd need and chained up so's if I did get sick I couldn't come after you, and you could try to get out with the kids. But I don't think you'd make it."

"I'll go alone," said Delda, rising. "Gussie can take care of you and Peter."

He nodded. "That's the only way. If we make Gussie understand that she must never come to where I can reach her or bring me anything I could use to get loose ——" He thought a moment. "Is the file you used to sharpen the cleaver still in the kitchen?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, get it and the cleaver too. Put them in the tool chest and lock it and take the key with you. Find the hatchet and put it in. The crowbar's leaning against the west side of the hog house. Throw it and the ax up on the porch roof."

"And I'll take the head?"

He nodded. "Hang it out nights and wrap it up at sunrise."

Delda got up on the porch and started for the door, "I'll hurry, Sam. I'll get to Saddler's as fast as ever I can. He's got a truck and will take me to the Forest Station and they'll ——"

"Wait," said Sam sharply. "Stand still a minute, Delda. I think you can get to Saddler's in four or five days, but not if you hurry. If you crowd yourself you'll fold up before you're half started. Go slow and when you get tired, rest. Don't take a step after dark, but build a good fire against a down log. Take the 410. It will get you a squirrel or a grouse when you're on the mountain. Take one of the big gang hooks and some string. When you're on the river you can tie the hook to a stick and snag yourself a squaw fish in any still pool."

She saw Sam's knife and matchbox lying outside the circle and stepped off the porch to pick them up.

"Take plenty of matches," said Sam. "Better take the blue comfort too; it'll be cold nights. Take a little salt to flavor your food, if you want. But that's all. Every ounce is going to weigh a ton."

Delda looked up the great canyon for a moment. "The times we walked out I didn't pay too much mind to the way we went, because you knew."

"It pretty much repeats," said Sam easily. "Like from here you can walk along the river until the cliff comes down at the rapids, so you go up the little canyon this side. Go clear to the main ridge and then along it. Skip the next two canyons; the third will take you back down to the river again." He thought for a moment. "There's four other places

(Continued on Page 74)

"Look! If you want money, ask for it!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Once you've tried it, you'll never give it up

"Love at first sight" describes the way you'll feel about the new Royal Standard Typewriter.

Try its touch. Light and easy, isn't it? Now, tabulate a bit . . . with a simple twist of the wrist. Or set margins. Click! That's all you do with Royal's famous "Magic"® Margin.

Try *every* control key. Easy, aren't they? They were built with you in mind.

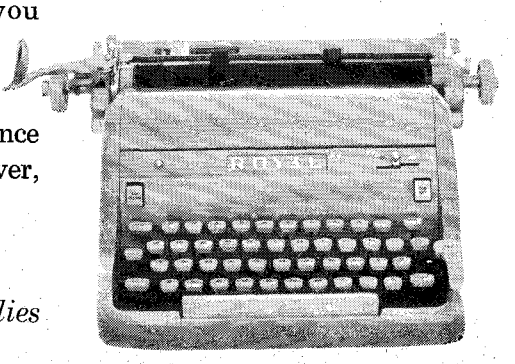
Royal Standard Typewriters are preferred 2¼ to 1 by people in business who type. Royal Standards are rugged. They take less time out for repairs.

So, how about a free trial? Your Royal Representative will be glad to bring a new Royal Standard to the office.

This typewriter comes in green, pink, blue, yellow, brown and gray. Pick your color. Then, call him and tell him which color Royal Standard you would like to try.

They are all beauties.

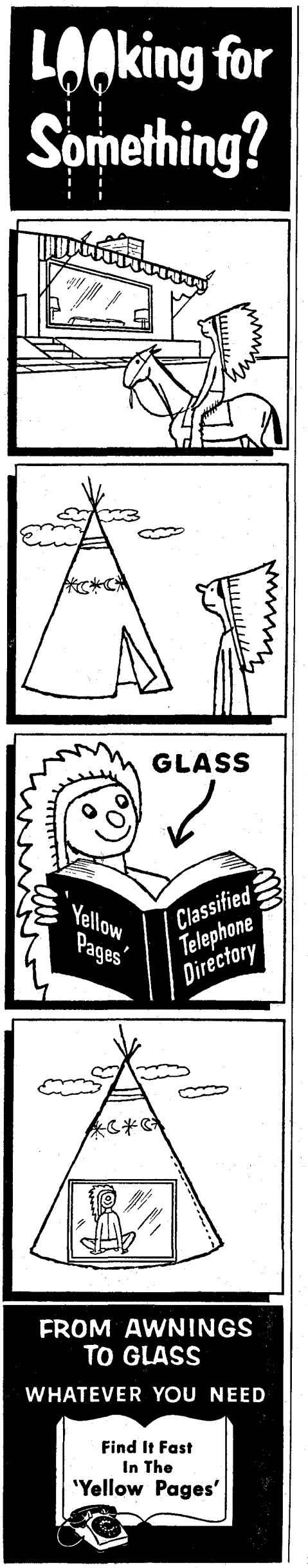
But we warn you . . . once you've tried it, you'll never, no never, give it up.



ROYAL® *standard electric • portable • Roytype® business supplies*

Royal Typewriter Company, *Division of Royal McBee Corporation*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(Continued from Page 72) you'll have to climb around—five, if the river should rise." He paused.

Presently he thought of something else. "Whenever you have to leave the river, drink all the water you can hold. Never try to save time by climbing along the side of a canyon where there's been a slide and the rocks are lying loose. You'll slip pretty near as much as you gain and there's danger of bringing the whole thing down on you."

Sam considered again. "If you come on a mountain lion or a bear just stay where you are until it goes away. You'll likely get rimrocked a few times—I mean, when you're coming down some canyon you'll find it ending in a cliff. Don't try to get down it, but go back up to the ridge and find another canyon. Remember you can't get clear lost as long as you keep coming back to the river." He smiled. "It flows right past Saddler's, so you're mortal certain to get there if you stick to it."

A half hour later Sam watched as Delda picked her way upstream along the river rocks. The rolled blue comfort was tied diagonally across her back and the 410 swung in her hand. At the first turn she waved, then disappeared.

Gussie sat on the porch, looking steadily at her father. Behind her, in his play pen, Peter banged on a tin pan.

Sam smiled at Gussie. "So you're going to be the mother in our home for a while."

"I can do it fine."

"Of course you can. But I was thinking. The thing is, we might make some changes that would be more fun. Suppose you didn't do any cooking in the house; you could set up two flat stones and cook right here in the yard where I could watch. Wouldn't that be fun?"

This didn't appear practical to Gussie. "What if it rains?"

"Oh, we could eat cold things until it cleared up."

"Peter ought to have his mush hot," said Gussie with authority. "He won't eat cold mush, even with more sugar."

"Well." Sam felt helpless. "The thing is, honey, I'd rather you wouldn't light any matches in the house. If a fire was to start, I couldn't do anything to help."

"I've lit the stove lots of times, and the lamp, too, just like mamma."

Sam's voice rose sharply. "Gussie, there won't be any lighting of matches in the house. Do you understand that?"

Gussie's lip quivered. "If I'm going to be the mother, then I ought to cook on the stove and light the lamps like a mother."

Sam gave in. "I suppose that's so. But, dear, our home and even our lives depend on you now. Be very careful of fire."

Gussie nodded. "Daddy," she asked, after looking steadily at him for a long moment, "what's the matter with you?"

"Why, nothing at all right now."

"But there's going to be?"

"I don't think so ——" He paused. "I just don't know, Gussie. I might get to acting very strange and wild. I just don't know." He pointed to the line with his whip. "Mamma told you about that?"

"She said it was a game; for me not to cross over it."

Sam shook his head. "No, it's not a game. It's dead serious. When you bring me food put it in the aluminum pan, and when I see you coming with it I'll go to the other side of the circle behind the tree. Then you put the pan on the line and get back."

"Suppose you don't go over to the other side of the circle?"

"Then you'll know I'm sick. I won't need any food then. And if I ever ask you to get me anything I could use to get loose with, you'll know for certain I'm bad sick and you're not to mind a word I tell you."

Gussie shook her head in puzzlement. "If you get sick are you going to die?"

"We won't worry about that now. Just remember never to bring me anything that would get me loose. And never, no matter what, come to where I can reach you."

Peter's pan rolled through the bars of the play pen and Gussie got up to retrieve it. "I'd best get to sweeping; the house is a mess."

Sam sat down, his back against the pine. He tried to remember all he had ever heard about madness. Madmen were unnaturally strong; they raved in their strength and killed anything they could get at. Then there was the clever, scheming kind of madness. This would be the worst. Gussie would keep away if he got to raving; but suppose his madness didn't show—suppose it made him try to work a scheme on Gussie so he could get her.

Sam didn't think a madman would have to be very clever to work a scheme on his nine-year-old daughter.

He stood up and took a long look at the river. It didn't affect him, so he was still all right and it would be safe to do what he had to do. The sweat broke out on him as he called Gussie.

She came to the front door.

"You'd better sleep in mamma and daddy's room with Peter."

She nodded competently. "I've already moved my things in."

"Good girl. But I'm going to need your blankets and mattress out here. Suppose you can do it? Bring the things one at a time."

As she turned Sam stopped her. "Gussie, remember what I said?"

"About the circle?"

"About the circle. Don't put anything down where I can reach it until I'm clear on the other side away from you."

Gussie nodded and ran inside. When she came out with the pillow and the first blanket Sam walked away. But Gussie dropped her armful on the line before Sam had reached the other side of the circle. She hurried back into the cabin. Sam took two long steps toward the bedding. But when she came out with the remaining blankets she was too intent on her job to look at Sam. She dropped them and went back for the mattress.

Sam could hear her having trouble with it. She appeared in the doorway, where the mattress stuck, but she worried it loose, got it across the porch and into the yard.

By now Sam was standing by the blankets. He held out his left hand. "Here you come, Gussie!"

She brought it directly to him, red-faced and panting.

Sam's hand closed tightly on her arm; then he struck her savagely three times across the legs with his whip.

Gussie screamed. She stood stock-still, staring at him in wide-eyed disbelief, before she ran shrieking into the cabin.

He yelled after her, "I told you never to come where I could reach you!" He then flung down the whip and went to the other side of the pine.

The sun was in the center of the canyon when, (Continued on Page 79)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Ike and Mike were identical twins. When one was arrested for selling liquor illegally, he asked the police to let him go into the next room to change his clothes and leave his keys and money with his twin brother.

When the twin who walked out of the room was brought to trial, his lawyer asked the police if they knew whether it was the twin they had arrested. They were forced to admit they did not.

"How," the lawyer then demanded, "can they tell that the prisoner now at the bar is not the innocent brother?"

"Hogwash!" cried the prosecutor. "We know, because if this man were innocent he would have objected to being taken to prison and tried."

If you were the judge, would you convict the baffling twin?

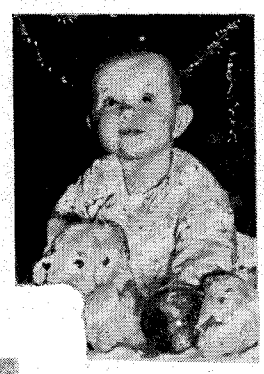
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The twin, whichever he was, got away. The court ruled that a person cannot be convicted of a crime unless positively identified as the one who committed it. The ruse of changing clothes in another room was a "booby trap" for which the police fell, the court added.

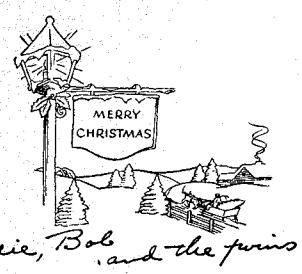
Based upon a 1954 Missouri decision.

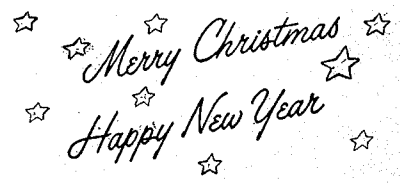
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next best thing to a visit at Christmastime



Tommy Thompson
and his parents





All the Livingstor

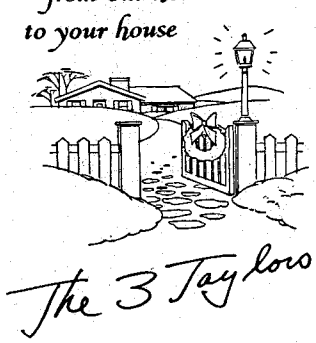
...photo-greeting cards

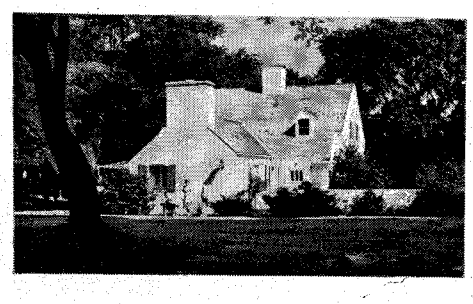
They're so warm . . . so personal . . . and for a while you're together again, bringing happy memories up to date. No wonder these Christmas cards are looked at so often . . . treasured so long.

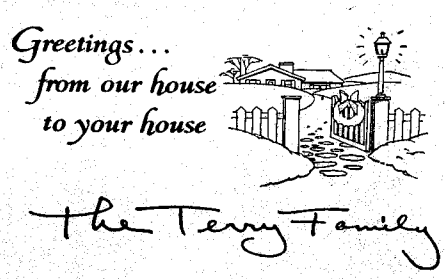
And, today, you can send Photo-Greeting Cards so easily. Just bring the negative of a favorite snapshot to your photo counter, or take a special picture. Choose the design you like, and your dealer delivers your cards in time for early mailing.

Best of all, these custom cards cost no more and often less than others; so see your dealer soon, before the rush begins.

Merry
as
5







Kodak
TRADE-MARK

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW! PHOTO-PERFE

PHILCO®

TOP TOUCH TUNING

At the Set

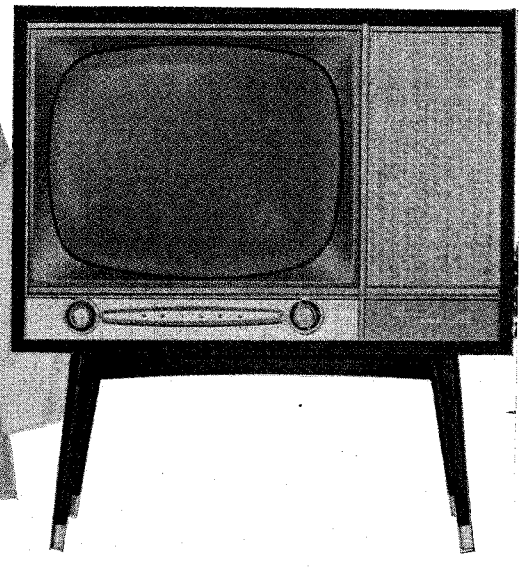
...or by Remo

Just a touch

You've got to *touch* it and *see* it, to belie it! The brilliant Philco discovery that giv you America's first *automatic* television! T amazing new Philco Top Touch Tuni System is right *up top* and *up forward* wh it's so easy to reach. A touch of your fing turns the set on. A touch changes statio A touch turns it off. Your days of fumbli with awkward out-of-reach knobs are ov With Philco — and only Philco — it's automatic!

But wait—here's another Philco exc sive! Fabulous new Automatic Rem Control . . . and for only $10.00! You c operate your new '56 Philco *from across room!* Touch the control and change static without moving from your easy ch

INSPIRED PICTURE FRAME STYLIN

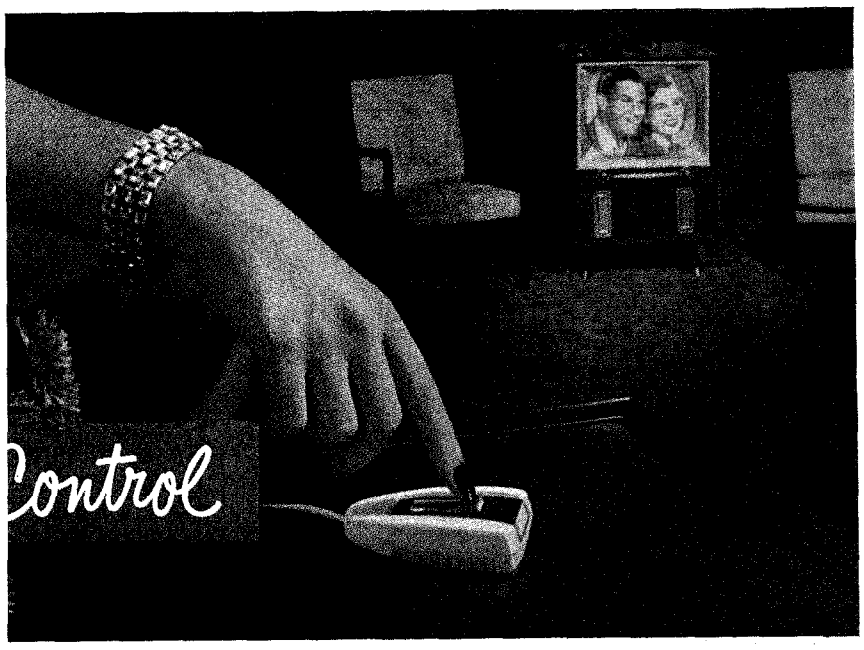


PHILCO 4160. Magnetic Ring Focusing System. Automatic Top Touch Tuning. FM sound with Twin Speakers. Striking new 21-inch Swivel-base console with Mahogany Veneers.

PHILCO 4156. New 21-inch horizontal console with Philco Micro-Grid Tuner and bonus-size Photo-Perfect picture. Automatic Top Touch Tuning. Contemporary design in Mahogany finish.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

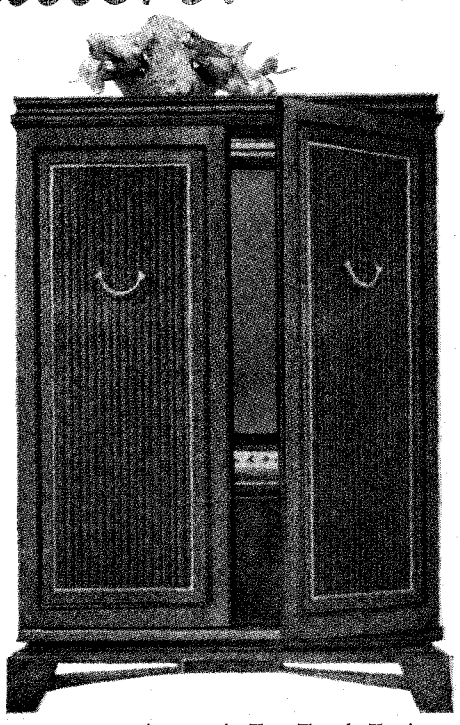
ICTURES TWO WAYS . . . AUTOMATICALLY!



.there's your station!

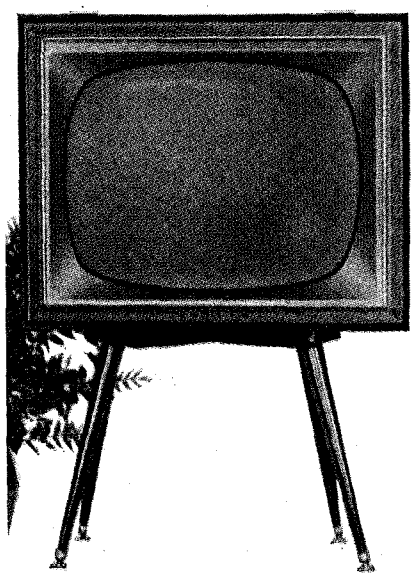
And Philco leaves other TV years behind in performance and picture quality too . . . thanks to two other tremendous discoveries at the Philco laboratories. One: the new Micro-Grid Tuner with its X-155 Tube . . . "nerve center" of the greatest transformer-powered chassis ever built. Up to 25% more sensitivity and pull-in power to give "snow-free" reception in areas where other TV has failed. Two: the discovery that makes possible television's first Photo-Perfect picture. A new "Magnetic Ring" Focuser that achieves a miracle of clearly etched, picture clarity—you get all the action Photo-Perfect!

Only Philco offers you such a wide array of distinctive, fashion-crafted cabinet designs. See your Philco dealer today!

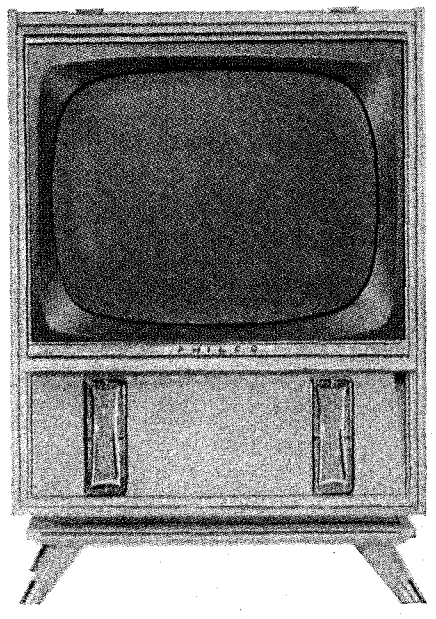


PHILCO 6320. Automatic Top Touch Tuning. Giant 24-inch Photo-Perfect picture. Custom 440 Chassis. Fashion-crafted full door console in elegant Fruitwood or Mahogany Veneers.

OUTMODES ALL OTHER CABINET DESIGNS



PHILCO 4148. New custom swivelet in Cordovan Mahogany finish. Exclusive "Picture Frame" styling. 21-inch Photo-Perfect picture. Philco Top Touch Tuning.

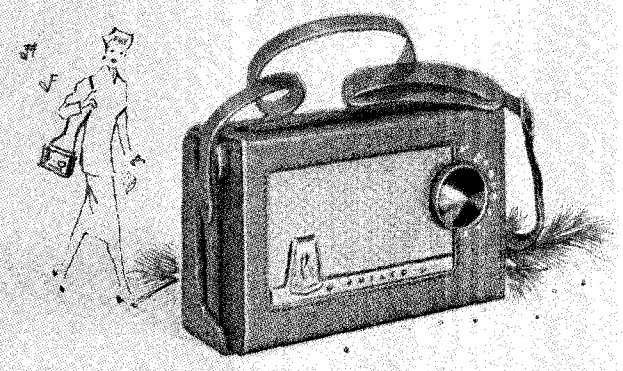


The Philco **"MISS AMERICA"** model. Lovely 24-inch console in Blond or Mahogany, named in honor of America's reigning Beauty Queen. Automatic Top Touch Tuning. Philco 6126-L.

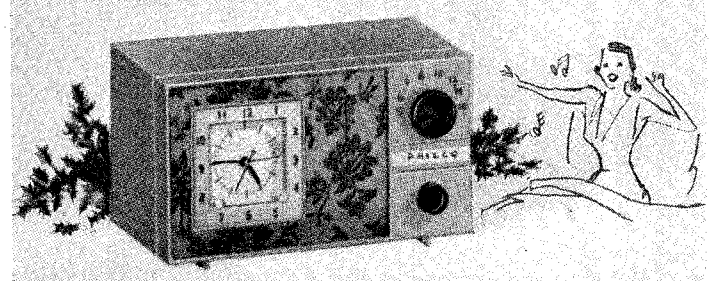
PHILCO RADIOS AND PHONOGRAPHS FOR 1956

"TUBELESS WONDER" OF THE ELECTRONIC AGE

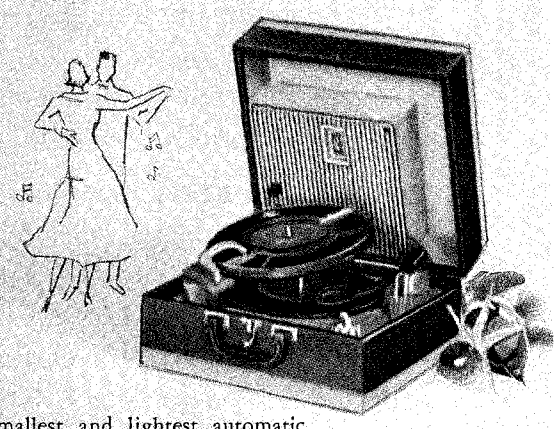
World's first *transistor* phonograph. Tiny Philco transistors replace all tubes. Rugged little portable runs on just 4 flashlight cells. No cords! No plug-in! Up to 2,000 plays without battery change. Only Philco has it. Model TPA-2.



Tan, tough and terrific! Mighty 3-way portable radio in genuine top grain cowhide. Rich in tone, rugged as all outdoors. Choice of Tan, Calypso Red, Varadero Sand. Philco "Sportster." Model 655.



New style sensation in automatic clock radios. Striking "Fashion First" for milady's night table. Black damask grille accents luxurious cabinet in Fiesta Pink. The exclusive Philco "Señora". Model 728.



Smallest and lightest automatic 3-speed portable phonograph. Dynamic speaker and acoustically-balanced baffle board built right into lid. Superb tone. Philco 1337.

AUTHORIZED PHILCO Famous for QUALITY the World Over DEALER

Buy only where you see this sign, for guaranteed Philco quality and service.

PRICES AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Steels are like a family

. . . each with its own personality, its own special talents

MUCH OF YOUR KITCHENWARE is made of steel. So are the hundreds of thousands of miles of railroad rails that criss-cross the nation. And so is practically all of your automobile.

THEY'RE ALL STEEL, but that's where the similarity ends. In your kitchen, it's shining, rust-resistant stainless steel. In rails, it's carbon steel—strong and tough to endure years of hard service. And there are more than 160 different kinds of automobile steels.

What makes the difference among steels? The most important influence is alloying metals—chromium, manganese, tungsten, vanadium, and others.

ADDING ALLOYING METALS to molten steel changes the composition of the steel and gives it special characteristics. It's chromium, for example, that makes steel stainless. Tungsten, on the other hand, makes steel so hard that it is used in machine tools to shape 'softer' steel into things to serve you.

FROM MINES throughout the world, the people of Union Carbide gather ores and refine them into more than 50 different alloying metals that are vital to making more and better steel.

FREE: *Learn how* ALLOYS, CARBONS, GASES, CHEMICALS, *and* PLASTICS *improve many things that you use. Ask for "Products and Processes" booklet XJ.*

UNION CARBIDE
AND CARBON CORPORATION
30 EAST 42ND STREET UCC NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
In Canada: UNION CARBIDE CANADA LIMITED

UCC's Trade-marked Products include

ELECTROMET Alloys and Metals
HAYNES STELLITE Alloys
LINDE Silicones
NATIONAL Carbons
PREST-O-LITE Acetylene
EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries
ACHESON Electrodes
Dynel Textile Fibers
PYROFAX Gas
SYNTHETIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS
PRESTONE Anti-Freeze
BAKELITE, VINYLITE, and KRENE Plastics
UNION Carbide
LINDE Oxygen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 74) without looking in Sam's direction, Gussie came out and took Peter inside for his lunch.

When he saw her come out with the aluminum pan and a cup, Sam went quickly to the other side of the circle. Only then did Gussie come to the line, and the moment she put down the food she returned to the cabin. Sam told her the lunch smelled wonderful, but Gussie ignored him and went inside, closing the door.

Later, Sam saw the flash of a white cloth over the front window; Gussie was industriously cleaning it while Peter, probably, was taking his nap. A feeling of love and pride came to Sam. Gussie was so like Delda. When he and Delda had a falling out—which was rare, though it happened—she would ignore him and turn furiously to housecleaning.

Delda. Sam knew where she would be about now. She'd be a mile up the canyon from the river, crawling over boulders as she worked her way to the ridge. Every hundred feet she'd have to stop and lie there until her breath came back and the numb ache left the front of her thighs. She'd hear her heart in her ears like the sound of a faraway gas-engine pump. He hoped she'd drunk deeply of the river—there'd be no water on the ridge where she'd stop tonight.

Gussie came out on the porch and set to cleaning that side of the window.

Sam called her softly. Her hand stopped instantly in its sweep across the glass, but she did not turn. "I had to hurt you, so's you'd remember about the circle."

She left the window and came to the edge of the porch, but she did not look up and her voice was barely audible. "While Peter's sleeping, maybe I ought to catch us some trout."

Sam agreed heartily. Gussie smiled slightly; then hurried into the cabin for the fly swatter. Sam watched as she stalked grasshoppers for bait in the sunny place by the henhouse. She looked a little like a grasshopper herself when she hunched.

After supper Sam watched tensely as she carried the lamp from the kitchen to the bedroom. He could tell from the shadows when she was putting on Peter's sleeping suit and lifting him into his crib. Then the lamp went out. Sam sighed with relief.

He slept part of the night, then woke with a dream of burning his hand on the lamp. He felt the fleshy part below the base of the little finger where the tooth marks were. The place didn't seem swollen and it wasn't very sore, but when he clenched his fist a spark of pain flashed in his armpit.

Sam went cold, fearing that the pain signified the approach of the madness.

He got up and walked his circle for the rest of the night. And at sunrise he still walked; only now he was careful not to look at the river as he came to that part of his circle. Then, in spite of himself, he did see the water. Nothing happened. Sam stared at the river for a long time.

After the children woke and Gussie had called good morning to him before taking Peter into the kitchen, Sam felt better. The pain wasn't any worse. Maybe it was nothing after all but the sort of blood poisoning you can get from a cut or a splinter. He knew what to do about that.

So all that day Sam lay with his arm in the roasting pan filled with warm water in which a three-pound sack of Epsom salts had been dissolved. Every hour or so he carried the pan to the line so that Gussie could take it into the kitchen and reheat it. That night, after she was asleep, he continued to soak his arm, and the next morning there was no pain at all, no matter how hard he shut his fist. But just to be sure, he and Gussie continued the treatment all that day.

At sundown a storm began. From the lightning and the time it took to hear the thunder, the storm was centered six or seven miles up the canyon. The rain was heavy.

Gussie brought him the tarp and the wicker clothes basket. He laid the heavy canvas over his bed, stuck his head inside the basket, and pulled the canvas over that. He'd keep dry enough.

In the morning it would be the fourth day since Delda left; most of her hard struggle would be over now—with any luck. He wondered where she would be tonight in this storm. Maybe coming down that little canyon beyond Steelhead Rapids. He tried to think of places around there where she could shelter from the storm and have a fire, but nothing came to mind.

The morning was clear. As always, now, Sam moved to the riverbank the first thing after he woke up and looked steadily at the water for a time. It didn't bring on any fear this time either, but Sam was puzzled. He couldn't understand why the river should have dropped a good two feet overnight. If anything, it should have risen because of the heavy rain.

All the forenoon Sam kept an eye on the river. It was still falling and by now bottom rocks had appeared that he had never seen before, even in the driest summer. By noon the river was half gone.

Then the reason for the falling river came to Sam with the force of sudden panic. He yelled for Gussie and the urgency of his voice brought her from the kitchen, dragging Peter by the hand.

"Get a rock or something and smash the tool chest and bring me the hammer and a cold chisel. Hurry, Gussie, the water's coming! The whole river will be down on us!"

She looked at him without saying a word. She began to cry. Pushing Peter ahead of her, she went inside the cabin and shut the door. (Continued on Page 82)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Who's watching who?"

How Transite Pipe

keeps water clean and rust-free for every use... helps maintain full pressure, too!

protects community health at lower cost to the taxpayer

TRANSITE® PIPE WATER MAINS are contributing to greater health and safety in thousands of communities. For Transite *Pressure* Pipe maintains clean pure water from pumping station to consumer, helps assure high pressure needed for fire protection, at low cost to taxpayers.

Transite Pipe resists corrosion. It is nonmetallic, cannot tuberculate. Since deposits from this form of corrosion cannot build up, its initially high flow capacity stays high, pumping costs stay low. And, joints in a Transite system remain tight and sanitary.

Transite *Sewer* Pipe cuts costs, too, because of its quick assembly and high flow capacity. It is rugged, corrosion-resistant. It is easily handled, rapidly installed, minimizing annoyances of torn-up streets. Tight, flexible couplings keep out ground water, reducing treatment costs—saving taxpayers' money.

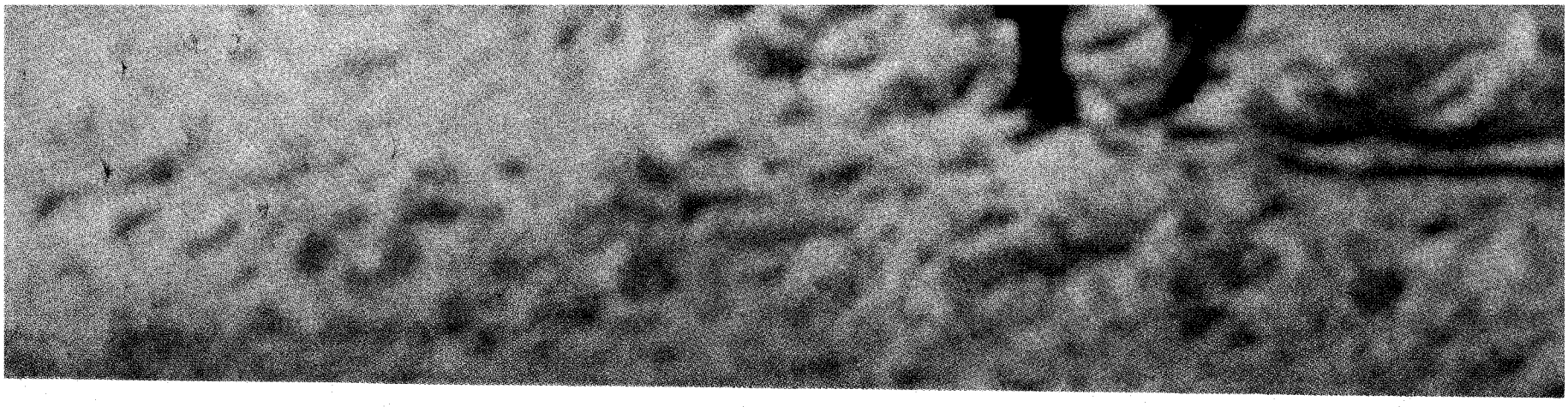
For more details write Johns-Manville, Box 60, New York 16, N. Y. In Canada, 565 Lakeshore Road East, Port Credit, Ontario.

The White Pipe—
Made of Asbestos-Cement

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

Johns-Manville
TRANSITE PIPE
SERVES YOU—BY SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Delco-Remy leads with "quick

In any weather, Delco-Remy 12-volt electrical systems assure modern engines faster starting, better ignition, greater electrical reserve.

An emergency!

You must get there quickly. Your car must sta instantly. Not a minute to spare!

At a time like this—or any time—Delco-Remy 12-vo electrical systems assure high-compression engines *fast starting*.

That's because a Delco-Remy cranking motor, powere by the rugged 12-volt Delco battery, actually spins th engine up to 50 per cent faster.

Quick action!

And out on the road, Delco-Remy 12-volt electric systems provide *better ignition*, under all road condition An ample flow of electrical energy is fed to spark plug at all speeds and during rapid acceleration.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today's high-compression engines need the extra electrical power of Delco-Remy 12-volt systems.

"action" electrical systems

What's more, these new 12-volt systems supply *greater electrical reserve*—as much as 30 per cent more. More than enough electric power for basic needs of starting, ignition, lights, heater, radio and horns . . . as well as for the many optional electrical conveniences.

Another advantage: improved 6-volt and the new 12-volt electrical systems are General Motors products . . . made by Delco-Remy, a trusted name "Wherever Wheels Turn or Propellers Spin."

The famous Delco-Remy line includes: Generators • Regulators • Cranking Motors • Distributors • Ignition Coils • Klaxon Horns • Flexible Cable Controls • Directional Signals and Control Switches • Delco Batteries...for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Buses, Farm Tractors, Air and Marine Craft and Industrial Applications.

Delco-Remy Division of General Motors, Anderson, Indiana

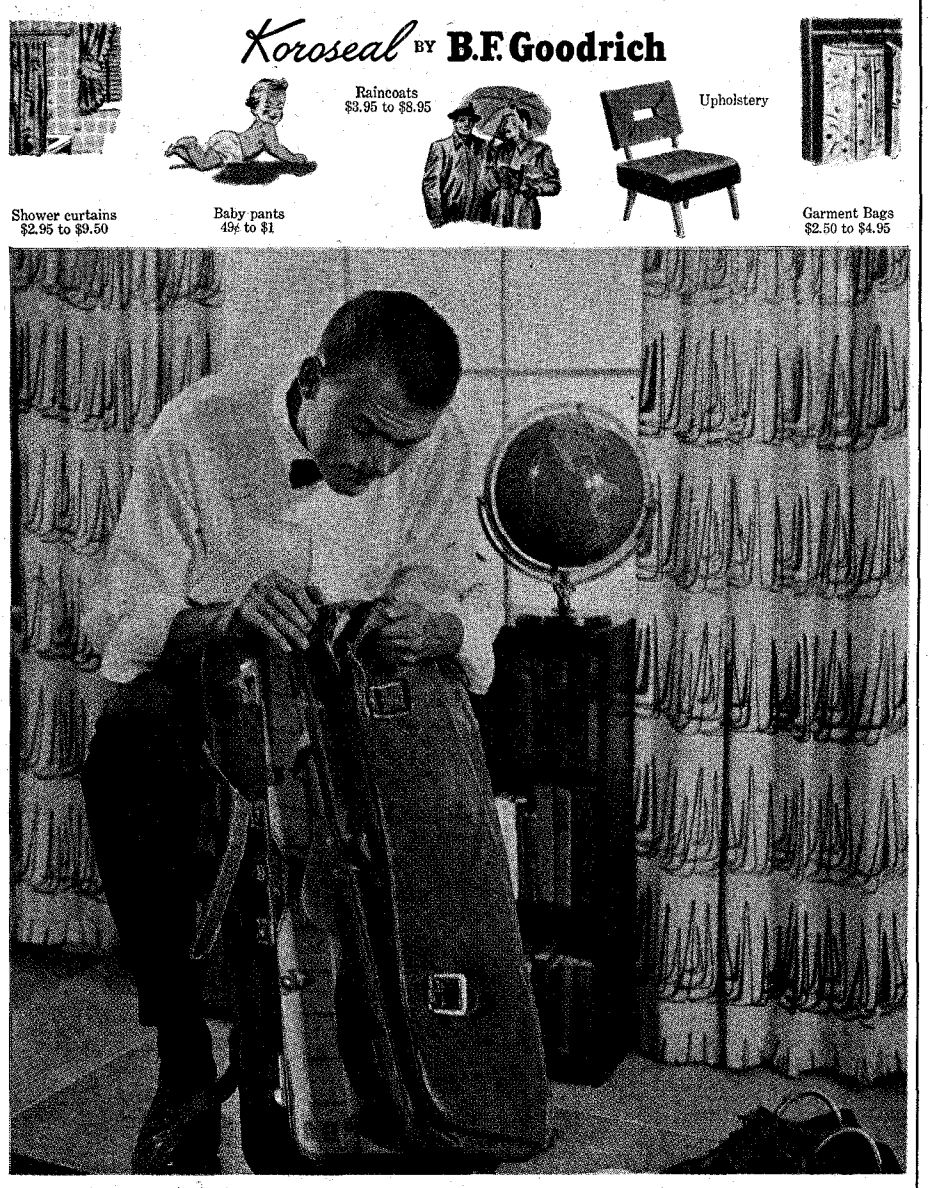
Delco-Remy

ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS

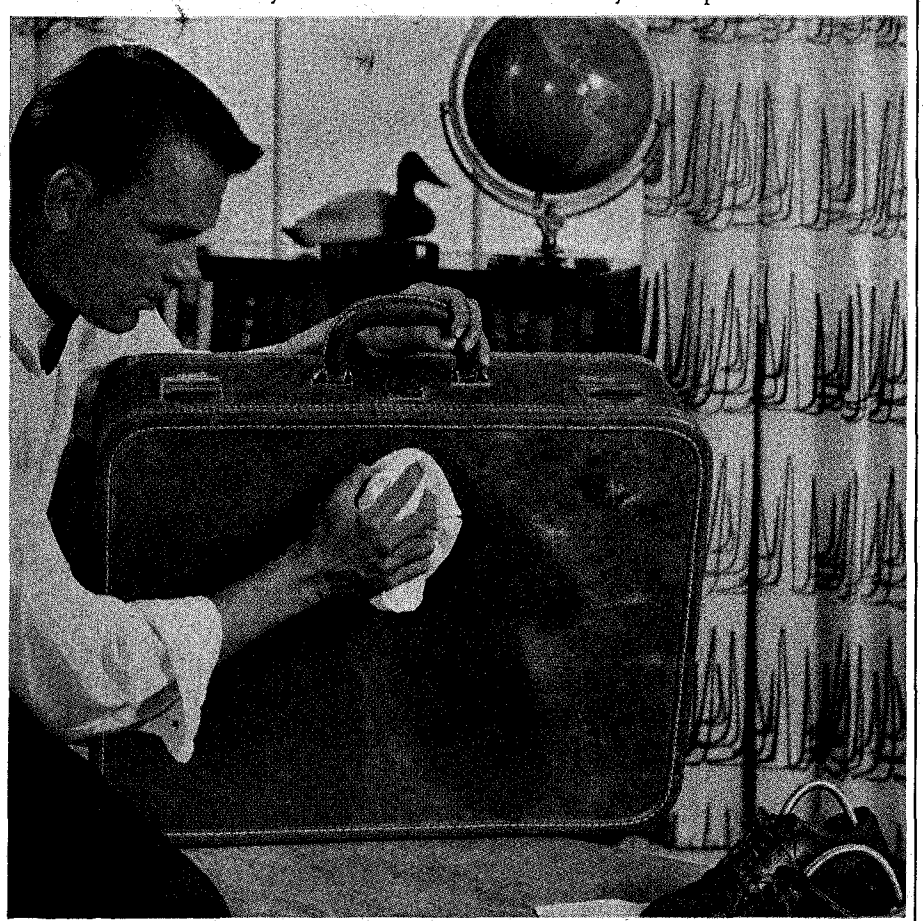
GM GENERAL MOTORS

GENERAL MOTORS LEADS THE WAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Torn, scuffed, dirty. It's easy to decide what to do with an old bag like this. Throw it away and replace it with new Skyway luggage covered with Koroseal flexible material. From then on it's like having new luggage every year—because Koroseal stands so many kicks and scuffs and is so easy to keep clean.



Stays new-looking for years. Koroseal covering on Skyway luggage is washable. Most dirt comes off with a damp cloth. You can use soap and water as often as you wish. Only the best manufacturers of any product may use Koroseal material. In luggage it's Skyway. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Marietta, Ohio.*

Koroseal FLEXIBLE MATERIALS BY B. F. GOODRICH INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION
Koroseal—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 79)

Sam knew his terrible mistake. He had been excited and had asked for tools. He should have explained that somewhere upriver a big slide had occurred. The river was damming up behind it, and when it did break through it would come down the canyon in a solid wall.

The river was still falling.

Sam made his voice as kindly and as pleading as he could, calling for Gussie again and again to please come out on the porch, just for a minute. Finally the door did open the width of Gussie's face, but she did not come out. Sam asked her to look at the river and see how low it was, and he calmly explained about the slide and the great danger. But even as he talked he could see that she was not taking in anything he said. She just stared at him with horrified eyes, her small white hands squirming together at her waist. And the need to make her understand was so very great that, in spite of himself, Sam's voice rose. He was shouting orders at her before he realized it. He made his voice quiet again. "Please, darling—I'm not sick. I'm scared!" He could tell she was going to speak, and paused.

Her voice was very low. "You told mamma you'd be scared of water."

"The river!" yelled Sam. "The river is coming down on us! I won't ask you to help me get loose, but you take Peter and get up on the hill above the root cellar. Please, please ——"

She began sobbing as she turned her face away and slowly closed the door.

Anyone seeing Sam now would have been sure he was mad. He was on all fours, frantically clawing a hole. It was an hour before he got through the coarse river gravel to a boulder top. Another hour passed in widening the hole until his searching fingers at last found a rock suited to his purpose. It was heavy, about ten inches by four. Stretching the chain over the boulder top, Sam set to pounding one of the links with his rock.

And as he pounded he didn't feel right about what he was doing. If he got free the madness might come on him, but, then, the river might come too. Sam didn't know if the river or himself was the greater danger to the children. One thing: he was sure he was all right now. Then Sam began to wonder how he knew this. Suppose he was mad now; suppose he only imagined about the river. How could he really tell?

He stopped pounding and considered throwing the rock outside the circle. Then it seemed to him that if he were mad he couldn't be wondering if he were. "As long as I think I might be crazy," he murmured, "I'm probably all right." He fell to pounding again. Once he was loose, he'd take the kids to a safe place as fast as he could and chain himself up again. If the river took the house, there would still be food that Gussie could get to in the root cellar.

Several times during the afternoon Sam saw that Gussie was watching him from the front window. He also saw that she had his Winchester. She'd never fired the rifle, but Sam was sure she knew how it worked.

By night the river was about one third normal size and didn't seem to be going lower. The dam was holding longer than Sam would have thought possible. He knew that if the river started to rise slowly it would mean that the water was finding a way around or over the dam. It wouldn't come all at once then. But the river wasn't rising, so far as Sam could see.

He continued to pound. By dark the link felt slightly flat to his fingers. He was making headway at beating it through. Then Gussie took the lamp into the bedroom, but after she had put Peter in his crib the lamp still burned. Sam could tell from the shadows on the wall that Gussie was sitting up on the bed. The shadow of the Winchester was there too.

Along in the night the pounding rock split and for a moment Sam felt hopeless. But one piece was still pretty heavy and there was now a sharp edge. After pounding with it awhile, Sam could feel that the edge was making little nicks across the flat place in the link. He couldn't see where he was hitting, but his pounding motions were so well set by now that he thought he was hitting right most of the time.

It grew light, and as the western cliff took on an orange glow, the link was almost paper thin. Then Sam heard a faint, eddying roar far up the canyon. Here it came! The roar swelled, died down to almost nothing, then came up again, stronger, starting echoes from the canyon walls. Sam pounded frantically. The link was cut through now, in a thin line.

Then a bright piece flaked off and the crack was a quarter of an inch wide. Sam placed the next link across the crack and pulled against the pine tree with all his strength. The link snapped through and Sam was free.

The roaring was very loud in the canyon as Sam ran into the cabin. Gussie was asleep, snoring, the cocked rifle beside her.

She woke when Sam picked her up, screamed in terror as she saw him. But by then Sam had Peter under the other arm and was headed for the back door.

He got them up the hill above the root cellar and let Gussie go. She ran off a little way and stopped, looking at him, ready to run again. Peter was still half asleep, and Sam put him down.

There was no longer any roaring sound.

And the river—the river had risen during the night to normal. There couldn't be any wall of water now.

But the roaring that, only a moment ago, had filled the canyon with echoing sound—Sam couldn't understand at all. He stared at the river below him and as far up as the bend.

The golden light from the western cliff bathed the Finelace homestead with bright radiance; it was the time he and Delda always woke.

Then Delda called his name, long and sweet. He whirled. She was running toward him in a slant up the hill. Behind her walked two men, one wearing a Forest Ranger's uniform, the other carrying a doctor's bag. And behind them, in the middle of the wheat field, was one of those flying machines that can go straight up and down.

"It's all right!" called Delda, as she came on. "You won't get it, Sam—the doctor says so! There's time to give you shots!"

The doctor, standing below with the ranger, heard her. He smiled up at Sam, nodded, and lifted his bag in a confident manner.

Delda and Sam met and clung. After a moment, Gussie came to them, pried one of Sam's fingers from Delda's back and held on to it. Peter was making hungry sounds.

THE END

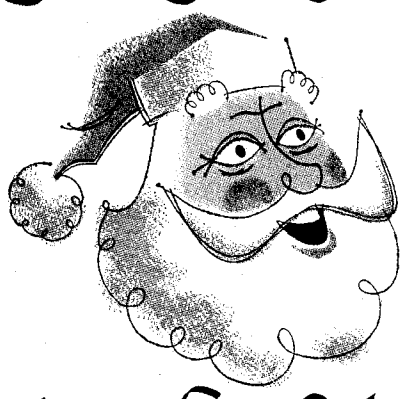
Woman With Know-How

By MARIAN GLEASON

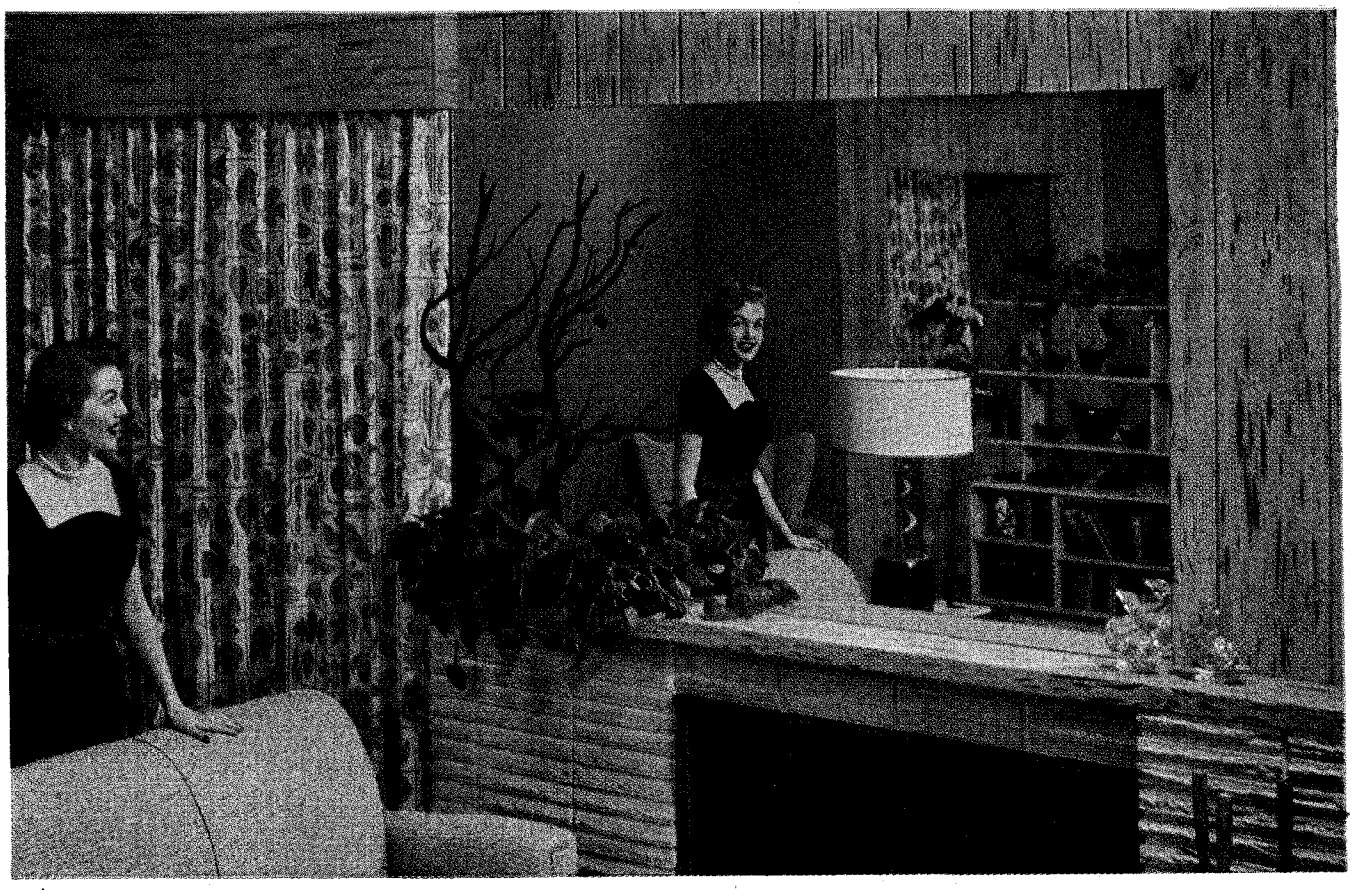
I now know how to live my days
Through life's variety of stages,
Know the good, time-
honored ways
To manage children of all ages,
Know exactly how to dress
For all occasions and for men,
Know how to be a big success—
When I go through this life again.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

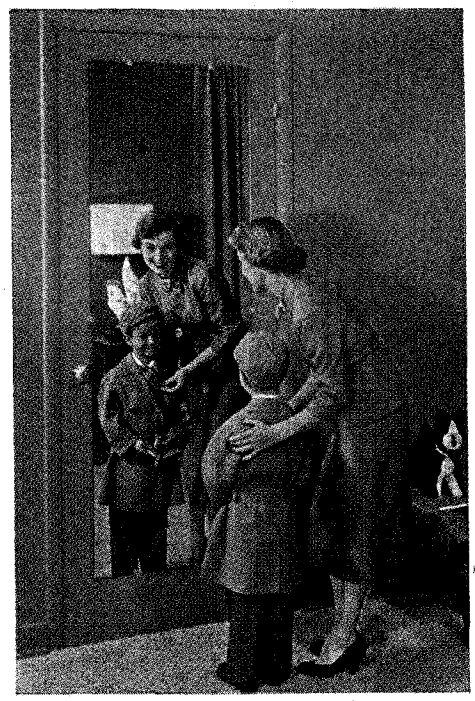
This Christmas...



give gifts of glass for lasting remembrance

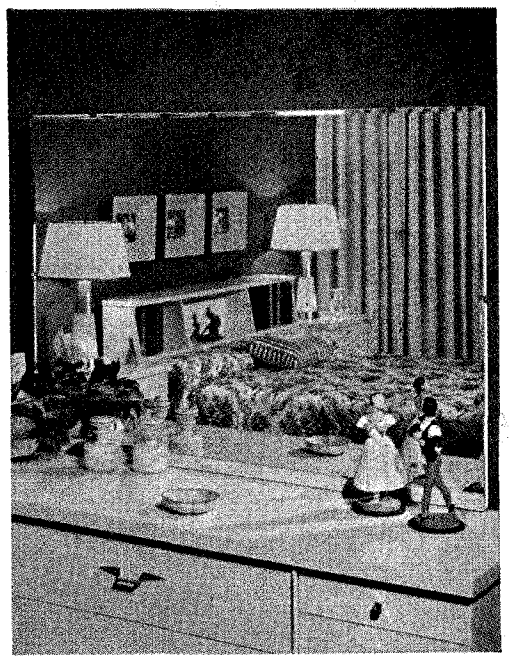


YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS will be long remembered when you give this most appreciated of gifts—a wall mirror made from Pittsburgh Polished Plate Glass. For the brilliance, true reflections, and magical properties of a wall mirror can transform even the dullest room into an exciting, joyful place. The illustration here shows how a wall mirror gives a room greater depth and sparkle . . . how it reflects all the room's color and movement for double enjoyment. Here, indeed, is a real inspiration for your Christmas gift list—whether for your own home or for another's. Decorations by Marie Stosskopf, A.I.D., Chicago; Furniture by Heywood-Wakefield.



HERE IS A GIFT of truly lasting remembrance. For a full-length door mirror is a practical necessity in every home—in the bedroom, bathroom, entrance hall. A full 68" high, Pittsburgh door mirrors are really full-length, and they are available in five different widths to fit any interior door.

DECORATIVE, READY-TO-HANG MIRRORS permit you to exhibit your feelings and good taste, without costing you a fortune. In any room, they create a luxury look, give it a happier and more spacious appearance. They are available in a variety of styles and sizes . . . are as easy to hang as a picture.



UNFRAMED, OR VENETIAN-TYPE, MIRRORS are always welcome, because they suit any décor or furniture—whether it be modern or traditional. You can be sure that such a gift will please the recipient. And you will be agreeably surprised at the modest price of these mirrors.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS FURNITURE TOPS make wonderful Christmas gifts. And they are priced low enough to satisfy the most budget-wise shopper. With these glass tops, valuable finishes are protected against stains, cigarette burns, and spilled liquids.

WHERE TO BUY. Wall mirrors of all types, full-length door mirrors, and plate glass furniture tops can be purchased from your department or furniture store . . . your building supply dealer or local glass dealer. See the listings in the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory under "Pittsburgh Plate Glass Products" in the "Glass" section.

MADE PG FROM PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS
MADE IN U.S.A.

THIS LABEL identifies products made from genuine Pittsburgh Plate Glass.

FREE BOOKLET! For additional information on glass products for the home, fill in and return this coupon.

PLEASE PRINT

Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
Room 5359, 632 Fort Duquesne Blvd., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Without cost or obligation, please send me your illustrated booklet, "Practical Ways to Wake Up Your Home with Glass."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

If you live in California, Oregon or Washington, send to W. P. Fuller & Co., Room 736, 301 Mission Street, San Francisco 19, California.

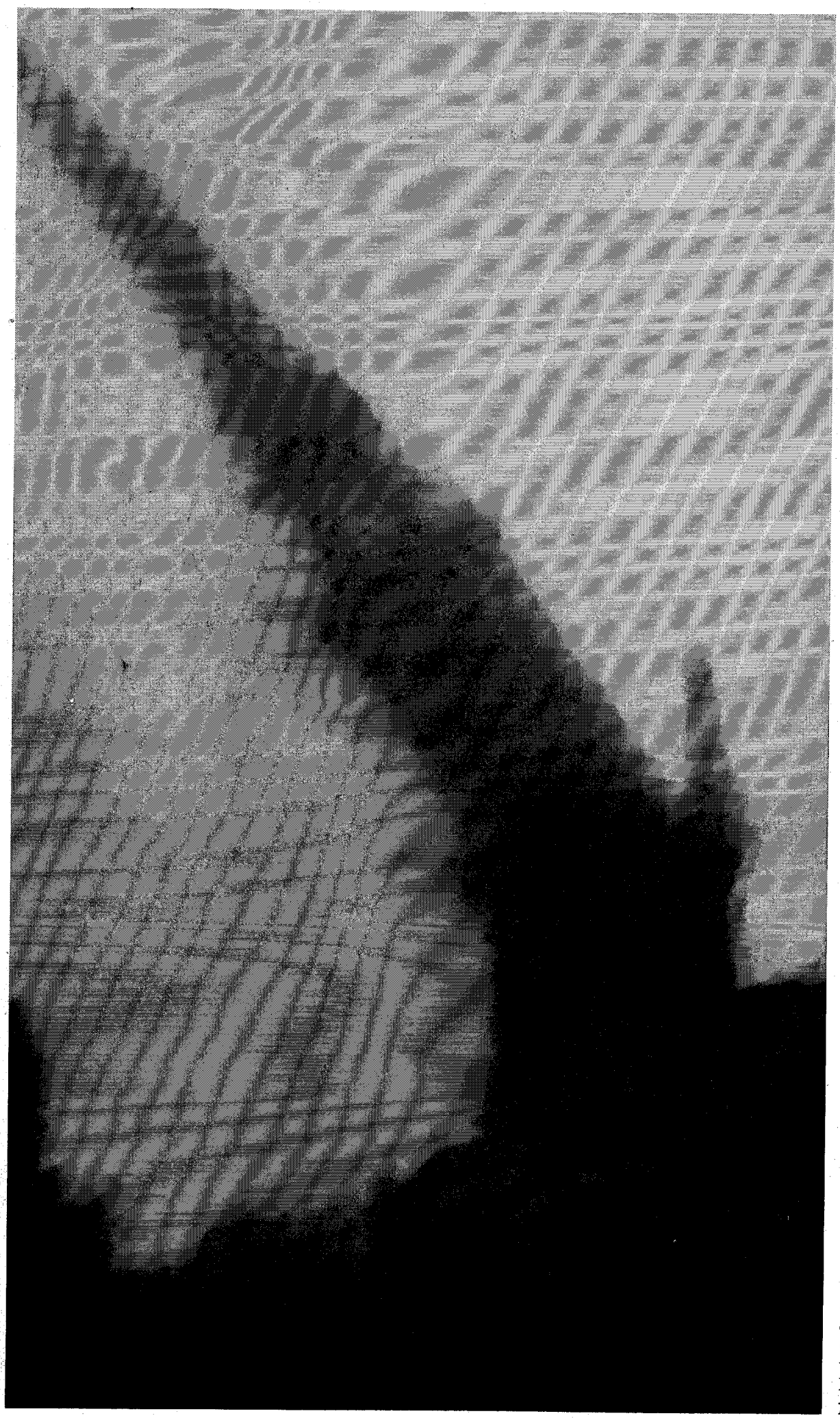
PG PAINTS • GLASS • CHEMICALS • BRUSHES • PLASTICS • FIBER GLASS

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

IN CANADA: CANADIAN PITTSBURGH INDUSTRIES LIMITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIBERTY



25,011 KINDS OF HURRICANE DAMAGE

A house shoved off its foundation by a falling tree. A cabin cruiser blown three blocks into a back yard. A hat and coat blown out of a window and never found. Out of 25,011 claims paid by Liberty Mutual after the hurricanes last year, no two were exactly alike. This big problem helped demonstrate benefits of Liberty Mutual's *direct* service. Liberty Mutual's local staffs of full-time employees were quickly reinforced by trained Liberty claimsmen from company offices outside the hurricane areas. Contractors, builders and automobile repairmen traveled with Liberty's claimsmen to help make fair settlements. New speed records for payment were set.

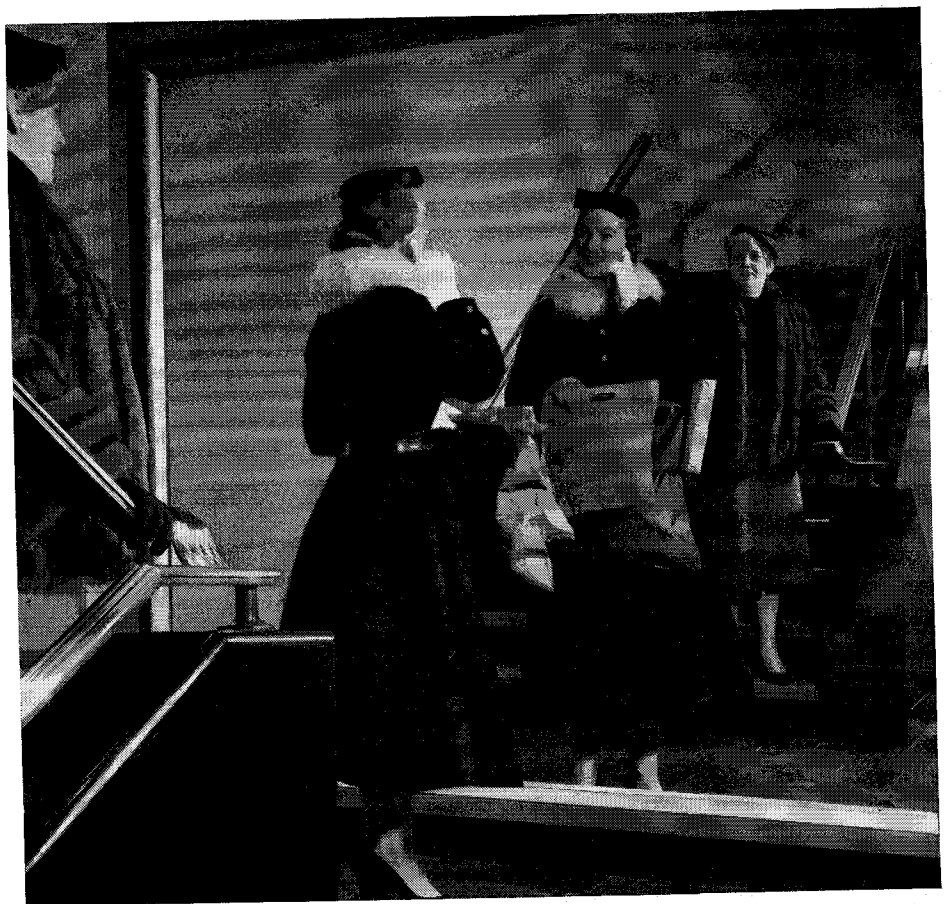
The terrific force of a hurricane is shown in this photo of Boston's Old North Church steeple, snapped at the instant of its destruction by "Hurricane Carol" last year.

WHY WOMEN GET AHEAD AT LIBERTY MUTUAL: Miss Mary Carney demonstrates *how* women get ahead at Liberty Mutual. She is Director of Supervisory Training, came up through the ranks. Liberty Mutual has long recognized the unique abilities that women possess and employs 5300 of them. In company offices from coast to coast, Liberty Mutual women fill important positions. They meet the public. They supervise others. They hold various specialized insurance jobs. They play a great part in delivering Liberty Mutual's excellent service.

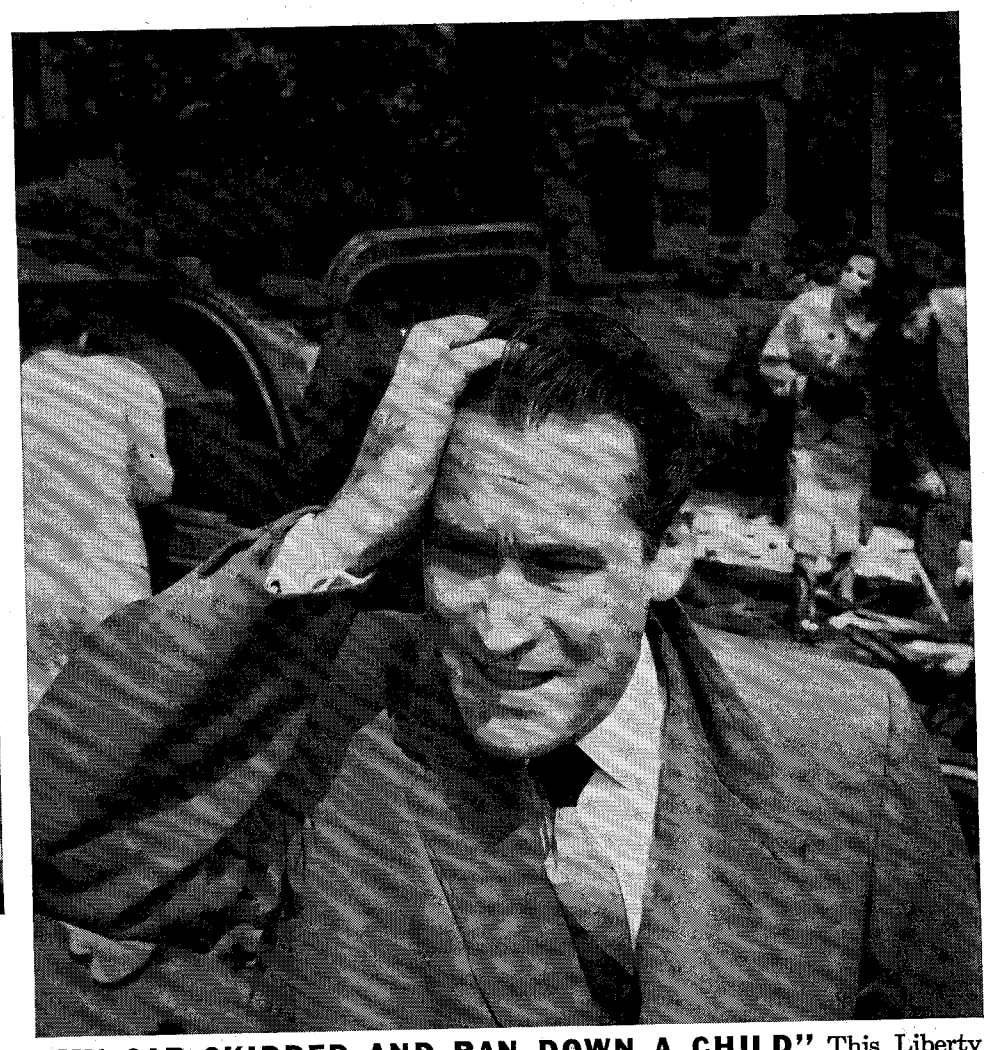
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you



"TAKE AWAY THAT STAIRWAY MIRROR" One out of every six accidents in a place of business is a stair fall. Liberty insures some 40,000 businesses. So Liberty's engineers have made a searching study of stairways. Take that store stairway shown above — the mirror on the wall is dangerously distracting. Liberty research shows that a psychological hazard can be as dangerous as bad architecture. This is just one small example of Liberty's widespread safety program that does so much to keep insurance costs low.



"MY CAR SKIDDED AND RAN DOWN A CHILD" This Liberty Mutual policyholder had one of those accidents that every motorist dreads. Liberty Mutual automobile insurance claimsmen are trained to take care of emergencies like this, to meet your obligations quickly, fairly and thoroughly. Wherever you drive, throughout 48 states, Canada and Hawaii, Liberty Mutual claimsmen are available 24 hours a day.

EXPLOSION MYSTERY SOLVED! When scientists discovered that radio waves can explode dynamite, Liberty Mutual engineers quickly investigated, linked 2-way car radios with mysterious explosions on construction jobs. "*Put up signs!*" said Liberty Mutual engineers to workmen's compensation policyholders. Among other precautions: watch out for nearby radio transmitting stations. Liberty Mutual loss-prevention is always alert to new hazards.

WHAT WE MEAN BY "STANDING BY YOU"

When you insure your car with Liberty Mutual, you are never far from a friend, the Liberty Mutual claimsman. If you have an accident on the road, you can phone him day or night. He's prepared to give you real help.

If you insure your employees with Liberty Mutual, our experienced loss prevention engineers are watching over their safety. You also know that any injured worker will get excellent care through Liberty Mutual's medical advisory program and rehabilitation centers. These services not only benefit your employees, they also reduce your insurance costs.

LIBERTY MUTUAL

HOME OFFICE: BOSTON

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY · LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINTER'S IN THE AIR...

Prepare your car with Mobil Care

Warning—cold weather coming! See your friendly Mobilgas dealer *now*. With these expert Mobil Care services—*your car won't know it's winter!* Here's what he'll do . . .

- **ENGINE.** Drain crankcase—refill with *New Mobiloil Special*—the famous *year-round* motor oil. Assures *easy* starting—full protection—more knock-free power and mileage!
- **COOLING SYSTEM.** Drain and check for rust, leaks, stoppages. Refill with Mobil Permazone. Prevents freeze-ups. One filling lasts all winter!
- **CHASSIS.** Protect all chassis friction points with scientific *Mobilubrication*. Guard costly drive mechanisms too—Mobilube for gears, Mobilfluid 200 for automatic transmissions.
- **BATTERY.** Check condition with *Mobil Start-O-Scope*. Replace battery, if necessary, with the *Mobil Premier*. Guaranteed! Lasts longer—stays stronger!
- **TIRES.** Inspect for breaks, bruises, wear. Change to *Mobil Super De Luxe Tubeless Tires*. Top traction, top protection against punctures, blow-outs!

Mobilgas

SOCONY MOBIL OIL COMPANY, INC., and Affiliates: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY, GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So You're Selling Your House!

(Continued from Page 39)

thirty-one-year-old, one-and-a-half-story green-and-white clapboard in Chevy Chase, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D.C. Back in the 1920's, bungalows were the backbone of the nation, but I learned that now they are as dated as plus-fours and rumble seats.

Our model contained four bedrooms made somewhat the worse for wear by our five children—Kevin, eleven; Julie, nine; Monica and Jane, six-year-old twins; and Kathleeen, two. The house generally was so cramped and cut up that it caused congestion in our family, which sleeps and lounges around at random, as though perpetually playing musical chairs and beds. The morning and evening rush hours resembled a crazily mixed-up crowd scene in an early Marx Brothers movie.

In our anxiety for *Lebensraum*, we contracted to buy a larger house before we had put ours up for sale. Thus we were faced with selling within ninety days in order to acquire the down payment for the other settlement.

There were other reasons for our growing insomnia. It was midwinter, when the weather keeps all but the most cold-blooded buyers at home, and when our hedges and huge old trees looked petrified. From the standpoint of competition, there was a home-construction boom in the area, and Bill, the man next door, was trying to sell his house, a virtual twin of ours.

Under pressure to sell as soon as possible, we agreed to let the real-estate agents tow prospects to us at any hour of the day or evening, with only a five-minute warning by telephone. Some of them neglected to give us even that courtesy, and Connie several times had to spring from the bathtub or shower when she heard a tour forming at the front door.

So all our baths, including the children's, had to be taken late at night, and we ate our meals standing up in our tiny kitchen, to keep the dining room looking attractive. Obviously, the real-estate salesmen regarded us as spear carriers—necessary to the scenery, but only as silent, standard props. In fact, one of them left behind a card listing fifteen sternly worded commandments. Rule No. 12 was: "Do not tag along with the prospect and salesman (during a showing). You will be called if needed."

Connie and I fell back, as obsequious as servants, during a showing, but unfortunately, the children pursued the prospects in defiance of Rule No. 12, peppering them with questions and family secrets. "What's your name?" they would ask. "What kind of hat is that? Are you going to buy our house? Our drain is broken."

Their phalanx was usually reinforced by a number of little friends from down the street. When all the new generation began eddying through our downstairs, the place looked like a nursery school. This ring of small, staring faces was enough to make any prospect uncomfortable, and speed him on his way right out the front door.

We conceded that the children would have to go. On weekends, I shanghaied them into the station wagon and put maximum miles between us and home. Once we had pounded through the zoo, the museums and the historical monuments, we hibernated completely in double features. That winter, I endured forty-eight juvenile movies, got hit with ninety-five (estimated) bags of popcorn, and served as a pylon for an endless procession of crawling and climbing moppets.

Meanwhile, Connie was arranging the house as carefully as a Broadway set designer. To camouflage telltale signs of age, we had painted the living and dining rooms white, rubber-tiled the old dining-room floor, hung green bamboo blinds over the old-fashioned windows, streamlined the wide-mantel fireplace, and covered the walls of the stairway and upstairs hall with black-and-white wallpaper. To try to add a seductive atmosphere, Connie kept a fire blazing in the grate, a symphony record on the phonograph, and appetizing odors drifting from the kitchen.

At the first fall of a strange footstep on the front walk, she could, in thirty seconds flat, roll back the rolled-up white rugs and jerk the slip covers off the divan and chairs and stuff them in the front closet. Then the problem was to outmaneuver any prospect who wanted to open that closet door. Usually, he couldn't anyway, since it was warped and could be opened only with a practiced bear-down-and-yank-out motion.

The fact is that I had utterly failed to live up to Rule No. 3 on my owner-behavior card: "Fix that faucet . . . loose doorknobs, sticking drawers, warped cabinet drawers and doors. Such things are noticed by prospects." I had never fixed anything in my life but a creaking sentence. I have always been a little less mechanically ept than anyone I knew. True, I have strongly advocated Do-it-Yourself, but I have steadfastly drawn the line at Do-it-Myself.

That's why our loose doorknobs stay loose. Our children are unusually skilled at wiggling an old doorknob until it hangs so delicately that one more grasp will disconnect it. Entering or leaving our house thus has always had an unsettling effect on nervous visitors. Others, confronted by a knobless door, have gamely climbed through the porch window, taking it in stride as another old-house gag. But real-estate agents warned us that prospects would not be charmed by the unorthodox. They ruled firmly against a simpler entrance-and-exit solution I had hit upon: I discovered that if I slammed the back door hard enough, the front door would fly open, and vice versa.

One salesman seemed particularly apprehensive of booby traps when he showed our place. He had been unnerved by an embarrassing incident. One day a prosperous and dignified matron seemed to like what she saw, after an inspection of the premises, but was not yet at the point of talking terms. She obviously wanted to break off our dwindling conversation and leave us laughing. She tossed a quip which I politely caught with a chuckle, and turned gracefully toward the door, well on her way to making a Gertrude Lawrence exit. But as she seized the doorknob it came off in her hand, like an apple. For several seconds I watched in fascinated horror, as screws and other tiny parts rained on the floor. By the time I had made a belated dive, the salesman was already on his knees, doing a competent reassembly. The matron froze in flustered confusion.

"Don't mind that," I blurted reassuringly. "It happens here all the time."

It was a long couple of minutes before I could get the door open and her through it. We never saw her again.

That was a bad week. Two days later, upon arriving home from work, I urged a salesman to show a hot prospect how neat, clean—and dry—my basement was. They had scarcely disappeared when they reappeared, moving somewhat faster. They took off their shoes, which were sopping wet, and toasted them before the fire. When they informed me that the basement was under two feet of water, I instinctively headed for the yard in search of the twins. Sure enough, my suspicions were confirmed. Practicing to be firemen late that afternoon, they had turned the garden hose down the basement stairs.

That was the first time we lost both a prospect and a salesman simultaneously. We considered this the cutest thing the twins had ever done—after we sold the house.

In general, the salesmen were resourceful in coping with us. Prospects, for example, had a discouraging habit of staring, transfixed, at one pillar, which leaned tiredly as it helped hold up the porch roof and part of the front bedroom, and of running the toe of a shoe exploringly along the sag in that bedroom floor. At such tense moments the salesman's voice would reassuringly purr the real-estate industry's favorite old-house cliché, "This house has done all the settling it's going to do."

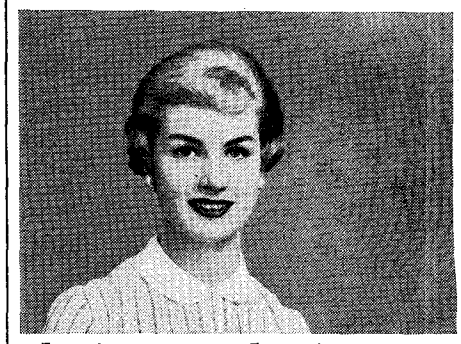
We, in turn, were reasonably resourceful in coping with the agents, who included an extraordinarily high percentage of "characters."

When selling our house became a challenge to the industry, one agency apparently decided that it takes an oddball to sell an oddball. Fifteen minutes before a new salesman was due to appear, an anonymous friend telephoned Connie with this plea, "Be kind to him, won't you? He just got out of St. Elizabeths." St. Elizabeths Hospital is

(Continued on Page 89)

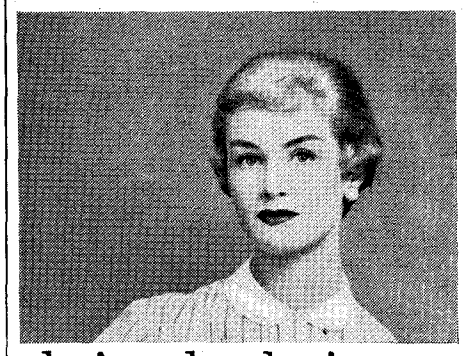
"Miss Campbell! What a pleasant surprise to see you here!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



she's popular!

Because she comes into contact with so many people, she relies—naturally—on internal sanitary protection. She mightn't put it in so many words, even to herself, but there's lots about the bulky belt-pin-pad harness that is definitely repellent to fastidious women. The possibility of odor, for example. Or bulges. All the difficulties and problems, in fact, that Tampax eliminates for good and all!



she's a leader!

She was the first in her set to turn to Tampax. Nobody urged her, nobody advised her—she made up her own mind from an ad such as this. Every Tampax advantage seemed to her logical, true—and desirable. The way it ends disposal problems. The fact it's invisible and unfelt when in place. Even the pleasant discovery that you can wear it in your shower or your tub. (And many women do!)

she's a Tampax user!

She wouldn't go back to "all that other rigmarole" (as she puts it) for the world. As she tucks a Tampax package in a corner of her suitcase, or puts a few spares in her purse, she's even grateful for the small size and inconspicuousness of Tampax. You can get your choice of 3 absorbencies of Tampax (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Why not do it this very month? Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only Borden's Starlac® gives you these pre-measured quart envelopes!

No muss, no fuss, no measuring! Get three 1-quart envelopes in the new red package.

Just tear off the top . . . pour into a quart of cool drinking water . . . a swish of the spoon . . . and you have New Instant Starlac, the nonfat milk that's *really* ready in an instant.

WOMEN VOTE 2 TO 1*... STARLAC TASTES BETTER

From Borden's, famous name in milk, comes New Instant Starlac. No wonder it tastes so good! In recent home-use taste tests,* when women made a choice among leading brands, they preferred Starlac 2 to 1.

And remember, Starlac is the finest pasteurized milk—with only the water and fat removed. So Starlac will give your family all milk's proteins, all milk's B-vitamins, all milk's calcium and other minerals.

Wonderful for drinking! Perfect for cooking and baking, too.

NEW INSTANT STARLAC

Real milk nourishment ...only about 8¢ a quart

in the 5 qt. package . . . even less in the giant economy 12 qt. package!

Borden's Dutch Chocolate Ice Cream
Borden's Dutch Chocolate Drink
Borden's Dutch Chocolate Drink
Borden's CREAM CHEESE
ELSIE'S GOOD FOOD LINE

See Borden's new TV show, "The People's Choice"—every week on NBC.

Copyright 1955, The Borden Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 87) the District of Columbia's institution for the insane. At that, this salesman turned out to be as rational as most of those we encountered.

Eavesdropping behind doors and stairways, we were always amused to hear one salesman weaving pure fantasy. Either that or he was mixed up as to which house he was showing. Pointing to the oil paintings done by my brother-in-law, he would say, "You see, an artist lives here, and there are a number of features you don't get in an ordinary house."

One agent, who maintained we were asking too much for our style of house, telephoned us periodically to snigger and inquire softly, "Dropped your price yet?"

When we had attracted no offers at all after six weeks, two salesmen sat down with us for an agonizing reappraisal. Perhaps something besides antiquity was frightening the buyers.

"It's those pink doors!" exclaimed the female of the pair, referring to Connie's pride and joy upstairs. "Paint them white!" By the time I had hurried to the store and brought back a gallon of white paint, a prospect, also female, had told Connie, "I'm just wild about your pink doors!" The paint was shelved.

All this time there had been a continual editorial revision of the newspaper advertisements, which were paid for—and therefore composed—by the agents. They had started off confidently with "attractive frame bungalow" and "a nice old home." But too many cars were halting in front of the house and then slowly moving on without discharging passengers. To entice these window shoppers inside our unexciting exterior, the ad line was switched to "charmingly decorated," "partly remodeled" and "well cared for."

Next came the slightly fraudulent "ideal for a large young family," followed after another week by such pithily honest adjectives as "mellow," "cozy" and "snug." Trying to recognize ourselves each morning in the advertising section, we laughed self-consciously most of the time, but finally protested an ad that made us feel downright exposed. That was the desperate, quaking line, "Owner anxious to sell." To make our plight even more pointed, it was placed directly above an ad headed in bold type: "Tired of that 1924 model?"

Many who came to look at our 1924 model were spoiled by the flashy new-home ads. They were looking for old-house charm but with soundproof recreation rooms and built-in bars, ovens and television sets. We offered to throw in our washing machine and clothes drier, as a concession, but it only made them greedy for our antique desk and dining-room table.

Driving to work one morning in my car pool, I disgustedly volunteered to throw in the twins as well—and immediately got two takers. However, both these offers turned out to have been made in jest.

Then, one night as we were slap-happily replaying our theme song—Rosemary Clooney's jazzily sad recording of This Old House—a saleswoman showed up, accompanied by her sales manager bearing an offer in contract form. The offer was disappointing, but the sales manager urged us to grab it, on the theory that this was the last buyer on earth—he was a young man with a wife, one baby, and money in the bank—who had the desire and the means to purchase our place. However, I still had a little fight left in me. I negotiated through the salesman and after twenty-four tense hours we agreed on a compromise figure approximately $1500 less than we had asked. Nearly three months, or exactly seventy-eight sleepless nights after we had put it on the market, the house was sold.

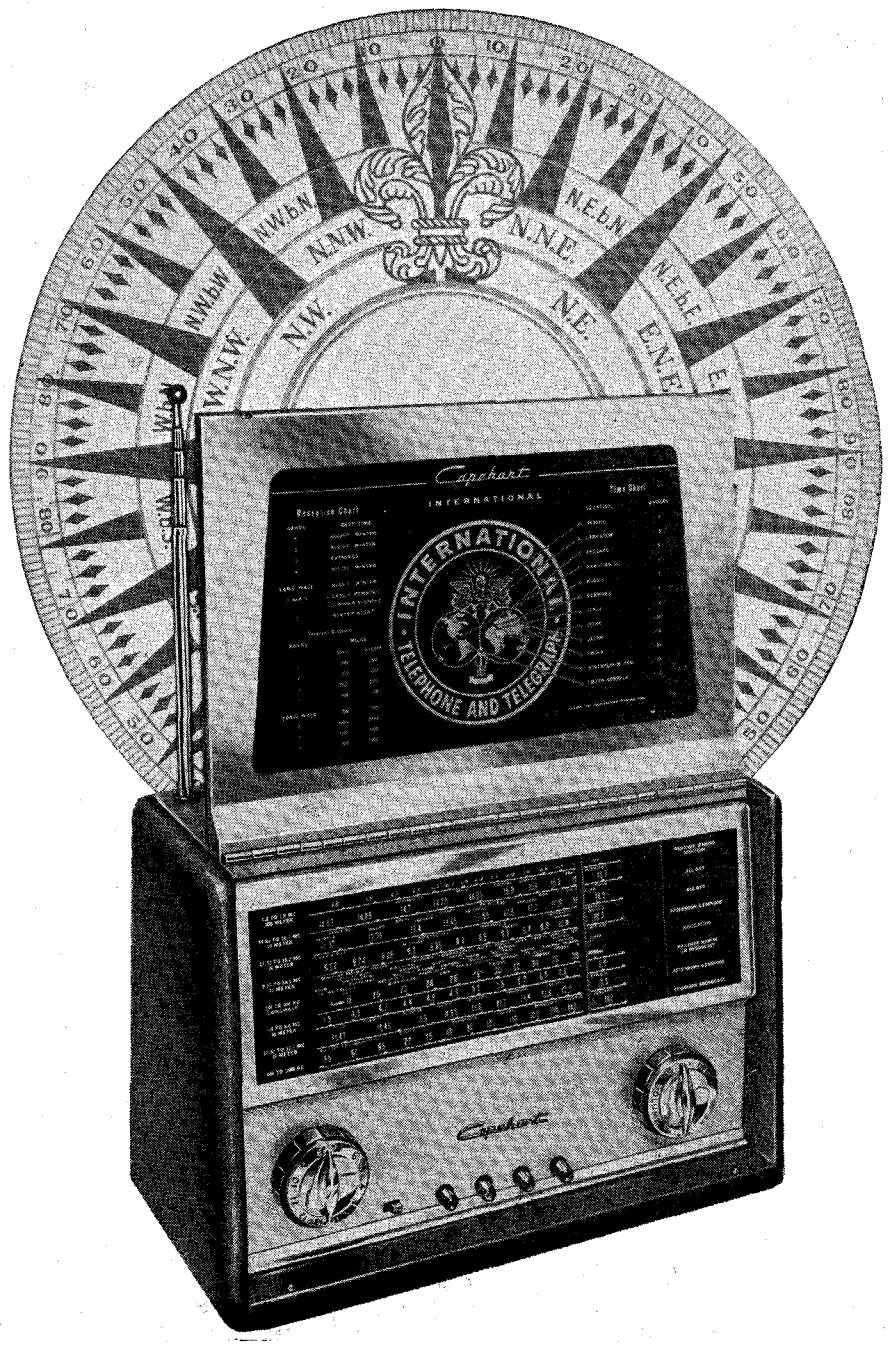
Our buyer, who had never bought a house before, seemed alarmed because we had no keys to our irregular doors. We tried to persuade him that this was peculiar to old houses, pointing out that the one we had just acquired was also keyless. The truth is that while we love our present elderly shelter, it probably would be harder to sell—God forbid!—than our bungalow. For we left a house that was too old and too small, for one that is too old and too big. It is so unconventional it has become a conversation piece at cocktail parties, instantly killing all dull talk about ranch houses and split-level ramblers.

It has thick, stucco-and-crushed-marble walls, five bathrooms, and a downstairs large enough for square dances and foot races. It was built forty-one years ago by an eccentric millionaire and substantially added to, twenty years later, by a strong-minded spendthrift. Intended to look like a mansion, our structure now has much in common with Fort Sumter. Among its architectural aberrations is a turret room jutting out from the third floor—an ideal lookout for snipers if we are ever under siege. We regard this as an advantage: we can spot a real-estate agent two blocks away.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You have to admire Harold's tenacity!"



HERE IT IS...THE ALL NEW

Capehart

"International"

Tune in on the world with the new Capehart "International" 8-Band Portable Radio. Receives standard, short wave, marine, weather and amateur transmissions. Spread Band short wave tuning plus long wave Beacon Band. Pilot light illuminates overseas dial. Handy inside cover world-wide time map. Tone controls. Powerful speaker. Earphone connection. Operates on AC, DC, or "long-life" batteries. Luxurious, serviceable luggage-styled case in tan or brown leatherette. See it today. Your classified directory lists your nearest Capehart dealer.

Capehart

IT&T

CAPEHART-FARNSWORTH COMPANY, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana

A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bangkok (Continued from Page 25)

vegetables, rice, meat and fish, joined in a daily melee confusing beyond description. Cloth merchants, grocers, jewelers, goldsmiths, shoemakers—all the city's commercial men—sought customers up the canals or tied up along their banks to serve their water-borne clientele. Doctors and dentists went their rounds in launches or canoes. Priests stolidly sought alms in tiny canoes. Chinese kitchens dispensed food over the sides of their small boats. And even the kings, moving from palace to palace with their glittering entourage, traveled in stately golden barges.

But gradually, like some prehistoric monster evolving from the primeval mud, the amphibious city began to emerge onto land. Streets rose on levees beside the canals or set out across the sea of paddy fields surrounding the city. King Chulalongkorn—recently granted fame in foreign quarters because of his association with his teacher, Anna Leonowens—decreed that, "My people shall walk in the shade." Behold, trees grew beside the new roads—brilliant flame-of-the-forest, tamarinds with generous arms, trim jack fruit and flowering trees from the distant jungles. The Chinese came in junks for rice and birds' nests, and remained to establish a commercial center in the crook of the Menam Chao Phraya, crowding their shops onto the mud flats. Below them, where the Menam straightens again, a street was built parallel to it, to accommodate the foreigners whose ships docked there. This street, known as New Road, joined with the streets of the Chinese district and formed the nucleus for the great city that has spread out around them.

At the same time, houses began to grow in clusters around the old temples and the new ones, rising helter-skelter wherever the builders thought best. Still, most of the population hugged the canals or lifted their homes on pilings within easy reach of them. The city prospered. Farmers began to lose their sons to the promise of wealth and excitement in the capital, but the influx was gradual. For years the city's pace was the pace of the river and the canals, timeless and calm.

When this correspondent visited Bangkok fifteen years ago, it was still a storybook dream of tropical ease. Temples flashed in the sun, palms drooped under the weight of pendent coconuts. Enormous banyans often trailed their tendrils from wide-flung branches in the center of thoroughfares that respectfully circled them to avoid disturbing the spirits residing there. The people of Bangkok, short, brown and handsome, were—even more than today—a smiling people, tolerant of the foreigner, hospitable, always ready to be amused. Many chewed betel—black teeth were common in the red-stained mouths of otherwise beautiful girls.

In the great houses of the foreigners in those days, life was rich and stately. Ladies floated orchids in their finger bowls and served curry puffs and tea beside lotus pools in their gardens. They rode about town behind chauffeurs in livery and left the details of living up to Chinese or Thai servants. In the evenings the Thai and foreign communities gathered on the lawns of their clubs for an hour or so before dinner, the men in white suits and ties, the ladies with their limbs daintily tucked into sacks made of sarongs to protect them from the mosquitoes. The air, on these occasions, was filled with the odor of frangipani, jasmine, gardenias—and mosquito lotion. It was so pleasant, with the clink of glasses and fizz of soda blending with Scotch, and the frogs and crickets conversing nearby, that often dinner was very late. And they dined sumptuously, when they finally dined, off fine old China, with swarms of Chinese servants in immaculate white uniforms serving with faces frozen—until they got back into the kitchen, where they could discuss the company freely.

Life in the palaces of the Thai princes of the blood was little different, except that the food was more exotic, the servants were Thai, and the meal was sometimes served on the floor. As for the simpler folk, they spent their evenings walking in the parks or assembling at the rude tables of coffee shops and drinking houses to gossip and watch the crowds stroll past. Sometimes the men gathered on the floor of their homes to drink the local whisky, *mekhong*, and chase it with a handful of peanuts and raw pork sausage. Quieter families remained at home, the mother swinging the baby in a hammock and the father dangling a fish line over the veranda into the canal.

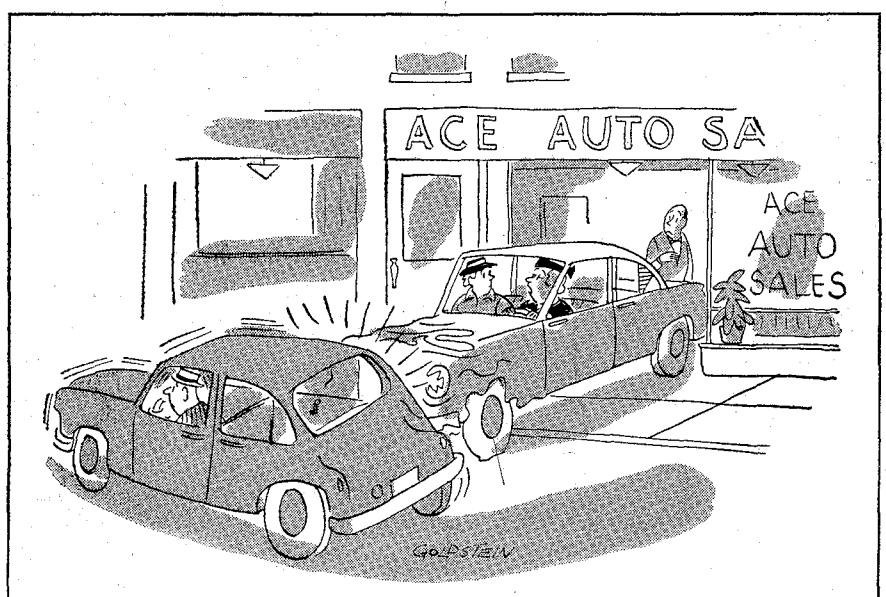
Today few foreigners in Bangkok can afford what even the poorest of us had fifteen years ago. Nor can the rich Thais. The poor and middle-class citizens of the burgeoning city have changed their ways, too, but theirs has been an upward trend. It would be difficult to say when this began to happen. Bangkok, I suppose, was already changing fifteen years ago or longer. The real beginning was probably the day the first railroad left the capital and invaded the hinterland, giving the river's rice barges and bamboo rafts their first competition. It gained impetus when the highways began to follow the rail lines. Perched high on levees, they penetrated villages long isolated from any direct communication with their capital.

But the old way really met its doom when the first airplane landed at Bangkok's Don Muang airport, and it was discovered by airlines around the world that King Rama I had built his city at the point most suitable for a Southeast Asian air center. Today planes of many nations leave Bangkok daily—eastward to Hong Kong, the Philippines, Japan and the United States; westward to Burma, India, the Middle East and Europe; and southward to Malaya, the Indonesian islands, Australia and New Zealand. And arriving planes bring men and ideas from all over the world. Planes carry off wide-eyed Thai students and return them filled with Western lore.

A traveler passing through the streets of this city of 1,000,000 people today could hardly call it sleepy. From early morning until midnight the sidewalks are crammed with pedestrians, and the streets jammed with vehicles. Unfortunately, the city was not prepared for its own awakening. Superimposed on the old network of canals, the new city of automobiles and buses has few streets worthy of the name. Between these few there are great disorderly masses of residences, tenements, shops and temples, with only the narrowest paths wandering aimlessly through them. Vehicular traffic piles up in the politest, most tolerant, quietest traffic jams known to wheeled man. There are almost 32,000 automobiles, trucks, taxis and buses plying Bangkok's narrow streets today. Movement, intensely nerve-racking, is further complicated by the presence of about 20,000 pedicabs, or samlors, 2000 motor samlors and little Toonerville trolleys with humans hanging from their doors. The government is thinking of exiling the samlors to the more remote sections of town, but in the meantime they weave happily in and out among the stalled cars, gaily playing marching tunes on their bicycle bells.

The vehicular constipation is only one sign of the advance this capital has made toward what we are pleased to call civilization. An American sometimes thinks, passing along a main thoroughfare, that he has never left home. It is a blow to the aspiring lotus-eater to hear loud-speakers pouring mutilated versions of American jazz and cowboy laments onto the unprotected heads of pedestrians. He is unprepared for the signs advertising on every available space famous American soft drinks or for the imposing new movie theaters advertising familiar productions with monster representations of Lana Turner, Jane Russell or some other of the goddesses from the land across the seas. There are those who claim, either with joy or bitterness, that Bangkok has "gone American"—when actually all that has happened is that it has joined the rest of the human race in the enjoyment of twentieth-century advancements. It is only an accident of international trade that restaurants and teahouses display American automatic refrigerators in the place of honor more frequently than they do British or German brands. But there are as many British, Danish, French and other European brands among the advertisements for tooth pastes, foods, clothing and automobiles as there are American.

Another unlamented change that is taking place in Bangkok is the rise of new buildings more suited to modern commerce. Once there were only old yellow buildings of a style created in colonial days by the Chinese, French, British and other foreigners, who thought that the tropics demanded high ceilings, great useless lobbies and vast floor space. Today many of these are being replaced by new office buildings of concrete or brick. The old uninspired colonial architecture, its plaster chipping, its shutters sagging, is a sad sight beside the equally uninspired modern structures, with plate-glass fronts, grilled façades, exposed staircases and even, where there is air conditioning, real glass windows. Where the style for these fancy new structures originated, no one seems to know, but certainly not in Thailand. Only the new government buildings—long slices of cheddar cheese with dragon eaves and red-tiled roofs—retain some of the color of the land their piles are driven into.



"Well, that breaks the ice."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Most of the new buildings are going up along the old, narrow thoroughfares, where their gleaming bulk crowds the sidewalks, dooming any plans to widen the streets and condemning themselves to eventual decay. Even one of the newest movie theaters—and there are four being built in the city—is squeezed into one of the oldest and most congested business districts. There are a number of reasons why the builders choose sites they will eventually have to abandon. One of them is that big business prefers to cluster around its queen-bee banks, all in the older sections. Another is that the Chinese, who dominate commercial life here, follow the ancient custom of sating the land with as many humans as an inch will hold, and seem happier when their shops and homes are piled on one another. So, Bangkok's business and a considerable part of its population are jammed into the few square miles of territory within the loop of the old river.

The government has long recognized the evils of this suicidal congestion and made, just before the war, a valiant if ingenuous effort to remedy it. A magnificent new business district was constructed, its main street modeled after the Champs Élysées, with the king's palace sparkling at one end and the parliament building soberly dominating the other. The street, known as Rajadamnoen, the King's Road, is as wide as a Salt Lake City thoroughfare, with a central island and rows of ornate street lamps. Two rows of identical office buildings line the broad sidewalks. There are two hotels on the King's Road, an apartment house, a department store, a spacious movie theater and the finest ice-cream palace in the whole kingdom. But, alas, the office buildings are badly designed and, although a few offices moved onto the new boulevard, about the only really busy building is the theater. Most of the time Rajadamnoen is a concrete desert, with hardly a pedestrian to be seen upon its ample sidewalks. Bangkok people seem to prefer the crowded, noisy congestion of the older business districts, where a man is never more than an inch away from his fellow man.

But, while choosing the most densely populated areas for commerce, the people of Bangkok wisely reserve plenty of space for their spiritual life. The potential lotus-eater soon finds, off the main thoroughfares, that, although the citizens of the capital have changed many things, they have not discarded much of the life he came to see. Bangkok is still Krung Thep, the City of the Gods, to the Thais. The sparkling stupas and chapels of the Buddhist temples stand at every turn, on the main streets and up narrow lanes, flashing gold and glittering with the color of rubies, emeralds and diamonds in the tropical sun. There are 181 temples within the city limits. Within their high walls there are quiet flagstone courts, spreading bodh trees and informal gardens. The hoot and holler of human commerce is muted in the temple grounds, and the contemplative can still find peace there. Every morning the temple gates open and lines of priests—10,000 of them—march out with their brass begging bowls to remind the people of the Eightfold Path of Buddha.

The temples the people know best are not those the tourists see. The sparkling, opulent Temple of the Emerald Buddha, the sober tower of the Temple of Dawn reflected in the Menam Chao Phraya, the monumental stupa perched on its "golden mount," the immaculately balanced Marble Temple— (Continued on Page 92)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing the greatest advance in automotive interior heating in more than 30 years!

The New South Wind Instant Automatic Car Heating System

...60% hotter, and 400% faster, than any heater in history!

Now! Hot Heat for your car in 5 seconds! A steady, dependable flow of abundant warmth for every mile of your winter driving!

South Wind, America's oldest and largest manufacturer of heaters for automobiles and aircraft, now introduces the most revolutionary automotive heating development in thirty years. The new South Wind Instant Car Heating System is the result of sixteen years of research and experience at a cost of over five million dollars. Developed first for military vehicles and aircraft, it has brought life-sustaining warmth to thousands in the Armed Forces. Now this sensationally fast and effective heating brings a new concept of winter driving comfort to the American public.

Now, for the first time, you can enjoy truly dependable and efficient *automatic* heating. From the moment you turn your key, the new South Wind fills your car with cheering warmth . . . maintains it automatically at exactly the degree you want it, at all speeds, in any weather. Just set it in the fall and forget it till spring. No more chilly discomfort in slow winter traffic, in stop-and-go driving . . . or on long midwinter trips, even when speeding into a bitter wind!

Here's what this new instant automatic heating system will mean to you in your family car:

1. Instant Warmth, from a cold start, even at 30 below. *Hot heat* in less than 5 seconds!

2. Automatic Control! Exactly the warmth you want, in every kind of weather, all winter long!

3. No "Cold-Car Shivers." No wait for engine warm-up. No wait for water to get hot.

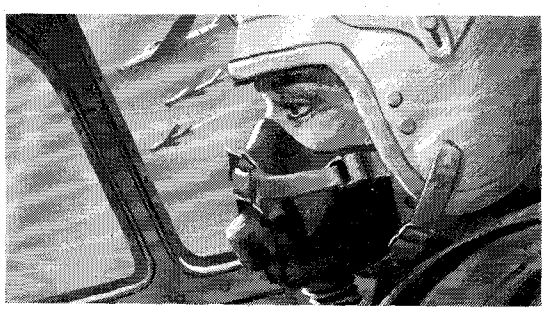
4. Fresh Warmed Air, renewed every 60 seconds! Thermostat adjusts for outside temperature.

5. Defrosts in Seconds! Instant action! Keeps windshield free of fog, frost, ice, in coldest weather.

Millions of motorists who remember using the famous South Wind heaters of the past will be even more enthusiastic over this revolutionary new advance in automotive heating. Already it is being offered as optional equipment on some leading makes of 1956 cars.

South Wind
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
INSTANT AUTOMATIC CAR HEATING SYSTEM

A PRODUCT OF SW STEWART WARNER



PROVED AT 60,000 FEET! Originally developed for high-altitude aircraft, this unique type of heating has proved itself in military vehicles of every kind. Now it is available for use in civilian motor cars! Mail coupon below for full information, plus an illustrated folder.

FREE! CLIP COUPON NOW!

South Wind Division, Stewart-Warner Corp.
1514 Drover Street, Indianapolis 7, Indiana

Please send me illustrated folder describing the new South Wind Instant Automatic Car Heating System, and information as to where it is available.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 90) these are the temples most familiar to the visitor. But the people's temples are up the lanes, surrounded sometimes by tenements or hidden behind office buildings. They are more colorful, all of them, today than they have ever been since their construction. Their protection is now in the hands of the government, and millions have been spent in recent years to save them from decay. Around Bangkok this awakening of governmental interest is attributed to the ominous approach of the 2500th anniversary of the founding of Buddhism.

According to legend, Buddhism will survive on earth only 5000 years, after which the world will be consumed by fire. This remote cataclysm would not disturb the officials living in the Buddhist Era 2498, which is now, if it were not that the legend also promises that at the halfway point, B.E. 2500, the races of men will consume themselves in warfare and "blood will run as deep as an elephant's belly." According to our calendar, that will be in 1957. So, with this prospect just two years away, believers are scrambling to accumulate a good stock of merit to carry them through the flood incarnadine. While there is no observable slowing of the pursuit of sin in official circles, there has been a lot of frantic building and renovating of temples—for there is no better way to win merit, outside of actually becoming a better man, which is too much to ask of any of us.

The chief supporters of the temples are not the officials, however, nor the wealthy. They are the residents of those weathered, unpainted homes perched on pilings over the back-alley bogs of the city's tenement districts. It is there that the begging bowls of the army of priests are filled every morning. For the temple is still the center of the life of the poor, in spite of the movie theaters and other places of amusement within their grasp. Every young man tries to spend at least three months in the priesthood before he goes out into the competitive world. To the poor, the priest is still doctor, business adviser, necromancer and spiritual guide. In short, in the tenements of Bangkok, and only a little less in the more pretentious homes, Buddhism is still a vital, living religion, and the animism that it absorbed when it conquered the primitive Thais still is a force in the town.

Animism, which peoples the natural world with spirits of good and evil, probably retains its influence here because Bangkok is not yet completely a city. Its population, except for the Chinese, are chiefly upcountry villagers who came to the city, as the saying goes, to seek their fortunes. Along with them came their simple animistic beliefs. It is true that these people soon acquire a big-city façade. They acquire, if they are men, a wrist watch—the symbol of success and affluence—as soon as they are able, and a pair of leather shoes and long trousers for the evening promenade. The women press their strong black hair into permanent waves and style it after the fashion of their favorite American movie actress. They spurn the sarong, as their men do the loin cloth—*pakhaoma*—and adopt the latest styles in Western dress. There is a radio in their crowded dwelling, if they can possibly afford it, and they dream of a refrigerator to cool their drinks.

The young among them usually know the words of a few American songs. They go to the soda fountain the "American way," which is their way of saying Dutch treat, and they label the tough in his pudding-tight trousers a "cowboy." They wouldn't be caught dead without shoes on, once they can afford the price of a pair, nor would they leave the house without a shirt. None of them chew betel any more, although they may indulge in chewing gum. They know every make of automobile on the street and can tell you which one they're going to buy as soon as they "get rich." In short, after a few years in Bangkok, the Thai villager displays all the earmarks of a "modern" man or woman.

But in the house they live in, there is a little, brightly painted house on a pole in which lives the spirit, or *phi*, of the land upon which the building stands. The boy wanting a wrist watch may burn a joss stick at the door of the godhouse, and his sister may ask the *phi* for a new dress or the permanent she can't afford. Their mother will feed the god daily to guarantee the safety of her family. Behind the immaculately laundered shirt fronts of the rich and the poor, amulets dangle from golden chains or frayed strings to protect the wearers from evil. Mechanized vehicles may have driven peace from the streets, but the *phi*—the spirits of the land, the woods and the dead—will not be dispossessed. They are jealous of their rights and they can cause a lot of trouble.

The ways of the *phi* are strange and unfathomable to the layman. But in the dark recesses of the temples there are cells in which live old priests and wise, who know all the intricacies of spirit life and advise the people on the delicate problem of peaceful coexistence with the *phi*. They are doctors, too, and many of my friends swear that priests have healed raw wounds with their medicines, eliminated cancers and performed other prodigies with a few verses from the sutras and a minimum of medications. There are priests within the temple walls who can tell you why your business is bad or your love life failing to prosper. It has been said that several *coups d'état* failed in this city of *coups* because the plotters consulted priests with glib tongues to learn what date would be most likely for their attempt. Two to one, the businessman you see in his new American car visits his favorite priest regularly to guarantee the continuation of his good fortune. The youth on the sidewalk, strutting proudly beside his well-chaperoned girl friend, undoubtedly looks that confident only because he can feel the weight of the priest-blessed amulet dangling from its chain around his neck.

In those lingering superstitions of an ancient past Bangkok shows its newness. Neither spiritually nor physically has Bangkok escaped or forgotten its past. Although today it has its head in the skies and a foot on land, there is still one foot in the river and the canals, from which, as they pass through remote villages, the ancient superstitions flow. Nor are the canals forgotten thoroughfares. Hundreds of farmers still depend on them to transport their produce into the city. They still come, as they did in the days of old King Rama I, in canoes and barges to supply most of the city's food. Some are heaped with vegetables, others with coconuts, durians, mangoes, rambutans, bananas and other tropical fruits. There are squealing bargeloads of hogs, thrust into bamboo baskets and piled like cordwood, until the gunwales rest on the water. There are barges of fish, prawns and crabs, and others, with sooty crews, piled high with charcoal for the cooking thereof. But mostly there are barges bearing great mounds of rice to fill the stomachs of the city dwellers. Every day hundreds of them go into the canals to serve the still-sizable water-bound population of the city.

The canals are a city within a city, where houseboats congregate or homes are built over the water on piles. The canal people still hold their morning markets as they did in the days of Rama I. The vegetable, fruit and rice merchants, the butchers, the bakers, and the ceremonial-candlestick makers, the flower sellers, fish peddlers and the Chinese noodle venders still meet every morning at certain roomy spots along the canals to ply their trade from boats. To them, in canoes mostly, come the housewives. Through the confusion of these floating markets, with boats bumping, tradesmen shouting and housewives haggling, priests float solemnly in little canoes, their begging bowls on the bow, asking silently for alms. Water buses cut an uncertain way through the melee. Food venders, with their charcoal fires glowing in the center of their boats, wander in and out. To the landsman, every canoe seems on the point of capsizing in the choppy, overcrowded canal, but their occupants haggle and gossip with the greatest unconcern.

The floating markets last only a few hours in the morning. Occasionally, later in the day, a launch fitted with a public-address system invades the canals to blare out patent-medicine advertisements or to announce raucously that Gary Cooper is shooting it up at the Chalerm Krung. But usually, once the marketers have gone, there is quiet in the canals. If there is any further shopping to do, whether to buy an aspirin or to purchase a new shirt for the master of the house, the housewife will take out the family canoe and row up to one of the shops leaning out over the water on weathered pilings. But there is little else to disturb the ancient scene or to waken the tired oarsman tied up for a nap in the shade of the broad, protecting limbs of a giant tamarind growing beside the canal.

Canal life seems very remote from the modern city of Bangkok most of us know. It is. And year by year, as roads and railroads gradually replace the waterways as links with the hinterland, the importance of the canals diminishes. More and more people are making their way onto the land and turning their backs on the water. The city of canals and the city of streets are inexorably moving toward something new. Even the pixy *phi* may be dispossessed eventually, as new twentieth-century spirits take their place. Already there are vitamin tablets, sulfa pills, penicillin, and other concoctions of the modern medicine men doubling the family security beside the jar of joss sticks in the average Thai home. Just as the river and the canal are giving place to a new way of life, so is the *phi* losing ground, although not without a fight. Recently the *phi* saw his new enemy face to face in the streets of Bangkok, and the observer could not but shed a tear for his easy defeat. The planet Venus, which had no business appearing in a daytime sky, shone over Bangkok from noon until evening and caused tremendous excitement in the streets. She was immediately identified by the modern Thai as their first glimpse of the modern *phi*—the "devil dish," or, as we call it, "flying saucer." The faith with which the devil dish was received seemed proof enough that the days of the ancient *phi* are indeed numbered.

So are the days of the canals and—the government sincerely hopes—the congested business district in the elbow of the river. A new boulevard is now under construction at the edge of the town, where there is some chance, as time goes on, to build tributary streets without removing miles of high buildings. This will be a model business street, with plenty of width for modern traffic, wide sidewalks and shops of concrete construction. Along it no factories will be permitted. A big new hotel is already building there. Foreign-style restaurants have opened. It is hoped that shops and offices will be lured there, and especially some of the banks. When it is completed, other streets will be widened to meet it.

If this effort to lure business away from Chinatown and New Road is successful, one can imagine those areas becoming desolate slums—which is to say, somewhat more lifeless, but hardly slummier than they are today. The city may then expand with some order, as its residential areas are already expanding, into the paddy fields that stretch for many miles on every side of it.

In the meantime there are dirt and disease and one of the world's worst traffic muddles. Caught in the dusty turmoil of New Road at traffic's high tide, convinced that the old and the new cannot be made to exist side by side, one can be forgiven for wishing, however unwisely, that old Rama I would return in his golden barge and, using his autocratic powers, pick the city up and move it downriver a few miles, where it could start all over again. THE END

"It has an Electric Alarm. When your husband reaches over to turn it off, it hits him with a hundred and twenty volts."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIG DEAL!

Sealtest ICE CREAM half gallon

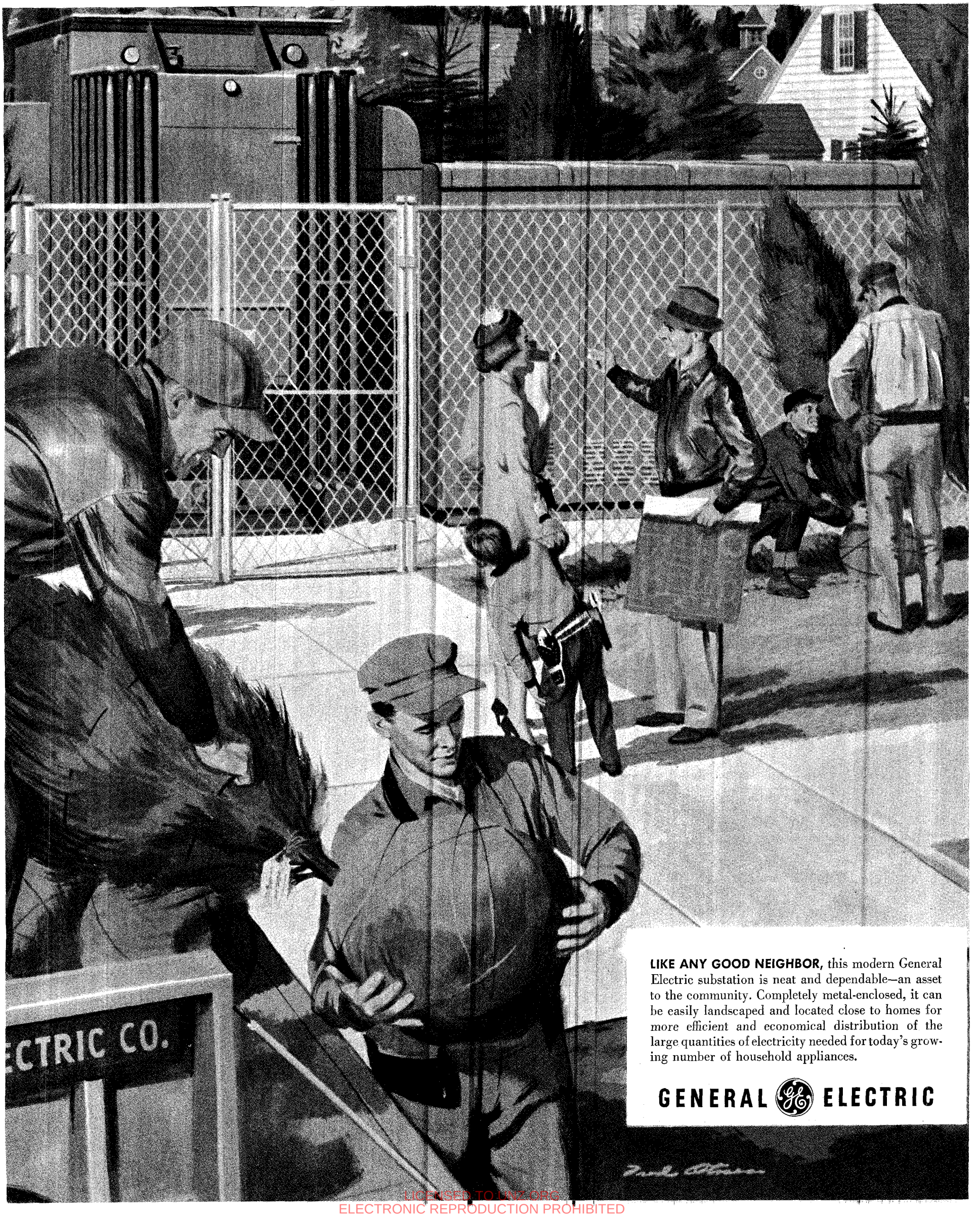
Everybody wins with the big, thrifty Sealtest half-gallon! So handy, so delicious, so many super-servings! Keep some on hand always!

Sealtest is a trade mark of National Dairy Products Corporation, and identifies products of the Corporation and its divisions. It is the sign of the best in ice cream, milk and other foods—and it's your assurance of purity, quality and delicious flavor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORE POWER FOR AMERICA

Best friend your neighborhood can have



LIKE ANY GOOD NEIGHBOR, this modern General Electric substation is neat and dependable—an asset to the community. Completely metal-enclosed, it can be easily landscaped and located close to homes for more efficient and economical distribution of the large quantities of electricity needed for today's growing number of household appliances.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . to help keep electricity today's greatest bargain

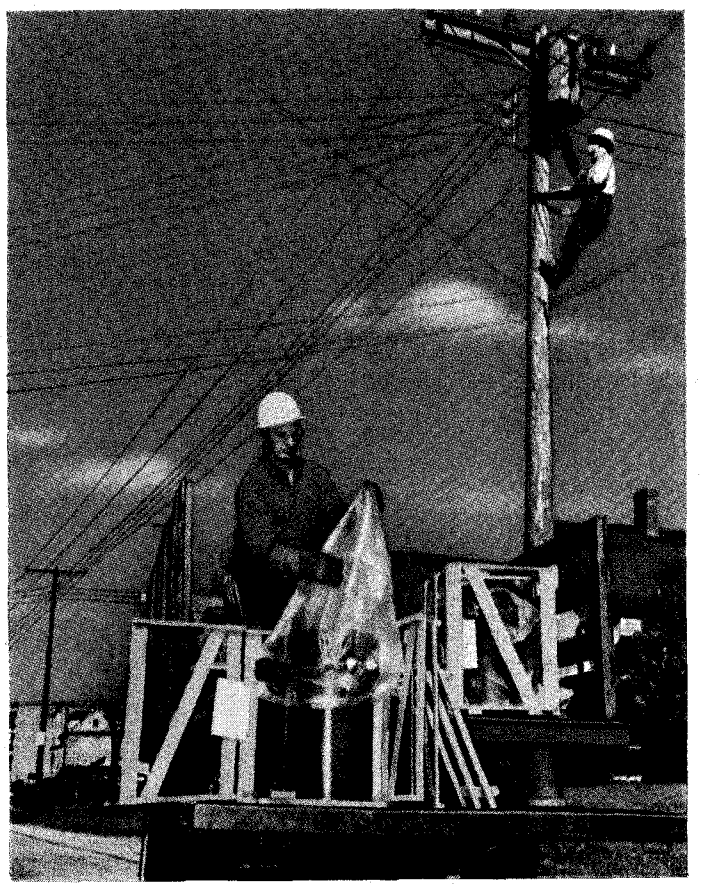
Modern General Electric substations help supply electricity in the large quantities needed for modern living

If your neighborhood is typical, people are now using twice as much electricity as they did ten years ago—and experts say the use of electricity will double again in the next ten years! That's why you may find you've an unobtrusive "good neighbor" close by—a modern electric substation like the one pictured on the opposite page.

Willing worker for community progress, a substation like this acts as a receiving center for the high voltage electricity sent out by big electric power stations. By bringing electricity in "wholesale lots" close to where it is used, such substations help electric utilities deliver power more economically. And with a plentiful source of supply close to your home, you are sure of all the electricity you can use, no matter how many electrical appliances you eventually buy.

Compact, simple design and dependable automatic operation—results of General Electric engineering—make these modern substations possible. Many electric utilities make them even more welcome as neighbors by screening with trees and attractive landscaping.

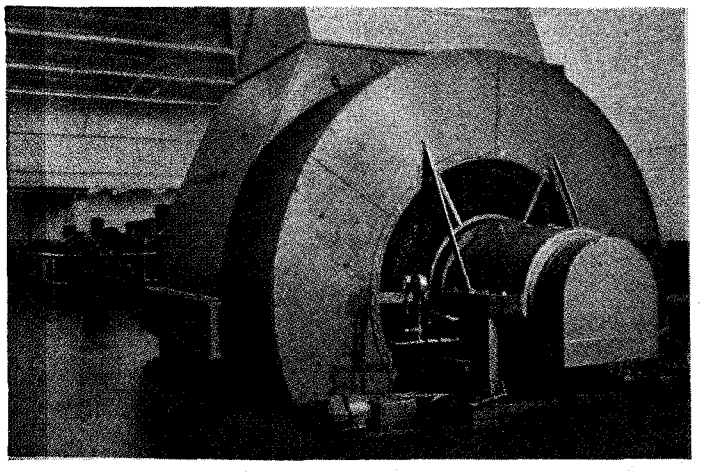
Modern equipment is one reason why electricity now costs you so little. America's electric utilities spend millions of dollars *every day* installing new and better equipment to bring you economical electric power. Thanks to this, you actually pay less for electricity today than you paid 20 or more years ago. Working with electric utilities, General Electric will continue to help in keeping electricity your greatest bargain. General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, N. Y. 954-10



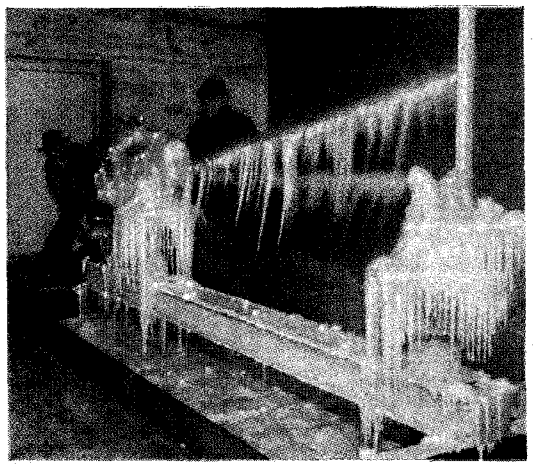
POLE-TOP "QUICK CHANGE ACT" shows one way electric utilities meet your demands for more low-cost electricity. When the new G-E distribution transformer on the truck replaces the older unit on the pole, it will double the electricity available to homes along this street. Transformer reduces voltage of main power lines to the lower voltage used in your home.

See your favorite stars in the finest TV dramas on the General Electric Theater, with Ronald Reagan as your host each Sunday night, CBS-TV.

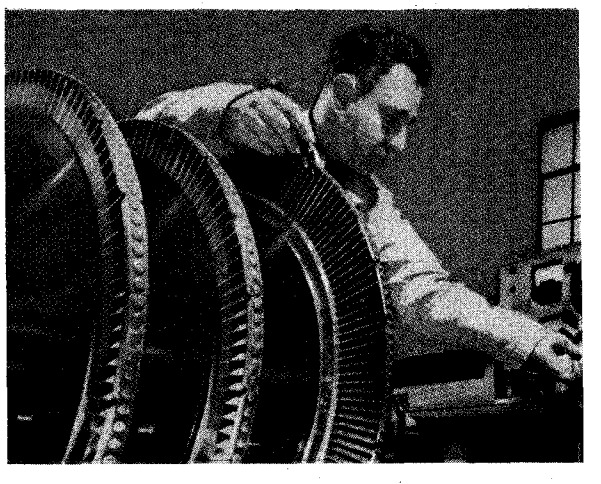
How G-E engineering helps keep electricity plentiful—and low in cost



IN A NEW $1,000,000 G-E LABORATORY, this equipment is used to develop and test large motor and generator designs. Laboratory will help engineers plan improvements in big hydro-generators which supply about 20% of our electricity.



ARTIFICIAL ICE STORM, created in refrigerated room, has coated this giant disconnect switch with inches of ice—yet it operates properly. Tests like this help G.E. build equipment to keep electricity even more dependable—whatever the weather.



PROBING FOR "QUIET ZONES" of minimum vibration helps G-E engineers to design better high-speed turbines for driving boiler feed pumps. Such turbines can play an important part in dependable power station operation.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mayor and Miss Casey

(Continued from Page 31)

look at the professor's divinity-student puss convinced a voter he was no such thing, so the Forum backed down and called him a coyote, by way of apology.

The campaign was colorful, and Professor Standish won by six votes. His victory left the city with as nasty a case of municipal schizophrenia as you'll ever see. Chaps were being worn at half-mast.

The Bassetts made their play to have the new mayor recalled eight months after the election and the day after Mr. Gino Rantoni came to the mayor with a deal. Mr. Rantoni, a genial, white-haired little codger, had emigrated from Italy in 1913 and started the Bear Restaurant. Forty-two years later he owned the Bear Clothing & Dry Goods, the Bear Hotel, two Bear motels, the Bear Savings & Loan and the Bear Feed & Grain.

"Mister Mayor," he said simply, "I've made a lot of money here, and a lot of friends. I love this country of ours and I love Antelope Wash. I'm seventy-four years old now, and before I die I want to show everybody how grateful I am to be here." He smiled happily. "So mamma and I, we'll give the city a zoo."

"Well, that is certainly generous of you, Mr. Rantoni. Antelope Wash needs a zoo."

"We'll put it in the park. I'll buy everything—the buildings, the landscaping, the bears, everything."

"Wait," the mayor said. "Bears?"

"That's right, just bears. All kinds of bears. We never had kids, mamma and me, so the zoo is for all the kids from Mr. and Mrs. Gino Rantoni."

"Bears it shall be then," George said. He shook the little philanthropist's hand. "You make me proud to be mayor, sir."

When Mr. Rantoni had gone, the mayor phoned the Forum to report the good news. Slim Daggett, the editor, an old-timer who had worked for Buck Bassett's father, listened; then said, "Don't move off, mayor; I'm sending Casey over."

Presently Miss Margaret Casey showed up. Miss Casey was twenty-three, seven years younger than the mayor, and regionally renowned for her hot pen and incendiary physique. She had big blue eyes, a lovely red mouth, and was known to be politically passionate. At heart the kid was a crusader. Even as one of his students three years earlier, George had found her uncommonly arousing.

As she sat opposite him, taking notes, the mayor once again began to ferment.

"Mayor," said Miss Casey, when he had finished telling her of the Rantoni gift, "where were you born and brought up that you could be so ignorant about a thing like this?"

"As you pointed out a thousand times during the recent campaign, Miss Casey, I came from Illinois." With great effort, he pulled his gaze off Miss Casey's lips. "Miss Casey, I've often wondered why you fought me with such vigor and eloquence in the campaign. Is it because I flunked you in Poly Sci Two Hundred One?"

She flushed. "Ha! I came right back and passed that with an *A*, didn't I?"

"You did. When you weren't romping with Buck Bassett, you were a lovely student. Is it because you love Buck so much that you dislike me for beating him?"

"That has nothing to do with it! And I don't dislike you personally. It just seems a darned shame that a carpetbagging Easterner who doesn't know a steer from a goat can come out here and get himself elected mayor of a cattle town! It's not right! Just look at you! Every real man in town wears boots and riding pants. But oh, no, not you! Not our mayor!"

"Those pointed-toed boots hurt my feet," the mayor said mildly. "And I've never been on a horse, so why should I wear pants with a two-layer seat?"

"Because it's tradition! Because it's part of our culture! Because we're proud of the way we live up here!"

"I appreciate that, Miss Casey; I think I can be a good mayor without smelling like a horse."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I don't think you can. A mayor's got to have respect and sympathy for the feelings and customs of the people, and you don't. This deal with the bears proves that."

"Now there I admit I don't understand," the mayor said.

She chuckled. "The Forum will be happy to point it out for you in tomorrow morning's paper." She put away her pad of copy paper. "Just as happy as can be."

The mayor stood up. It hadn't been a heartening interview, yet he had an intense, disreputable hankering to keep the girl there. He smiled. "I wonder if you would like to help your city by having dinner with the mayor tonight?"

She gazed in astonishment at him; then her face softened and warm lights went on in her eyes.

"Thank you very much," she said, "but I'm afraid that's out."

"Buck?"

She nodded. "Among other things. So long, your honor."

In the morning, the Forum, in an editorial on the front page entitled Our Bear-Loving Mayor, asked for the recall of Mayor George Standish. The paper declared that "anyone with the brains God gave a gopher would have sense enough not to bring bears into a country that for eighty years had been trying to drive them out. Year in and year out, these hairy cutthroats from the mountains come down and slaughter our cattle, yet our ignorant dude of a mayor plans to import a couple carloads and turn them loose in the city park, where they'll be a constant menace to our Herefords and children. It's time that the citizens of Antelope Wash throw this irresponsible Easterner out of office." The Forum felt a civic duty to start petitions for the recall of Mayor Standish before he did any more harm.

The mayor was stunned. So was Mr. Rantoni, when he called on the mayor later that day. "Look what I do to you!" he cried. "They want to kick you out! I withdraw my zoo! I ——"

"You're not withdrawing anything, Mr. Rantoni." The mayor's cowlick stood up defiantly. "My opponents don't really believe this nonsense about bears' being a menace. They know zoo bears are tame. This is just political knavery, and I'm not going to let them get away with it. Deterioration of government begins with the decay of its principles!"

Mr. Rantoni stifled an impulse to clap.

"How soon can you have one of those escape-proof, moat-type enclosures built in the park?" the mayor asked.

"Couple weeks."

"Mr. Rantoni, I want you to go ahead and build one—just one. Then get a bear—a reliable, ingratiating bear. Get one that waltzes when you throw him a nut."

During the next two weeks petitions demanding the recall of the mayor were signed by more than the required 25 per cent of the voters and were filed with the city clerk. The council set a special election for three weeks hence. The only other candidate to aspire to the mayoralty was Buck Bassett. It was generally conceded that Buck had the mayor over a barrel.

When the first enclosure was built and the bear had arrived to live in it, the mayor went out to the park with Mr. Rantoni, who introduced him to Fred Mayo.

"Fred is the best bear man in the country," Mr. Rantoni said proudly. "From St. Louis."

Fred took the mayor over to see the bear. "This bear is a sweetheart. I raised him from a cub no bigger'n a squirrel. Come here." He led the mayor around to the back and inside. "Don't let on you're nervous. You'll never meet a better-hearted bear than Ginger."

Ginger stood up when he saw the mayor. Fred patted the bear's shoulder. "Ginger don't give nobody trouble," he said. . . . "Right, boy?"

"The only good bears," someone said, "are dead ones."

Buck Bassett and Miss Casey stood on the human side of the moat. Buck was grinning. He was a year or so younger than the mayor, a dark, handsome man in a big, cream-colored hat. Though his middle had begun to lard up in recent months, he was still a mighty striking buckaroo.

"Hello, Miss Casey," George said. . . . "Bassett."

"When I heard you had a bear, I had to see it," Buck said. "Now you ain't atellin' me that this here concrete ditch is gonna keep that mangy bear offen my cattle, are you?"

"It is," the mayor said. He joined Miss Casey and Bassett. "The finest zoos in the country use this kind of enclosure."

"Professor," Buck drawled, "in cow country bears ain't too popular. This here bear is gonna be shot, you know. If not before election, then right after."

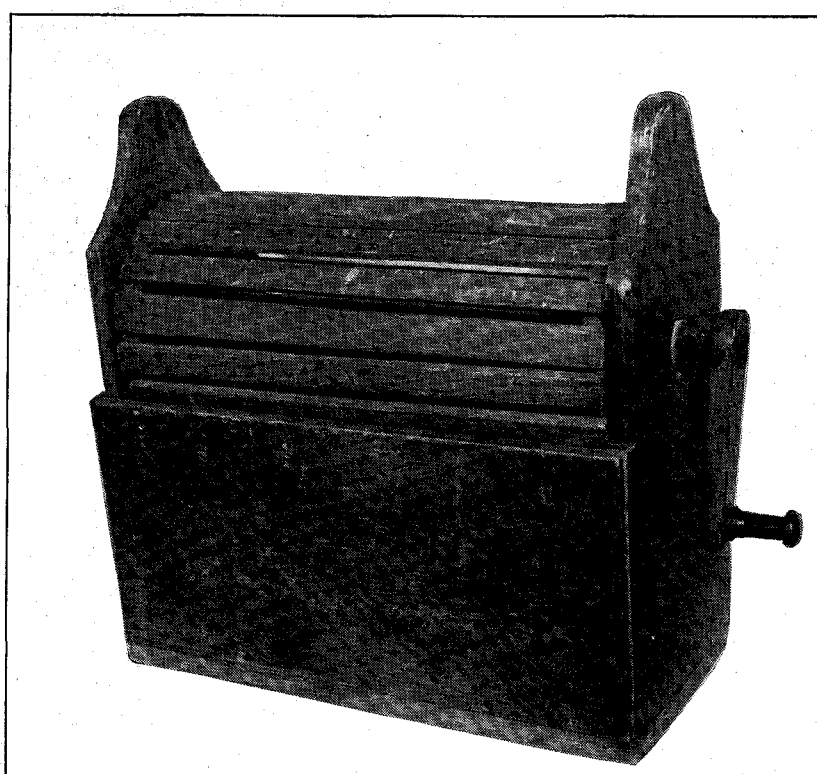
Buck had his face so close to the mayor's that he breathed on him, and the 100-proof exhaust made the mayor sort of wilt. Few things in this world annoyed the mayor like a wrangler feeling his corn.

Holding his head back, he said, "I don't believe that will happen."

"No?" Buck grinned. He snaked an arm around Miss Casey and hugged her to him. "Reckon our pointed-head mayor don't believe me, honey. Now ain't he gonna be surprised when his bear winds up as a rug?" He glanced down at the mayor's hands. "Now what you got them little white fists of yours made up for?"

George looked at Miss Casey. Her eyes pleaded with him to keep the peace. The mayor took a deep, steadying breath. "I hope you and Miss Casey will attend the official opening of the zoo next Tuesday," he said

(Continued on Page 98)



How's Your Pioneer Instinct?

Many an early American patiently turned the handle of this wooden machine which is now preserved in the Pennsylvania Farm Museum at Landis Valley, near Lancaster. The machine, dating from about 1825, is twenty-six inches long and twenty inches high. Can you name it and identify its use?

It was called a	It was used to
NUT SORTER	Separate small nuts from large ones.
STAIR-CARPET BEATER	Remove dust from narrow-width carpets.
TREADMILL	Train pet squirrels.
BURLING REEL	Take the napping and snags from freshly woven woolen cloth.

Barlow Bridges

CORRECT ANSWER:

A burling or napping reel, used to smooth out the kinks and snags in woolen cloth before "fulling, teazling and tenting" the cloth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*A Man In Your Town

THERE'S A MAN in your town—whose advice can mean much to your financial security.

He's a responsible member of your community and active in furthering its progress and well-being. You might see him in the morning calling on a neighbor who has suffered a loss—or you might pass his lighted office late some night and see him still at work.

Like any professional man, even after long training, examination and licensing, he must keep abreast of current developments in his field so that he can provide you with the best protection available.

Yes, your **local insurance agent*, representing long-established capital stock insurance companies, can bring to you the greatest attributes of friendship—peace of mind and help when it is most needed.

If you travel by air frequently, an Annual Air Travel Policy will save you time and money!

America Fore
INSURANCE GROUP

★ The Continental Insurance Company
★ Fidelity-Phenix Fire Insurance Company
★ Niagara Fire Insurance Company
★ American Eagle Fire Insurance Company
★ The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 96)

quietly. . . .

"Bring a photographer, will you, Miss Casey? Now, excuse me; I have work to do."

For the ceremony at the zoo a goodly crowd assembled, many of them men in denim pants and big hats.

The mayor stood before the moat and thanked Mr. Rantoni and his wife for their splendid gift to the children of Antelope Wash. Mr. Rantoni responded, thanking the good people of the city for so enriching the lives of two humble people from Firenze.

The speeches concluded, the mayor announced that in order to prove that any fear of this bear was groundless and politically inspired, he was going in and meet Ginger in his new house.

"Miss Casey," he said, "would you and the photographer care to accompany me? I assure you it is quite safe."

Miss Casey's eyes narrowed; then she turned and called to the Forum photographer talking to Buck Bassett, "Homer, bring your black box."

There was scattered applause when the three of them, with Fred, entered the enclosure. Fred spoke to Ginger, who looked over Fred's shoulder and twitched his nose at the guests.

"It's all right," Fred said. "Take the pictures."

Before a silent crowd, the mayor walked over and stood beside the bear. He noticed that Ginger had a slight odor.

"I'll get him to put his hand on your shoulder, mayor," Fred said. "Make a great little picture for the folks." He laid Ginger's great paw on George's shoulder.

"Take the picture," George said. He was pale.

Homer held up his camera. There was a blinding flash, followed by a horrified grunt. Miss Casey bolted, screaming. Ginger vanished. The mayor came tumbling down the slope to the moat and dropped in.

"Hang it all!" Fred snapped. "Now you've scared him!" He peered into the darkness of the artificial cave into which Ginger had fled.

"Where'd the mayor go to?" Miss Casey cried.

"The mayor?" Fred said irascibly. "In the moat."

The mayor was just pushing himself into a sitting position when Miss Casey looked in on him. "You O.K.?"

He looked up at her and she saw that his forget-me-not blue eyes were dazed. The entire shoulder and sleeve of his coat were gone and five parallel red scratches bled on his upper arm. He tried to stand up, and fell down.

"Holy jumped-up Judas priest!" Miss Casey yelled. "Why doesn't someone do something?"

"Why, doggone it, ma'am," a man with copper rivets in his pants drawled, "you don't hardly ever get to see a thing like that no more. Do you reckon you could get him to do it agin?"

Her face grew crimson. "How many of you clowns out there have enough guts to come in here with this bear, I'd like to know?"

"Well, now, honey," Buck said, "it don't seem it's guts our varmint-lovin' mayor needs. It's the brains to stop neckin' with a bear."

During the ensuing horselaughter, Miss Casey glared at Buck; she turned to Fred. "Get a ladder."

The mayor had managed to rise. Before his assembled, rapt constituents he stood humbly, looking at his feet.

"O.K., everybody!" Miss Casey cried irritably. "The performance is over! You can go home now!"

No one left. Fred brought a ladder and the mayor climbed painfully out.

"Where's your car?" Miss Casey asked.

He didn't speak on the ride to his apartment, nor when she led him in and made him lie down on his sofa. She bathed his arm and painted the scratches with iodine.

"You're trembling, mayor," she said gently. "Relax."

"My heaven," the mayor said in his anguish, "I've just committed political hara-kiri in public!" And he held his head in his hands.

"That's what happens when the academic mind tries to get cute," she told him. She touched his arm. "Does it feel all right? I can call Doc Pierce, you know."

For the first time, the mayor smiled. "No, you do very well. You have a therapeutic warmth that Doc Pierce lacks."

"Mayor," she chuckled, "why do I keep underestimating you? That was very sweet. Thank you. Right now I'm sorry I have to get back to work." She regarded him a moment, then leaned down and kissed him. "Remember that dinner you asked me to have with you? We'll have it tonight. I'll bring the meat."

When she had gone, the mayor lay for a long time staring at the ceiling. Every time he thought of the farce with Ginger his long body squirmed and he moaned softly. His supporters, he knew, must be as ashamed of him as he was of himself. In all his life he had never felt so lousy.

At seven Miss Casey returned with two porterhouses. Her lovely face was grave, and remained so as she prepared his dinner.

When they had eaten and were sitting on his sofa, she said, "I've got something pretty rotten to tell you."

"You mean the citizenry is in stitches over me?"

"Oh, I guess there's chortling in the saloons tonight; it's not every day a bear

You see things more clearly through L·O·F Parallel-O-Plate Glass than through any other glass made in America!

L·O·F Parallel-O-Plate Glass is *twin-ground* for a visual quality that cannot be matched by *ordinary* plate glass ground one side at a time. It is the only *twin-ground* plate glass made in America. *Yet, in most localities, it costs no more than regular plate glass!*

Insist on Parallel-O-Plate Glass for your windows. And make sure any mirrors you buy are made of Parallel-O-Plate.

Parallel-O-Plate Glass is available from Libbey·Owens·Ford Distributors and Dealers. You'll find their names under "Glass" in yellow pages of phone books.

For complete information on this remarkable glass, write Dept. 16115, Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Company, Toledo 3, Ohio. *®

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

L·O·F Parallel-O-Plate Glass

Finest plate glass made in America...only by LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD *a Great Name in Glass*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground-loops the mayor." She eyed him unhappily. "But that's not what I mean. You were had."

"Had?"

"I was too excited this afternoon to think, but later I asked myself who used a flash bulb to take a picture on a sunny day? Nobody. So I ran down my grimy little chum, Homer, and told him I'd knock him permanently out of focus if he didn't come clean. He said he'd been ordered to do it."

"Ordered." George's face hardened. "That means Buck."

Her cheeks reddened. "I might as well tell you that there have been times lately when I've felt like popping Buck. He's changed a lot since he decided he wanted to be mayor. His heels keep getting higher and his pants tighter, and he drawls so much I can hardly understand him. He seems to think if he doesn't talk like a half-witted cowpoke, people will figure he rides side-saddle. I know he'll get over all this one of these days, but it kind of gripes me."

"Are you going to marry him?" he inquired softly.

"I suppose so. We've been going together for years. Until just this last year we had a wonderful time."

"I never thought I'd envy that cowpoke, but I do."

She took his hand, smiling. "You may not be my kind of mayor, but you're awfully nice. I'm not going to be very proud of myself when the Forum laughs at you in the morning."

The mayor's mood had brightened a great deal in the past few minutes. "I have a news item you might pass on to Buck. Tell him the mayor's not licked yet; tell him I'm going to fight him and his jokers right down to the ballot box."

"Fight 'em?" She stared. "You mean you're going to stand by that lily-livered bear?"

"Ginger stays. He was hornswoggled; so was I."

"Aw, mayor, for pity sakes, look! You can't win! You know what happens when people start laughing at a politician? He's washed up! You told us that in class."

"Because I was flattened by a frightened bear doesn't keep me from being a better mayor than Buck Bassett. He made a jackass out of me today, but I still believe that with honest, straight talk I can win back enough votes to beat a recall." He grinned. "Besides, I'm beginning to like being mayor."

For the second time that day Miss Casey kissed the mayor. "You big boob," she said tenderly, "you're enough to make a girl cry. Don't you know when you're whipped?"

The mayor's cowlick stood up straight; he had a wild gleam in his eyes. "Let's do that some more—kissing, I mean."

She smiled and closed her eyes. "Go ahead, your honor."

For a while they sat wrapped in each other's arms, too busy at their work to talk. The mayor puffed a bit; Miss Casey smiled in a cozy female fashion.

"Miss Casey," he murmured, "we ——"

"Call me Case."

"Case, right now I'm feeling genuinely grateful to Ginger for dumping me in the moat. It brought us together." He paused; he was very serious. "I'm in love with you, Case. It's nothing new. I felt queer the first time you walked into Poly Sci Two hundred and one, three years ago."

"You did?" She sat up. "Golly, why didn't you keep me after school or something? I never knew!"

"You were wearing bobby-sox," he said, blushing. "It made me feel like some sort of sex maniac."

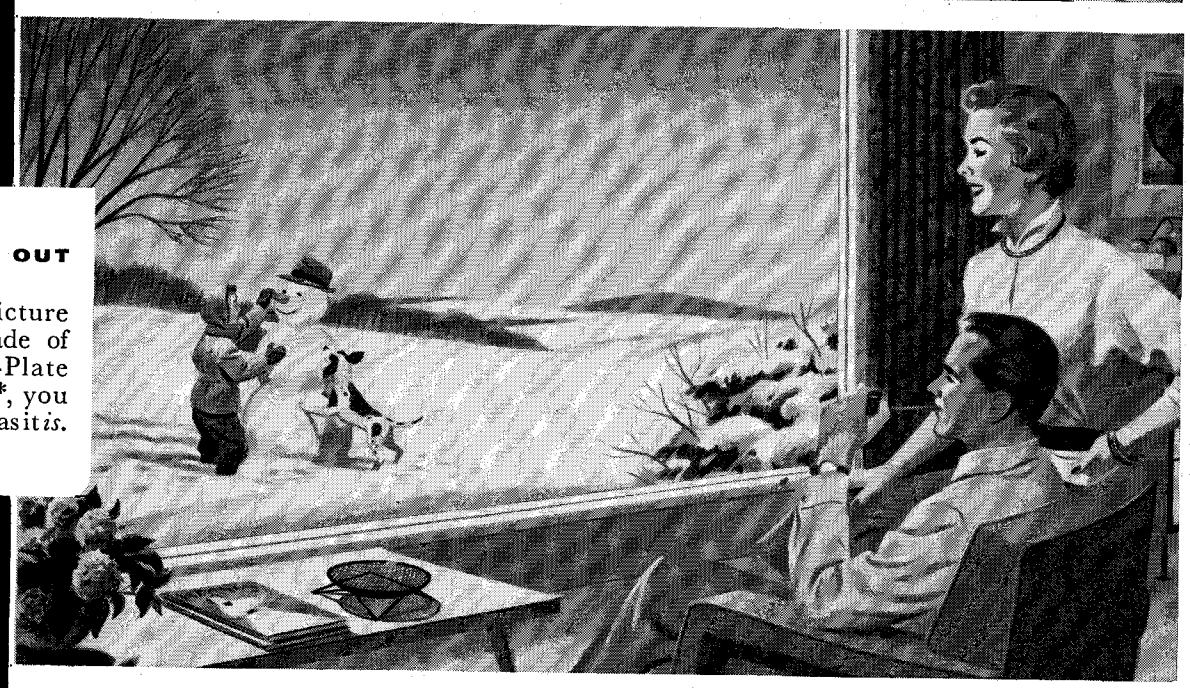
"I was twenty, George," she said. "I suppose to a political scientist that means old enough to register, but not to vote." She stopping smiling; she dropped her eyes. "I'm terribly pleased you love me, George, but I want you to get over it. It's not only that I'm going to marry Buck; I'm going to be editor of the Forum in a couple years. Buck's promised me that. Slim Daggett

LOOKING IN

through the clear Parallel-O-Plate Glass in a store-front, you hardly know the glass is there.

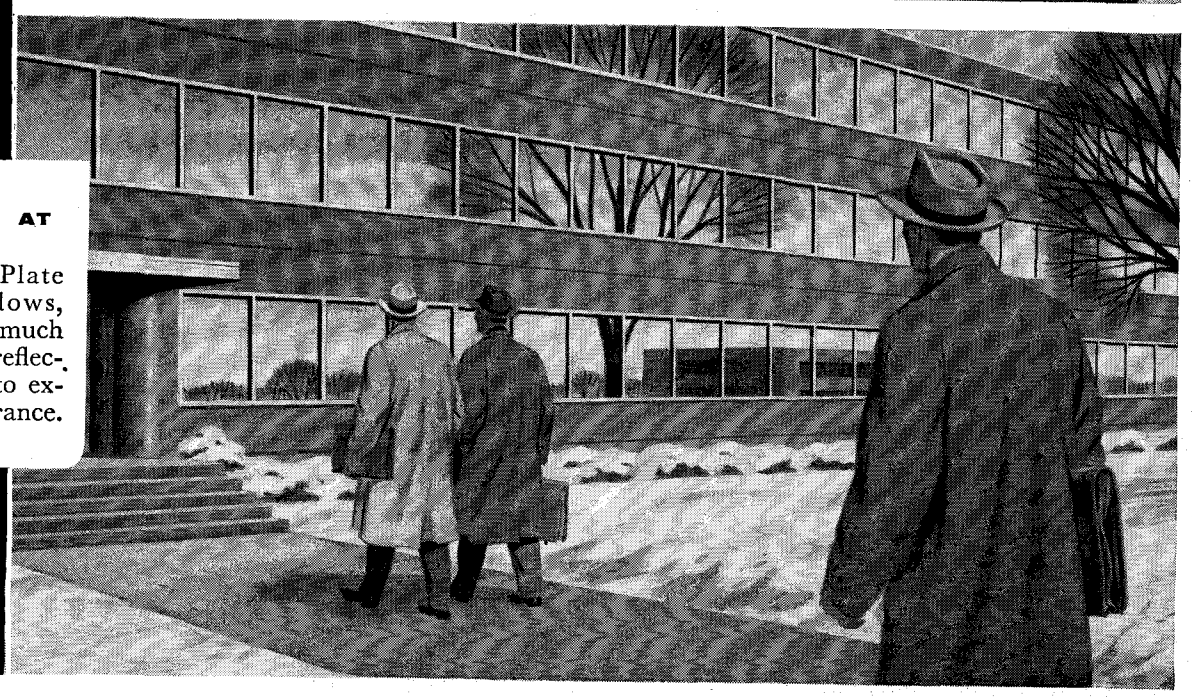
LOOKING OUT

of your picture window made of Parallel-O-Plate *Thermopane**, you see the scene as it *is*.



LOOKING AT

Parallel-O-Plate Glass windows, you see how much its truer reflections mean to exterior appearance.



Hound Music

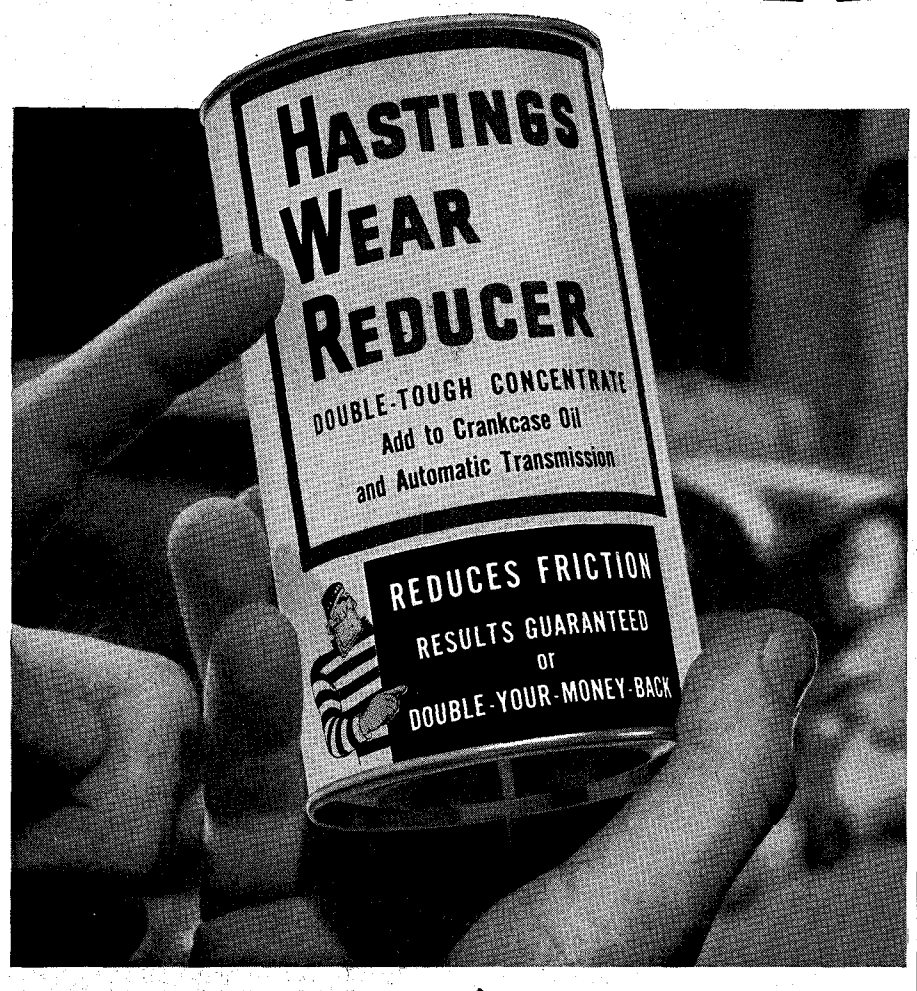
By Elizabeth Landeweer

If I owned a hound with a
harp in his throat
I'd tune in my soul on the
selfsame note,
And I'd follow his trail to
the mountain crest.
If I owned a hound with a
bell in his chest,
I'd make me a bed by a
pine-tree bole,
And I'd listen all night to
the great bell toll.
But my dog only lies in the
firelight beams,
Content with a rabbit to
chase in dreams,
While high up the mountain
against the moon,
The wind bays the stars like
a deep bassoon.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMAZING NEW

OIL ADDITIVE



It's different!

It's like nothing you've ever used before!

This amazing new product makes modern high compression engines smoother, quieter, more powerful. It prevents and stops hydraulic valve lifter noise.

A pint of Hastings Wear Reducer in the crankcase stabilizes and fortifies the oil . . . adds oiliness and increases film strength . . . makes the oil double-tough and prevents acid, rust and corrosion in your engine.

By reducing friction, H-W-R virtually wearproofs the engine and increases the life of all moving parts up to three times. Less friction means more power and increased gasoline mileage, too.

H-W-R keeps the engine free of sludge and gum and does not filter out or evaporate.

Get a pint today and with every oil change . . . at filling stations, garages and car dealers. Results guaranteed or double-your-money-back.

Works with any oil!

Add H-W-R to any brand or type of motor oil you prefer. This includes all heavy duty and detergent oils as well as the 5W-20 and 10W-30 oils.

Smooths out automatic transmissions, too!

A pint of H-W-R added to the oil in fully automatic transmissions eliminates the annoying jerk or jar that often occurs when gears shift up or down.

HASTINGS

WEAR REDUCER • CASITE PISTON RINGS
OIL FILTERS • SPARK PLUGS

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, HASTINGS, MICHIGAN

wants to quit and he's breaking me in on the job. So, you see, you got to forget me; it's a hopeless deal. I'm such an ambitious wench I can't afford to offend Buck even if I don't marry him, which I am."

She got to her feet; she put on fresh lipstick—a signal that all good things come to an end—then she looked at him gravely. "I'll never be able to see you again like this, George. I couldn't stand it. Buck couldn't stand it either." She flung her arms around him, hugging him fiercely. "Good-by, your honor, my darling!" With that, she trotted out of his life forever.

After a pitiable night, during which he moaned a good deal and several times said "Case" out loud, the mayor woke up to find that the Forum was having a grand time with his debacle in the park. The paper pointed out that here was the tamest, the cowardliest bear in the United States, and even he had turned on his benefactor and knocked him out of the park. No more graphic demonstration of a bear's unpredictable savagery or of the mayor's unfitness to hold office in a cattle town could be asked for.

The mayor fought back. The final days of the campaign he spent in continuous oratory. With the ladies of the Royal Neighbors, the Eastern Star, the Lutheran Ladies Aid, the Methodist Ladies Aid and the P.E.O.—a club with secret initials—he was in powerful form. His cowlick had never been so fetching. His effectiveness could be gauged by the amount of homemade cookies, tarts, jellies and doughnuts that poured into his office.

The Eagles, Elks, Moose, Lions and Knights of Columbus put up considerably more resistance, but even here his good humor and his obvious knowledge of municipal government impressed a great many men. The Bassett forces began to look nervous. Buck even made a couple speeches promising a rodeo as big as Cheyenne's. But odds on the election shortened anyway.

On election eve, while the tired and despondent mayor was resting in his apartment, a tall slender man in cowboy boots came in the back way to see him. He and the mayor talked for some time. When the slender man left, the mayor sat down feeling a kind of awe. Many times in the past weeks his fellow man had depressed him no end, but at this moment he admired him so much that he felt like weeping.

A bit later he called on Professor Hooper, head of the biological sciences, and they went over to see Mr. Rantoni. The three of them drove out to see Fred Mayo. The mayor telephoned Miss Casey from Mayo's place.

"I've got to see you tonight, Case," he said.

"You know I can't see you! We settled all that. I'd start kissing you and you'd go to pieces," she told him glumly.

"This is business, Case; a story."

"Really? Well, almost any excuse will do. I'll be right over."

"No," the mayor said. "I'll pick you up."

At 11:30 the mayor, Miss Casey, Mr. Rantoni, Professor Hooper and Fred Mayo drove to the edge of the park, alighted and hoofed it a hundred yards or so to the zoo.

"Why doesn't somebody tell me what's going on?" Miss Casey inquired, trotting to keep up. "How do you think a girl feels, going into a dark park with four gents of the opposite party and sex?"

All the mayor did was take her behind a clump of spiraea bushes and kiss her.

"I was hoping this was some sort of low Eastern trick," Miss Casey said affably, and kissed him back.

"I love you, Case," the mayor said, "and I can't get over it." He had been embracing her like bark on a tree; now he forced himself to disengage. "I want you to stay right here until the show starts," he said. "Take notes. Do you have your pencil?"

She held it up. "What show? What's going ——"

"One more thing, Case. If a great big black animal comes by, don't try to stop him. Let him through."

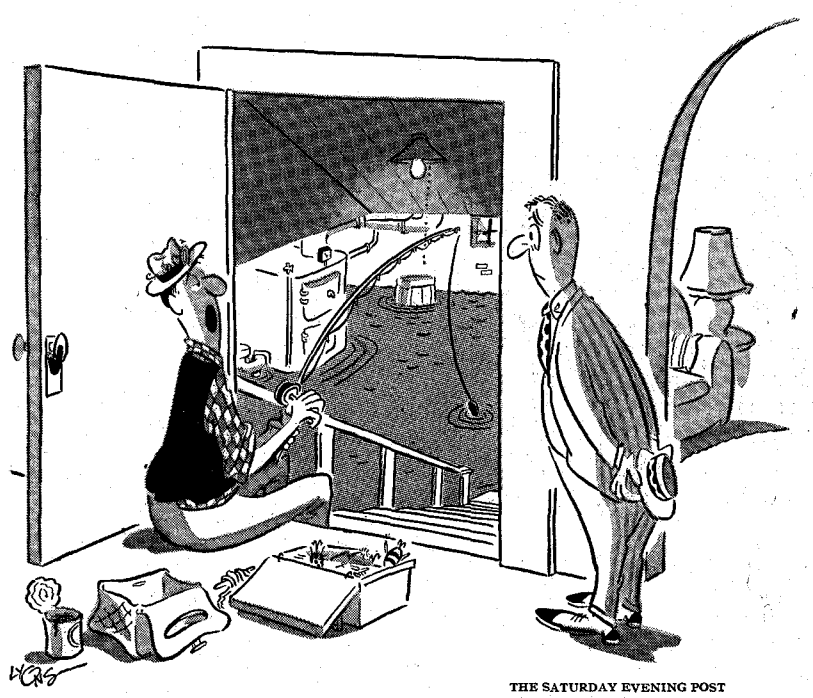
She grabbed his arm. "A great big black animal?"

He kissed her. "I've got to stop this incessant osculation," he said distractedly; "it's holding up my work."

He left her and found the others. A tall, slender man joined them and spoke urgently. Professor Hooper handed Fred Mayo a can of salmon. "Time to feed old *Euarctos americanus*, Freddie," he said.

Fred took the salmon in to the bear. The rest of the men separated, the mayor taking a position behind a box elder.

A moment or two later, a pickup truck, its lights dark, pulled up at the zoo. Three bowlegged men got out and began to unload planks. They were a jocose trio, twice pausing to suck on a jug as they went about bridging the moat with the planks. That done, one of them went around and gaily kicked on the rear of the bear's joint. Ginger emerged (Continued on Page 104)



"We gave up trying to keep it dry and had it stocked."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps protect you from 3 night driving hazards!

Replace your present headlamps now! A pair costs so little

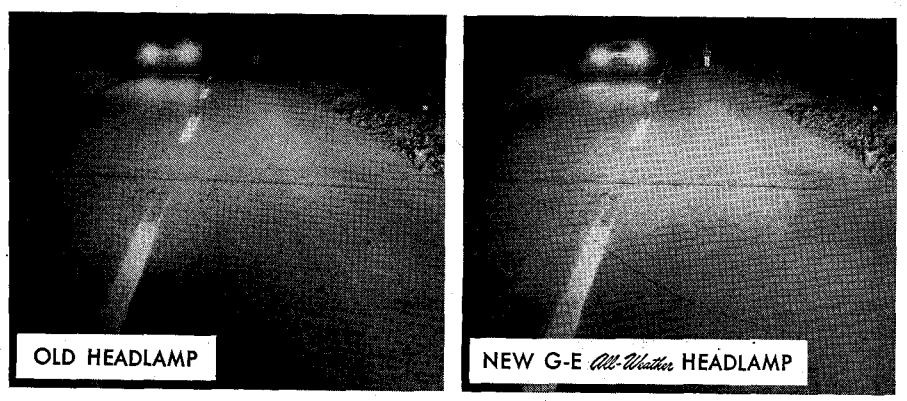
1. THEY HELP YOU SEE THROUGH FOG, RAIN, SNOW

The photos at right show the difference G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps can make. The top picture was taken with ordinary headlamps. A man changing a tire a short distance ahead is practically invisible in the fog. The bottom picture shows the identical scene, this time with General Electric *All-Weather* Headlamps. Now the man changing a tire is clearly seen *through* the fog—and in time to stop.

General Electric *All-Weather* Headlamps help you see through fog, rain and snow far better than ordinary headlamps. The uncontrolled upward light from ordinary headlamps reflects off the fog and back into the driver's eyes, as blinding "kick-back" glare. But G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps have a specially designed shield over the lower beam filament. It blocks out the uncontrolled upward light making it easier to see in fog, rain and snow, with little or no interference from kick-back glare.

2. THEY MAKE IT EASIER TO SEE THE ROAD AGAINST ONCOMING HEADLAMPS

Photo at left below shows how you see against oncoming headlamps when your car has ordinary headlamps. 50 feet beyond the oncoming car, a pedestrian can barely be seen. In photo at right, your car now has G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps. The pedestrian is now clearly visible. Your seeing distance along the right-hand curb is increased by as much as 80 feet.

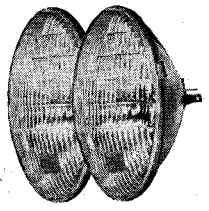


3. THEY PUT LIGHT FAR DOWN THE ROAD TO LET YOU SEE CURVES, DIPS AND OBSTACLES

General Electric *All-Weather* Headlamps are more powerful than ordinary headlamps. The 6-volt size, for instance, gives 25% more light! Since the fog shield does *not* cover the upper-beam filament, you get maximum light for distant seeing in clear weather. The extra light is spread over a wide area, including the shoulders of the road, to show curves and obstacles while they're still far away.

REPLACE PRESENT HEADLAMPS NOW—G-E *All-Weather* HEADLAMPS FIT YOUR CAR

You can't stop in time if you can't see in time. So don't wait until your present headlamps burn out. Put General Electric *All-Weather* Headlamps on your car today. Be sure they're aimed properly. At most auto supply stores, garages, new-car dealers and service stations. Miniature Lamp Dept., General Electric, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

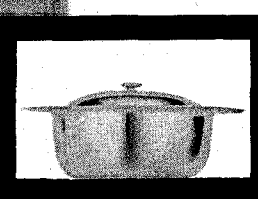


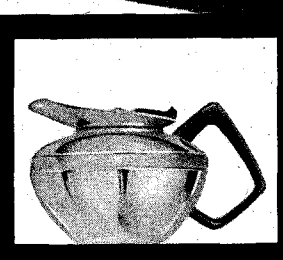
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

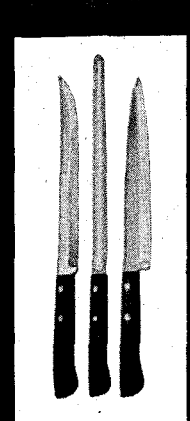
GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

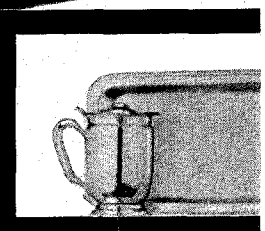
You'll love to live with Stainless ...for Life!

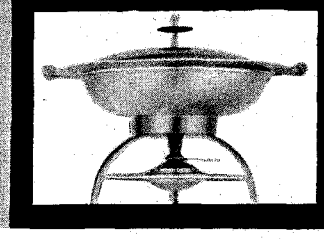


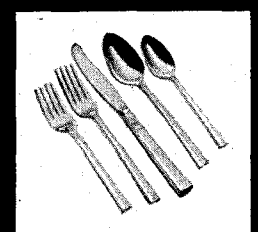


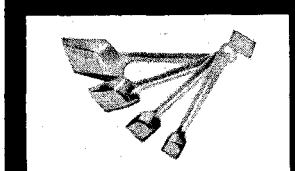


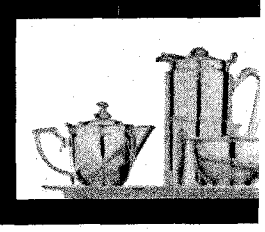
Exciting, eye-catching, fun-to-use housewares like these are made of Republic ENDURO® Stainless Steel. See all the latest designs in the stores during November—*stainless steel month.*



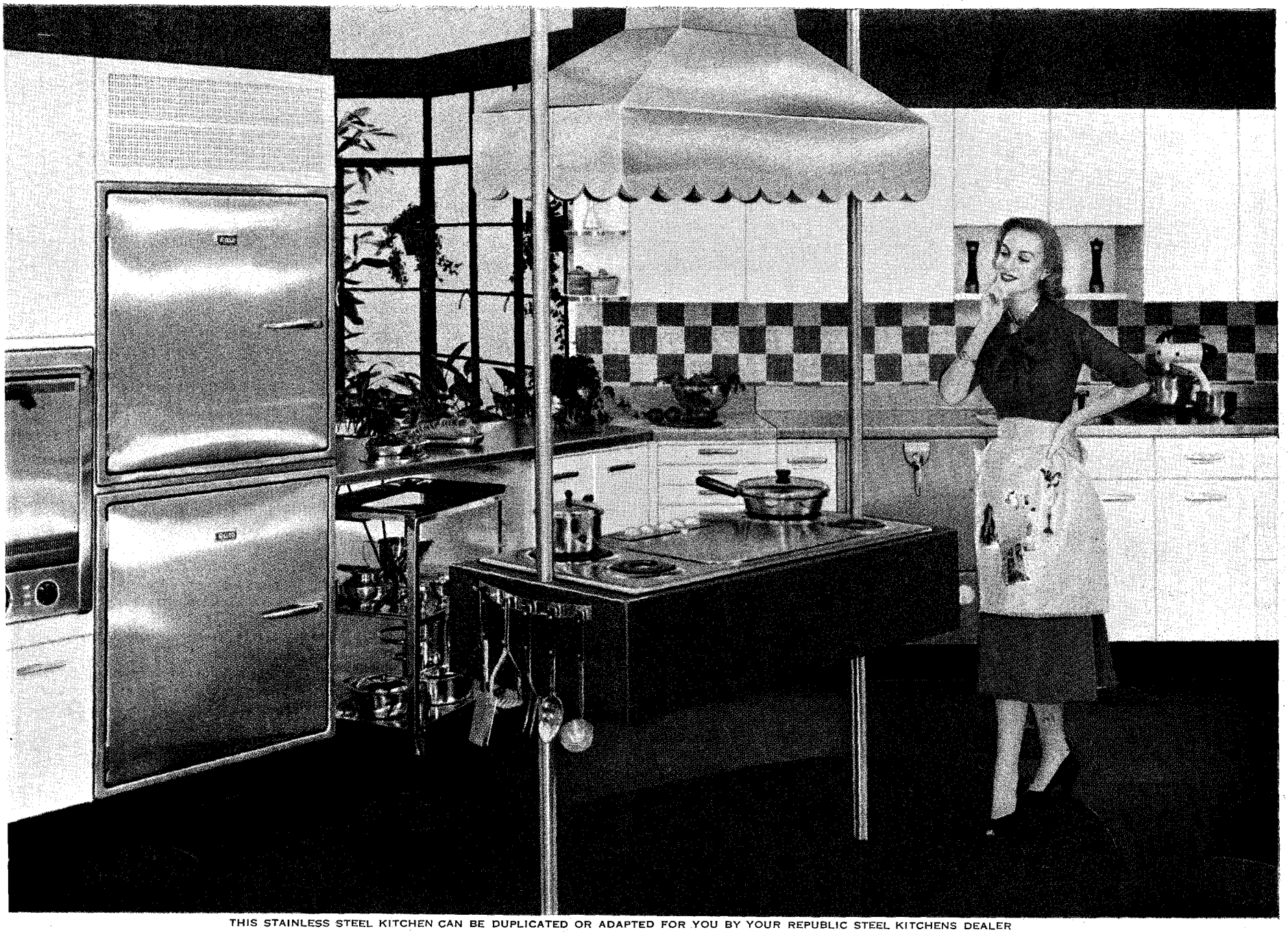








LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THIS STAINLESS STEEL KITCHEN CAN BE DUPLICATED OR ADAPTED FOR YOU BY YOUR REPUBLIC STEEL KITCHENS DEALER

Party-pretty stainless steel ware is starring on the smartest tables and in the best-run kitchens. Because, stainless is fashion-right... and stays lifelong bright with practically no help from you.

You'll love NOT polishing stainless ware, but using it and enjoying it. Stainless frees you from polishing and pampering tableware and serving dishes. Simply pop your stainless ware into your sink and whisk it dry. Or, put it right into your dishwasher. It's always brightly handsome, ready for "company," saving your precious time.

Not a "film," but stainless clear through. Real stainless steel ware, appliances, counter tops and sinks have no applied surface to chip, peel or wear away. Stainless resists tarnishing, resists rust and corrosion.

High style, too. Manufacturers are cleverly combining the advantages of true stainless steel with stunning traditional, contemporary and modern design. You can have new stainless ware that blends perfectly with cherished pieces you already own.

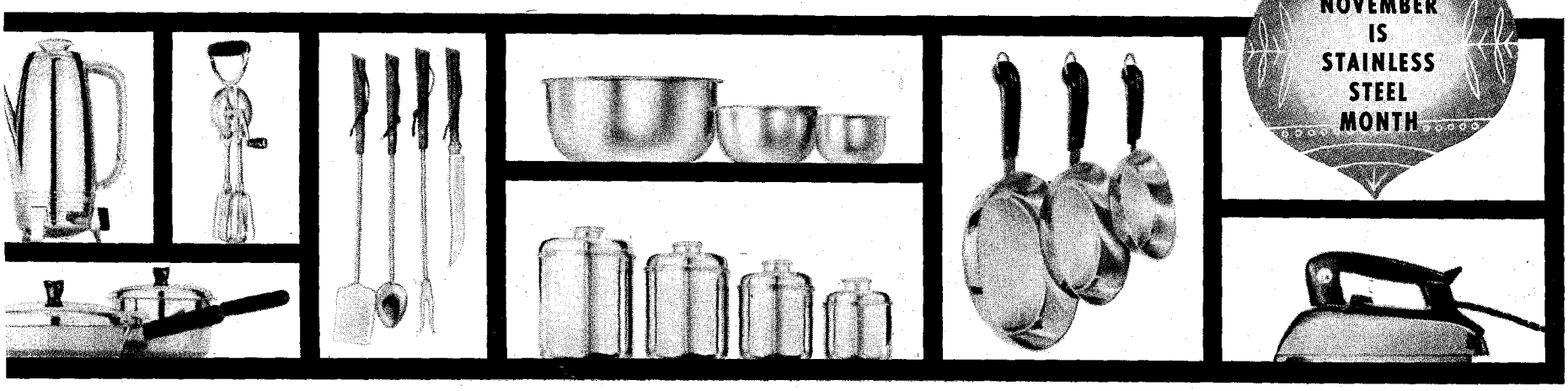
Surprisingly low priced. For all their lifetime beauty, stainless ware and appliances are priced with the lowest... make exciting gifts. Remember: If you want it to last a lifetime, it pays to ask, "Is it stainless steel?"

Republic pioneered stainless steel to help make your home easier to care for. Your delight with its lifelong qualities has helped make Republic the world's largest producer of the flat-rolled stainless steel used in the manufacture of household equipment.

REPUBLIC STEEL

General Offices • Cleveland 1, Ohio

World's Widest Range of Standard Steels and Steel Products



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 100)

from his cave in an agitated shuffle. When he was well out in the open, the remaining two men shot off flash bulbs. In his terror, Ginger turned from side to side, saw the bridge, ran across it and disappeared into the park.

As he passed the appalled Miss Casey she noticed that hotfooting it right behind the bear was a short, spirited biped greatly resembling Fred Mayo.

The mayor stepped out from behind his tree. He held up a camera. "Lights, please, Hoop!" he cried.

The sudden white glare revealed three cowpokes, each with a plank in his hands. One was Buck, the others Bassett help.

"Hold it, Buck!" the mayor said, and snapped his picture.

"Hey, what's goin' on?" Buck roared. He blinked, trying to make out the shadowy figures around him. "Standish, huh? How'd you know about this? What no-good coyote of a traitor ——" He saw Miss Casey and dropped his plank.

"By heaven, I should 'a' knowed you'd find out and run squealin' to this snivelin' prairie dog of a mayor."

"Buck, I've had all of you I can stand!" Miss Casey cried. "This does it! I'm going to belt you one!" She started for him, but the slender man stepped between them.

"Daggett!" Buck said. "Slim, what you doing here?"

"Don't yowl at Case, you bum," the editor of the Forum said. "If you weren't a drunken, overdressed, underdone cowboy, you'd know she had nothin' to do with this. For months she's been cryin' her eyes out at what's happened to you, Buck. We all have. We used to think you were quite a guy, but not any more. Now all you want to do is dress up pretty and lead the rodeo parade. Mayor? Buck, I wouldn't vote for you to dip sheep."

"You double-crossed me, Slim?"

"I argued with you, and when you said you were going ahead with this deal anyway, I went to the mayor. That was just after I resigned as editor. Do you think I'd work for a skunk that would turn a bear loose in a city full of children just to win an election?" Slim turned to Case. "You know what he was going to do? He was going to turn that bear loose and make it look like it had escaped by itself. Then in the morning paper he was going to run headlines blaming the mayor for not putting up an enclosure that would hold a bear. To make it look real good, he was going to kill one of his own steers and claim the bear had done it." Slim eyed Buck with contempt. "I got a bellyful of you, Buck. I'd have quit long ago if I hadn't remembered what a man your daddy was." Slim stepped aside. "Go ahead and take a swing at him, Case, if you want to."

She didn't. "Buck," she said, "I'm so ashamed of you I could cry!"

The mayor broke in quietly, "I have pictures and witnesses to what you did here tonight, Bassett. I can have you tossed in jail or I can have you laughed out of town."

"Aw now, what's everybody so riled up about?" Buck asked genially. "I was just havin' some fun with an ornery ole bear." He stopped, he eyed the mayor. "Which you aimin' to do?"

"Neither. I'm going to let the voters decide between us on what they already know about us. I think they're wise to you, Bassett. I've got enough faith in their good sense to believe you're not fooling them any longer." The mayor paused to remove his coat. "As mayor, that's my policy; as private citizen, Buck, I'm going to knock your ears off."

Probably for the first time in the engrossingly violent West, a low-heeled political scientist clobbered a cowboy. He knocked his white hat off. After a while Buck didn't seem to care a thing about getting up any more.

"I enjoyed that immensely," Professor Hooper said. "Victor, may I present the comeliest spoils since Helen of Troy?" And he shoved Miss Casey into the arms of the bushed winner.

In spite of his bruises and sundry wounds, George felt no pain, only exhilaration. How the election came out no longer mattered much; he'd campaigned as hard and as honorably as he knew how. Part of his joy was his deep, primitive satisfaction in beating Buck to a gravy; most of it, though, was in having the lovely girl in his arms stand on tiptoe and kiss his busted lips.

"Biologically, Standish," Hooper said, "you act like a knothead. If you don't understand what's going on, let Miss Casey handle it. Women are born with know-how." He turned as Fred Mayo trotted up. "I suppose I've got to help you drag that darn bear back?"

"Hey, the bear!" Case cried. "I saw him! He's ——"

"He's passed out cold in a peony bed," Fred panted. "The professor here slipped him a Mickey in a can of salmon."

"Salmon and Mickey courtesy of the Bear Bar and Grill," smiled Mr. Rantoni. "And I think we can persuade Mr. Bassett and his men to bring Ginger back in their truck."

The mayor beat the recall the next day by 427 votes. After the polls closed he and Miss Casey were married. The mayor's behavior during the ceremony caused considerable comment. He kept shifting from one foot to the other. Some people thought he was nervous, but it wasn't that. It was the pair of pointed-toe, high-heeled cowboy boots he had on—a gift from the bride.

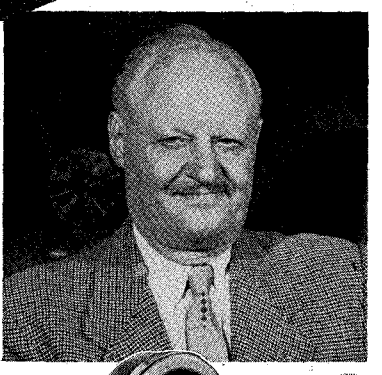
THE END

"WE HAVEN'T spent a penny for maintenance on our seven Eaton 2-Speeds in two years of heavy stop-and-go deliveries," says Mr. Cohen, whose company is a leading Krueger Beer distributor.

"Our GMC trucks, loaded to full capacity every day, make up to forty delivery stops on a ten-mile route—plus all the other ordinary traffic stops, starts and crawls. That sort of driving with a single-speed axle is really tough on a truck's engine and driver. But with an Eaton, the flexible gear range provides the pulling power and speed needed to make traffic driving easy. And on the open highway, Eaton's high-gear range lets our drivers keep up with legal speed limits—assuring on-time deliveries.

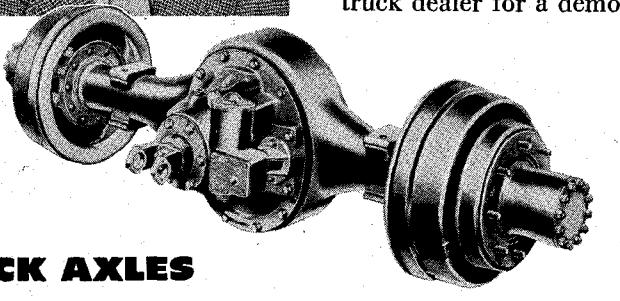
"Our experience has proved that, no matter what the road or driving conditions, we can count on Eaton 2-Speeds to deliver dependable performance with rock-bottom maintenance costs."

Find out how Eaton 2-Speed Axles can keep *your* trucks on the road longer—save you time, work and money. Ask your truck dealer for a demonstration.



"FOR EASIER DRIVING, I'll take Eaton 2-Speeds every time," says driver Frank Atkinson. "On the highway, an Eaton gives me pickup and speed. On runs over poor roads and through hilly country, I can count on the Eaton Axle for a fast trip, even under the heaviest loads."

"I RECOMMENDED EATON 2-SPEEDS when Supreme Beverage came to me for their new GMC trucks," says S. R. Chasalow, President of General Truck Sales Corporation, Newark, New Jersey. "The Eaton's versatile gear range is ideal for Supreme's kind of operation—gives them many advantages that can't be matched with any other equipment."



EATON

EATON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

2-SPEED TRUCK AXLES

MORE THAN 2 MILLION EATON AXLES IN TRUCKS TODAY

PAR

PROJECT ADEQUATE ROADS: America's crowded, often inferior highways take a heavy death toll each year, slow down economic progress. Get behind the program for a better, safer highway system.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death in the Wind (Continued from Page 41)

and my father is a pretty good backgammon player too. You'll come, won't you?"

Pierre nodded and gazed off into the haze, his eyes searching for the shape of Coot Island. Paula's father was a very nice man, he knew. His heart did not tick correctly, and that was why Paula had taken over his affairs. He sat always in a room he called his den, with a big fish in it that he had caught himself, and he made much money playing cards. Pierre had heard *maman* ask dad-dee, "How much did Horace Trent take you for last night?" and he had heard *maman* say, "Why should he go to work when he can make a living playing poker?" She said it sometimes in the voice she used when she talked about papa. "He never thinks about anybody but himself," she had said about papa. "He doesn't care whether you live or die."

He put his eye again to the eyepiece.

"See anything?" Paula asked.

He looked up. "One boat I saw, but I could not tell if it had one mast or two. A yawl has two masts—one little one at the stern."

"Don't worry about your father," Paula said. "He landed with the troops on D day. He went through the bad winter with the marines in Korea. What is a puny local disturbance of the weather to him?"

"I know he is very brave," Pierre said. "He is all alone there in his boat. I saw him sail away last night."

"You saw him, Pierre?"

"Yes, he came to see *maman* last night."

"What did you say, Peter?" Porter Bellows' voice cracked like a whip, and Pierre spun about.

"Was he here last night?" Porter demanded. "Was Bradley Davis here last night?"

"What if he was?" Paula asked sharply. "Porter, what's the matter?"

"Doctor Green says Ruth wasn't killed when that tree fell," Porter said harshly. "She had been dead for hours when the storm struck, he said."

"But how could that be, Porter?" Paula asked in a low, agitated voice. "There was a guard rail. How could she have fallen?"

"She didn't fall," Porter said. . . . "Peter, you said your father was here last night?"

Pierre remembered the rectangle of pale light his window had cast on the lawn in the night, and papa catching *maman's* arm and pulling her off into the darkness, and *maman* struggling and hitting out, and he sucked in his breath and said, "I saw them fighting last night over there by the wall."

Paula made a low, moaning noise in her throat, and Porter said tonelessly, "Paula, I wish you'd get the boy away from here. It's time I called the police."

Pierre thought again of the yellow scarf. The memory came back with a terrible pull at his stomach and the air he sucked into his lungs seemed hot and stifling. He twisted away from Paula. A wild emotion that had somewhere a terrible ache in it surged up in him and he jumped up on the chair and put his eye again to the telescope. At that moment a gust of wind swept, sudden and violent, out of the west, whistling across the harbor, bowing the tall heads of the white oaks. In an instant the water of the harbor, swelled by the abnormal tide, was crashing against the sea wall; in an instant the storm had returned more fiercely than before, beating down on the house from another quarter, and in the telescope the waves leaped up and covered everything. But Pierre had caught a glimpse of a small black hull lifted by a wave and the spars of a yawl wildly tossing, and clearly in the cockpit he had made out the figure of a man.

He raised his head, met Paula's eyes and cried wildly, with a sort of anger, "He will sink now, Paula! He will drown!"

"You don't mean that, Pierre," she said, and gently stroked his head. "He's your father and you love him."

"He's not my father," Pierre said, but his voice was choked and a strangling sob constricted his throat.

"For heaven's sake, little boy, cry!" Paula said. "Darling, put your head here on my shoulder and cry!"

The yawl had taken much water and was heavy on the anchor; when she rolled, the starboard rail went under and the seas raked her, fore to aft. The motor was dead and Brad was at the mercy of the wind.

The first phase of the hurricane had been a nerve- (Continued on Page 108)

Unequal Struggle

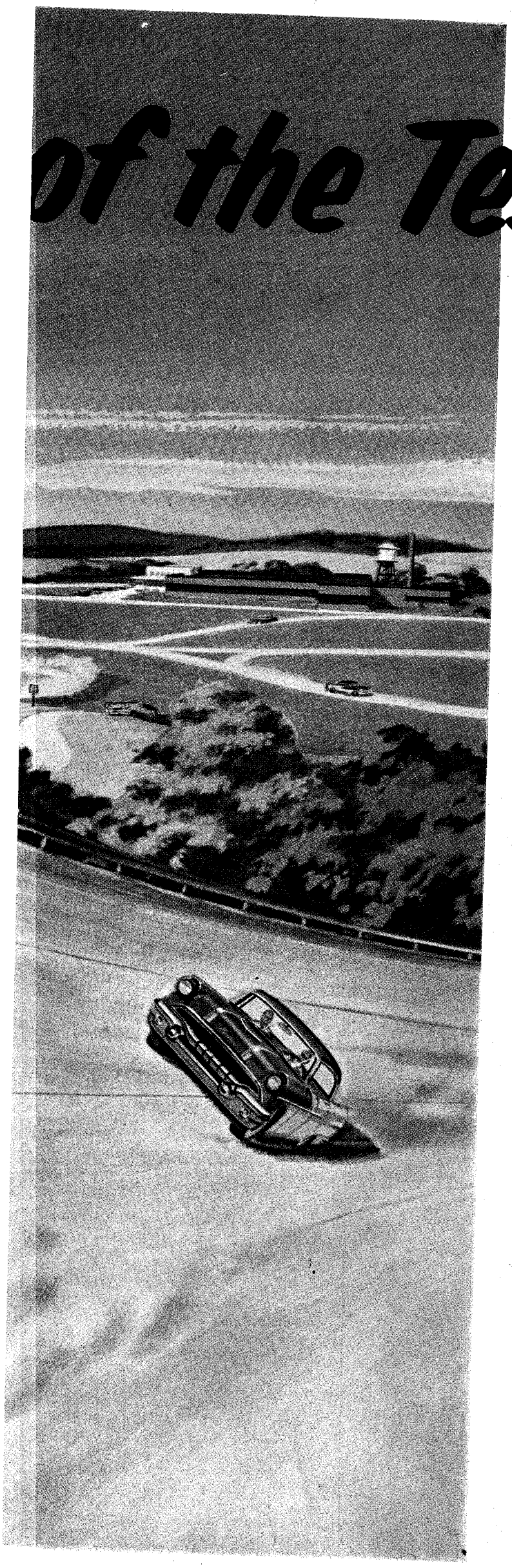
By P. J. Blackwell

However numerous and
circumspect,
My small economies have
this defect:
In aggregate they never
stand a chance
Of paying for one mild
extravagance.

A Vital Factor in America's Greatness . . .
Your Community
No. 2 in the IGA Series: "What Makes America Great"
Ships and soldiers and supersonic planes are not the truest yardstick of our nation's greatness. Rather, it's our *citizens* and how they work in friendly cooperation to build their own communities; for all America is but a reflection of the communities that compose it and of the citizens that build them.
That's why you benefit yourself when you help your neighbor. When you patronize a local enterprise you prosper your own.
Such is the creed of the IGA Stores, whose thousands of representatives cover the United States and Canada, united in their effort to bring you high quality foods at lowest prices.
Your local IGA grocer is your neighbor, dedicated to the service of *his* neighbors. His is the friendly "General Store" of yesteryear, in modern dress. Here, expert buying brings you quality foods; here, mass buying means lowest prices; here careful store planning and modern methods offer you ease of shopping. But most of all you'll find *confidence* here—for your IGA grocer is your neighbor and knows that you, and you alone, must be pleased.
You pay no more for his friendly service—and in most cases you pay less.
Stop in at your local IGA store and see for yourself! And remember that when you patronize your local IGA grocer, you're helping to build your community—and profiting personally thereby!
IGA
Sno-kreem
Flour
SUNNY MORN COFFEE
ORANGE JUICE
the trend today is to IGA food stores

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



of the Test Drivers!

THIS FABULOUS '56 PONTIAC WITH THE BIG AND VITAL GENERAL MOTORS "AUTOMOTIVE FIRST"!

Ever try to impress a test driver? Believe us—it isn't easy!

So — we're tremendously proud to report that the '56 Pontiac has these thrill-wise experts cheering. They're excited in a really big way about its fabulous new performance.

What's set them buzzing is the very thing that will put a new lilt in *your* days when you take the wheel—that big and vital General Motors "First" combining:

Pontiac's new, big-bore Strato-Streak V-8 with the terrific thrust of 227 blazing horsepower.

General Motors' new, fluid-flow Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic that gentles this mighty "go" to smoothness beyond belief.*

In all truth, here is the lift of a lifetime for all in love with great performance. And you don't need a test track to prove it!

Traffic will tell you. Here's "stop-and-go" response that matches the speed of your thoughts. *A hill will help.* High or low, it's left behind without a sign of effort. *And passing definitely pins it down.* Gun it and instant, buoyant power sweeps you smoothly past the loitering truck ahead. No drag, no lag—just safe and certain "go"!

A few miles of this and you're ready to join the club. *For this is living as you've never lived on wheels before!*

To be sure, there's more to charm you in this glamorous '56 Pontiac. The safety of big, authoritative new brakes. The security of finer controls, sure-footed cornering, a super-steady new ride. New beauty and luxury that brilliantly mirror tomorrow.

But, above all, it's the fabulous "go" that gets you!

Drive a Pontiac soon for a glorious double thrill. There'll be pride in your heart, a torrent at your toe-tip. And what more could anyone want?

**An extra cost option.*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

'56 PONTIAC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 105) shattering experience. The yawl had dragged anchor the whole length of the breakwater, never less than fifty yards from the great granite blocks submerged under churning white water. She had come to rest a hundred yards west of the flasher on the end of the breakwater, when the wind stopped, and now here was the southwest quadrant of the hurricane, and the great wind was blowing her back again toward the breakwater.

He had gone to sleep a sad, dispirited man, oppressed by personal problems, and had awakened to begin a desperate struggle for survival. The wind had blown his head clear, and he was depressed no longer. He felt alarm, but the pounding of his heart was strong and even, and he was alert.

The seas had piled up enormously when the wind hauled to the west, and carried much debris that had been pushed west in the first phase of the storm and now was brought back again with other flotsam plucked from the shore by the scavenging arms of water. In the haze he could not see the shore at all and there was no other boat in sight, but the loneliness gave him a feeling of strength; he was alone and dependent on his own resources.

The wind came in mighty gusts that lifted the tops of the waves and blew stinging needles of spray. Soon the keel would strike, and he could only wait until the moment of emergency. The stern lifted high, and plunged sickeningly as a wave rushed over the yawl. Brad held on until the tug of water had stopped; then he took hold of the mizzenmast with both hands, balanced precariously. He had seen the rocks very close.

He felt the deck lift under him and plunge downward, and at the moment of impact he felt a great shudder and heard a sharp cracking sound. As the yawl canted over and another wave rushed over it, Brad bent his knees and jumped far out with a thrust of all his strength that started at his shoulders and flowed in a co-ordinated current to the balls of his feet. He shot out from the stern and was caught and borne on by a mass of water.

He felt pain as his leg struck rock, felt himself twisted and whirled over as the wave enveloped him and carried him forward. He kicked hard and his head came up long enough for him to suck in air and a choking mouthful of water; then he was under again, still kicking hard. He struck no rock this time, and as he came up again he knew that he had been carried over and beyond the breakwater. The buoyance of the life jacket lifted him with a wave, and when the crest broke over him and passed on, he could breathe again.

Here on the lee side of the breakwater, although the rocks were altogether submerged, there was some protection, but he bobbed and twisted and was spun around by the pressure of the sea. He had not seen the yawl again since he had jumped.

He had a glimpse of the high face of Coot Island, where wild surf towered monstrously high in the gray air, white and violent and with a rumbling voice audible above the whistling of the wind. There was land ahead, and security, if he could fight his way through the surf, but he knew the beach was rocky and the land was a high bluff against which giant waves broke. He was safer floating here in this chaos of water, but whether he liked it or not, he was being carried into the surf.

A wave broke over him, spinning him around. His shoulder scraped rock, then struck jarringly, and somehow he was on his feet, solidly on his feet and striding forward. Not twenty feet ahead of him was the sandy bluff of the island, but the water was more than waist deep and pulling him back.

He shoved with all his strength. Before the next gust he must make his way past yards of rocks, and blinding water intervened.

The seas surged and receded, trying to suck him back into their turbulence, but he held on and pushed forward. He heard the rising sound of the wind as he scrambled over a boulder that for a moment was out of water. On top he found a purchase and leaped out as far as he could, into waist-deep water, and then he saw a huge wave coming. He was lifted again and thrown forward, but he got his feet ahead of him, found solid rock, and braced against it. As the wave fell back he compensated, pushing the other way with all the strength of his legs, thrashing with his arms for balance. The wave fell away, and there ahead of him was a slope of grassy bank. He stumbled through water knee-deep, then ankle-deep, then he was running on spongy earth up the bank. He fell, prone and gasping, on the ground. He was safe. He had survived.

After a time he made his way up the bank. He was very tired and his thighs ached from the effort of climbing, but the great wind behind him pushed him on and at the top of the bank nearly blew him to the ground. He ran on, looking for shelter on the other side of the small island. There was a stack of lobster pots that had been blown and scattered by the wind, and nearby a small shack without windows. He got to the lee of it and was out of the wind.

This shack would hold. It was built snugly in a niched depression, and although it might lose its roof, the main body of it was protected from the hurricane. The door was closed and fastened with a rusty padlock. He smashed it with a rock and opened the door. There was no chair or bed, but the unpainted boards of the floor were inviting to an exhausted man, and he dropped down beside a pair of oars, with oarlocks affixed, that lay lengthwise on the floor. He took off his life jacket, folded it as a pillow and stretched out on the floor.

He was grateful to the lobsterman, whoever he might be, who ran his string of pots with Coot Island as a base. He moved his tongue about his dry mouth. He had swallowed a great deal of salt water and his mouth and throat were dry and stinging; his tongue felt swollen. He got up and looked hopefully about the shack. He found a ten-gallon can of gasoline, but nothing to drink.

He lay down again on the boards and pressed his tongue down hard on the floor of his mouth, where nature had secreted a small fountain of saliva. He produced a little moisture, but not enough, not nearly enough.

He could endure this thirst, he thought. He was a lucky man. He had a bad cut on his right leg below the knee, and there were scratches and abrasions over most of his body, but he was all right. He was alive and only superficially hurt. He had no idea what time it was or how long the wind had been blowing. Everything had gone with the yawl, except the clothes he wore—white duck pants, a French seaman's *maillot*, and one *espadrille*. Somehow the other sandal had come loose in the storm; one foot was bare and cold.

The door of the shack swung open with the wind and he had a glimpse of great, rushing waves before it banged shut. This storm would blow for hours, he thought, and moved his head until it was comfortable on the life jacket. He closed his eyes and tried to forget his thirst.

He managed to doze, and was awakened by the great booming of an airplane's motors. He sprang up and ran to the door, but the plane had already swept over the island and was proceeding eastward, flying low.

There was hardly any wind now. The hurricane had moved on. Definitely the seas had quieted, but there remained a great turbulence of water. He went down to the beach on the north side of the island. The tide had fallen a great deal, judging from the line of debris cast up on the sand. In a clump of grass something glistened white—a dinghy. He walked over to it, thinking that it might be the dinghy from his yawl, but it was not. The dinghy was in fair shape. The wood was scarred and scraped and the bow dented, but the bottom seemed to be sound. If no relief came, he could row ashore, he decided, and again was grateful to the lobsterman who had left a pair of oars in his shack.

Slowly the haze was lifting and he made out the dark shore line and lighter patches that were houses, but the sun was low and already the light was failing. He watched the sun set, watched the veil of twilight deepen; then he went back to the shack. He sat in darkness for a long time, until a gibbous moon rose heavily in the east. He supposed it was about nine o'clock at night, and once again he went down to the beach. His tongue felt huge in his mouth, and ached for water, and as he listened he decided that the seas had calmed a great deal; a dinghy might make it now.

He returned to the shack without haste and got the oars. By the time he had the dinghy launched the moon had brightened and he could see the great expanse of water, with not a whitecap showing. He put one foot in the dinghy and shoved off. The dinghy rode well, high on the swells, but the exercise made his thirst worse and he held his tongue lightly between his teeth, gently pressing.

The swell had increased, and ahead he heard the pounding of water on the beach. He rested on the oars and listened. It was a low, rhythmic sound, and as he judged it by ear, it did not indicate dangerous surf. He rowed on cautiously under the pale moon and saw white water on the beach. The dinghy surged under him and he pulled hard on the oars, bringing it in on a wave, and as the wave broke he jumped overboard. He landed in water waist-deep, caught the dinghy, and pulled it with him toward shore. He drew it far up on the beach, above the tide line.

In the moonlight he made out the shapes of cottages, built cheek by jowl on both sides of a road, with the dark flats of marshland beyond. No lights showed anywhere; obviously this area had been evacuated. The first cottage he reached had been washed from its foundations and canted on one side. He moved on, stumbling over driftwood, to the next shadow looming in the moonlight. The porch roof had been blown away and the front door battered in. He moved inside and groped his way to the rear. Faucets gleamed faintly in the kitchen. He turned on the right-hand faucet and heard the rush of water. He bent his head and at last he drank, at first little sips to wash his mouth, then small swallows, then great gulps of water.

He found a box of matches on a shelf and lit one. The seas had rushed through this cottage and he saw a water mark on the wall three feet above the floor. Lighting a second match, he went into the room facing the sea, where furniture was broken and piled against the walls. The telephone lay on the floor with the receiver disengaged. He picked it up and heard no sound; telephone wires were down.

He was very tired, and he thought that on this dark night power lines would be down and roads blocked. With one foot bare he hesitated to stumble off into the night. He struck another match and investigated the icebox. There was a quart of milk and some packaged cheese and bread wrapped in waxed paper. He ate ravenously and drank all the milk; then, by the light of another match, he made his way up the stairs. He found a rear bedroom untouched by the storm, stretched himself out on the bed and drew a blanket over him. He had been keyed up all that day. Now he was chilled and exhausted, and he collapsed into sleep.

With no electricity, the radio would not work, and after breakfast Horace Trent went out to the garage to listen to the news on the car radio. The morning news was as important to her father as his cup of breakfast coffee, Paula thought. Since his heart condition had forced him to give up active participation in the real-estate business he had rearranged his life and rescheduled his activities. The morning news was what the morning mail had once been to Horace Trent.

It was just as well there was no radio for Pierre to hear, Paula thought. Last night the boy had been unable to sleep. Whatever Ruth's shortcomings may have been, Pierre had needed her, had clung to her and had (Continued on Page 110)

"I certainly struck a rich vein of humor when I married you!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick--
Jumping for Jell-O's a worth-while trick.
The more you can eat, the stronger you'll be;
You'll jump even higher--just try it and see!

COPR. 1955, GENERAL FOODS CORP.

JELL-O
BRAND
GELATIN DESSERT
SEVEN DELICIOUS FLAVORS

JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK
OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 108) tried to find in her the love and guidance he needed. Now the boy was finishing the last of his cereal, sitting very correctly, as he always did at the table, with his shoulders straight and one hand in his lap.

He looked across at her and asked, "Paula, may I go home this morning?"

"But we were planning for you to stay here with us for a few days, Pierre," she said.

"I want to get my bike," he said, "and my new rod and reel."

Paula's lips tightened as she recalled that Bradley Davis had given the fishing rod to the boy. After the storm yesterday, Pierre had stood a long time at the telescope, studying Coot Island, and now he wanted the fishing rod his father had brought him.

It was too much for a small boy to absorb, she thought. His father was missing and his mother had been murdered. Someone had gone to the house on the point with murder in his heart, and strangled her and thrown her from the high wall down upon the rocks. There had been strangulation marks on her neck, the medical examiner had said. It was murder, and Lieutenant Gray had gazed off at Coot Island and observed, "Whoever gets custody of the boy gets custody of about a million bucks." Porter Bellows would probably be that man.

There had been rumors, naturally, that he had married Ruth for her money, but Paula had never doubted that he was in love with Ruth. She had known him for two years, since she had first taken over her father's real-estate business. In his frequent trips out from his office in Hartford he had often stopped to consult her because through her real-estate dealings she was informed of new arrivals in town who might be potential investors, and it was she who had suggested Ruth. Through revising Ruth's portfolio of securities, he had got to know her well.

"That guy is a slick article," Alex Fawcett had said at the wedding reception; "a real slick article."

"Still jealous, Alex?" she had asked lightly.

Unexpectedly, he had been angry. "That's really a lousy thing to say," he had said, and had stalked away for more champagne.

And it had been, she thought now. Before Ruth returned to Menasset, Alex had been attentive to Paula—it had begun a couple of years ago, when she had taken the commission right from under his nose in the sale of the Quentin property, when he had shaken his head wryly but admiringly, and said, "I should have remembered you were Horace Trent's daughter. Say, I've got a couple of tickets to an opening in New Haven. Care to go?"

She had never been serious about Alex Fawcett, but she had been unable to resist that gibe at the wedding, and it had demonstrated her own pique. Ruth had returned to Menasset, divorced, and for two weeks Alex had not telephoned, and Paula had heard the gossips recalling that Alex had got very drunk at her wedding, when she married Bradley Davis. Alex and Ruth had been related in the pyramid of collateral kinship that a small town tends to develop, and Alex had insisted from the first day that Pierre call him "Uncle Alex." He had insinuated a relationship, according to Horace Trent's sour view, and made it an excuse to interest himself in Pierre, and through Pierre in Ruth.

Her father was calling from his den, and she found him at his desk. Even in inactivity he had kept his weight down and his face was lean and angular, with bushy eyebrows and wise gray eyes.

"I listened to the news," he told her. "They found no sign of life on Coot Island. The Coast Guard is making a search of the area, but there doesn't seem to be much hope. His yawl was smashed against the breakwater and sank quite a distance from the island. What are we going to tell Pierre?"

"We can't tell him anything yet, dad," she said. "We can just keep him busy. I'm driving him home to get his bicycle, and then I thought we might see how bad the damage is at Oak Beach."

"We'll have a big repair bill," he said. "But at least we're better off than Alex Fawcett. He sank a lot of money in those cottages out at Steamship Point. I guess I shouldn't begrudge him those few dollars he won in the poker game Monday night."

She studied his angular face and asked, "Why don't you like Alex?"

"He's too healthy, that's the trouble with Alex," Horace Trent said. "Also, he's too greedy. He's a bad winner. He gets a shine in his eye, every time he rakes in a pot, that makes you ashamed of the human race. He got there two hours late and won all the money Monday night. I prefer a man like Porter Bellows, who never has the bad taste to win in the first place."

"I assume he lost like a gentleman Monday night?"

"He did," Horace Trent said, and glanced up. "Also, he got there on time for the game. Eight-thirty sharp. He picked a good night for it, didn't he? Ruth was killed around nine o'clock, the radio said."

"Porter worshiped Ruth and you know it," Paula said. "What else did the radio say?"

"You can put a wealth of expression into the word 'meanwhile,'" he said. "The radio reported Ruth's death, and then went on to say that meanwhile police were conducting a search for Mr. Bradley Davis, the well-known correspondent and her ex-husband, who had last been seen, et cetera ——"

"Poor Pierre," Paula said. "That poor kid."

She turned abruptly away to look for the boy. He was waiting on the front porch, and in the sunlight the shady street seemed tranquil and untouched by the storm. A spreading ridge had sheltered it from the wind and not a tree had gone down. The house, which had the sturdy box shape of saltbox construction, had lost only a few shingles, but Paula had not driven two blocks with Pierre before they came upon the first fallen tree, and when they reached the causeway road across the marshes the harbor came to view far on the right and she saw many boats blown far up on a salt meadow.

The town dock was almost demolished, but the Fisherman's Bar appeared to be intact, which she thought would be good news for Alex Fawcett. She should not be critical because he frequented the place, she knew; he was a gregarious man and liked varied company, and the Fisherman's Bar could definitely provide it—fishermen, yachtsmen, lobstermen, and even, on occasion, a lonely widow.

Alex had taken pains to explain about the widow, a rather voluptuous redhead who had rented one of Horace Trent's cottages on Oak Beach. Her name was Muriel Parker and she had come down to the shore to relax and enjoy a tidy bundle that her husband's insurance had paid her. Alex had said that she went to the Fisherman's Bar because it was a likely place for an attractive widow to meet yachtsmen off their boats.

She was in a critical mood today, Paula thought, and it was due to shock and worry. If Alex paid a little attention to the widow, it was all the same to her. The truth was that Alex was one of those incurably possessive males who should not be taken seriously. Let him squire the widow around, if he liked.

The causeway road entered a grove of trees and forked. One fork led to the beach area, the other to Fawcett Point. She took the right-hand fork, followed it for a few hundred yards, and turned in between stone entrance gateposts. There was a car parked in the circular driveway that had the letters ALEX besides two serial numbers on its license plate, and as she got out of the car she saw Alex Fawcett step out from behind the tangle of roots of the white-oak tree that lay across the wall. Joe Burns, the gardener, was out on the great trunk, sawing off a limb.

Alex called a greeting to Pierre in a gentle, friendly voice, and the boy said, "We came to get my bike and fishing rod."

"I saw that rod," Alex said. "She's a beauty. Tried her out yet, Pierre?"

"Not yet, Uncle Alex."

"Then it's about time you did," Alex said. "Why don't we go down there on the beach and make a few casts? I'll teach you the knack of it." He turned to Paula. "I came to see Porter, but he's not around. Nobody here, not even the cook. O.K. if Pierre and I try out his rod?"

"Fine," she said. "I was just going to Oak Beach to see what the damage is, but I don't think Pierre cares about that." She added sympathetically, "You were awfully hard hit over at Steamship Point, weren't you?"

"I don't like to think about it," he said, but stared across the harbor toward Steamship Point, where he had been laying out his beach community. "Tell you what, I'll teach the kid to cast, and later I'll drive him and his bike to your house. How is that?"

"I'd appreciate it," Paula said. She got into her convertible and drove away.

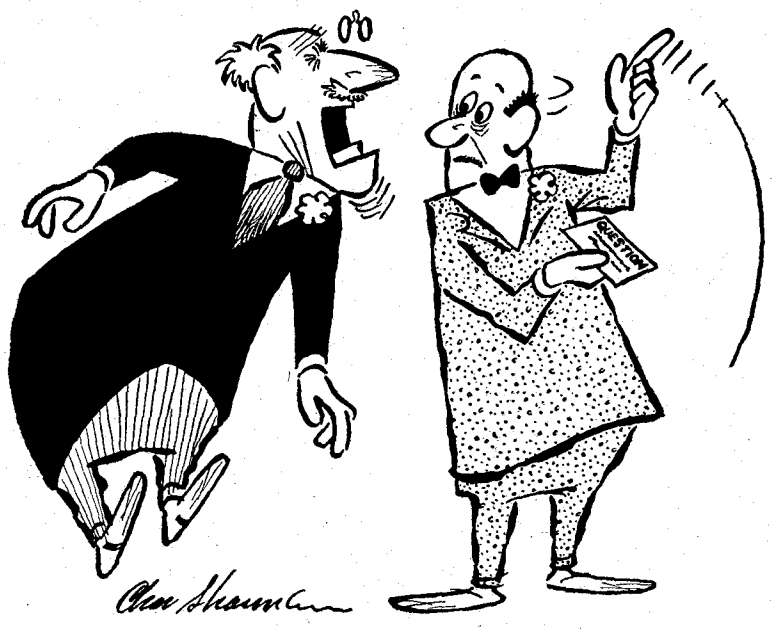
The road skirted a bluff and entered a grove of oaks, on a knoll that rose out of marshland. Several trees had gone down here and the utility wires hung like jungle vines. The road was partly blocked by a fallen tree, where an electric-company crew was working. A man in an orange safety helmet waved her on, then grinned and changed the wave to a salutation.

Paula stopped the car and said, "Mort, what are you doing in Menasset?"

"I've got a summer job with the light company, Paula, filling in until I take a teaching post in a private school this fall. How did you make out in the hurricane?"

"I'm on my way to Oak Ridge to find out."

Mort Brewster had a lean, ascetic face and gentle gray eyes under thick black eyebrows; the safety helmet and working clothes seemed incongruous on this man who had (Continued on Page 114)



The Perfect Squelch

Doctor Schmidt, a university professor, taught Contemporary European Government, but egotistically set himself up as an expert on every subject from agriculture to zymurgy. During a joint seminar discussion with Doctor Wilson, a highly regarded professor of American political science, Doctor Schmidt injected his opinions frequently and bombastically. Soon he began interrupting to answer—not always correctly—questions put to Doctor Wilson. Doctor Wilson ignored his colleague's behavior, but Doctor Schmidt in turn became so critical that it could no longer be overlooked.

Finally a student arose and asked Doctor Wilson a complicated question involving the effect of economic factors on morality in Germany and Italy, as compared with the United States.

Doctor Schmidt had his mouth open to reply when Doctor Wilson said evenly:

"I'm sorry, I don't know. Doctor Schmidt doesn't, either, but he'll be glad to answer your question."

Fred C. Danneman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Main buildings of this snowbound Arctic Air Force station are Armco MULTI-PLATE Pipe 18 feet in diameter. The towers are entrances. New sections are added to the towers as the buildings become covered by snow.

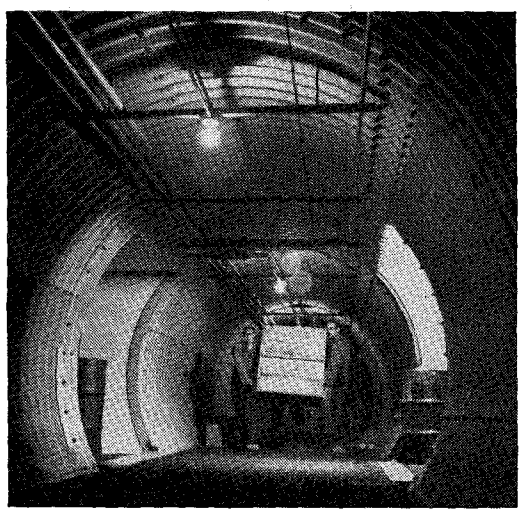
Air Force buildings of Armco Steel "float" on polar icecap

Huge Armco Steel Pipes house airmen at snowbound Arctic research base

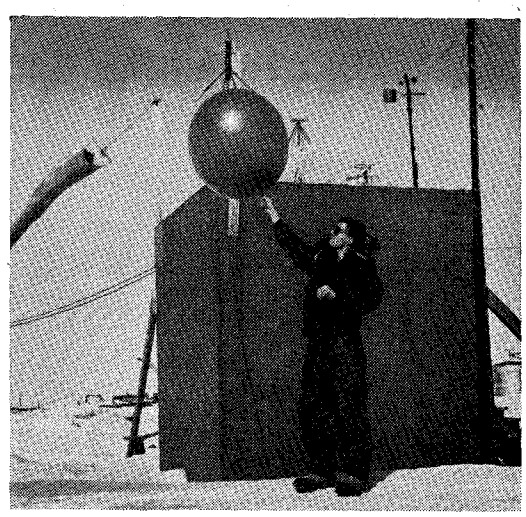
Far above the Arctic Circle, United States airmen are protected from the weather in a unique Air Force installation. Giant steel structures, made of Armco MULTI-PLATE® Pipe, fight snow and storms on Greenland's polar icecap. Airmen live and work in rooms built inside the pipe.

The MULTI-PLATE Pipe that "floats" on the polar icecap is also used under many of America's highways. Corrosion-resistant Armco MULTI-PLATE bridges, culverts, stream enclosures, sewers, tunnels and underpasses give long, maintenance-free service.

Besides making drainage products, Armco is a leading producer of special-purpose steels. Manufacturers use these steels to give you greater value in many metal products you buy for your home or business.



Two airmen move supplies along an Armco Pipe passageway. These corridors connect the main structures to each other. This is the second winter for the base, and all structures are now hidden below the level of the snow.



Weather observation is part of the purpose of this polar Air Force installation. Here an airman prepares to release a weather balloon. The Air Force also conducts research on other aspects of military operation in the Arctic.

ARMCO STEEL CORPORATION MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

SPECIAL STEELS

SHEFFIELD STEEL DIVISION • ARMCO DRAINAGE & METAL PRODUCTS, INC. • THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

10 NEW FORDS Given Away at

You May WIN in the REXALL SUPER

Nothing to Think Up

Nothing to write but your name and address—on an entry sl at your Rexall Drug Store! You'll win a new Ford V-8 Mainlin 2-door sedan if yours is one of the first ten names drawn in th Super Plenamins Sweepstakes. And the next 1,000 winners w each get a full year's supply of Rexall Super Plenamins!

11 VITAMINS, 12 MINERALS IN ONE TABLET

One Rexall Super Plenamin gives you every vitam known to man, for which the minimum daily requir ments have been set. You get *more* than your dai minimum of all those vitamins, plus 12 minerals a single Super Plenamin tablet!

HOW SUPER PLENAMINS GUARD YOUR DIET

Heat and cooking and even air can rob fruits and veg tables of so many vitamins that your biggest dinn may be skimpy in vital food elements.

LUXURY FITTED ELECTRIC BLANKET

Here's the best buy we know, on a *fitted* electric blanket with full 2-year guarantee! The fashion-formed foot is a full 8" deep for plenty of toe room. Big, double-bed size with 10% *nylon* for extra lustre, long wear, and washability *far* superior to wool. Bedside control has lucite dial with 9 heat-settings, night light, and special thermostat that maintains the exact warmth you set, even when room temperature changes during the night. Safe; U.L.-approved. Choose from 4 lovely colors, each with wide 7" top binding of matching satin: Valley Rose, Horizon Blue, Jamaica Green or Bing Cherry. Beautifully gift-boxed, with colorful Christmas band. Buy now at this huge $11 saving—effective only at Rexall Drug Stores.

Save $12.00. Blanket above, with separate control for each side of bed. $36.95 val., **$24.95** (Federal Tax Included)

At Last! Speedier Relief from

HEADACHE

And Temporary Relief from Pain of

Rheumatism
Arthritis

REXALL'S NEW

R.P.R.

Rapid Pain Relief Tablets

15 for 25¢
45 for 53¢
125 for $1.23

Buffer action of 2 mild ant-acids prevents stomach upsets while 5 full grains of aspirin quickly help relieve pain. Tests prove twice as much pain reliever gets into the blood stream in the first 10 minutes! This exclusive new Rexall formula is swift-acting, safe, non-narcotic, highly effective.

FIGHT FAMILY COUGHS AND COLDS

KANTLEEK De Luxe HOT WATER BOTTLE

Only $3.50

Guaranteed 5 years! Can't leak because it's made in 1 piece. It's big—holds more than 2 quarts. Finest quality, extra sturdy—sold only by Rexall druggists.

Chest Congestion? REXALL LIQUID CHEST RUB INHALANT

2-oz. Bottle 79¢

Double-duty! Use in vapor inhaler or rub on chest to relieve minor bronchial irritations. Greaseless, stainless.

The Family Cough Syrup REXALL CHERROSOTE

½ Pint 98¢

Combines 12 proven ingredients to relieve tickling throat and help quiet spells of coughing caused by colds. Pleasant tasting.

Relieve Colds in Any Stage REXALL ANAPAC TABLETS

Bottle of 15 49¢

Antihistamine with APC—aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine—for quick, prolonged, 4-way relief of cold misery at every stage.

CHRISTMAS GIFT VALUES!

REX-RAY HEATING PAD

Tan flannel cover; 3-speed; rubberized inner cover. $4.49 val., **$2.99**
Rex-Ray Infra-Red Heat Lamp. $1.79 value, only.....**$1.19**

NEW SPUNTEX STRETCH NYLONS

Fit perfectly—like a second skin! No twisted seams. Lovely shades. Dark or light seam. Finest quality. **$1.65** value, only.....**$1.39**

CARA NOME GIFT SOAP

3 luxurious soaps in attractive gift set. Each a perfume-bottle shape with individual, distinctive fragrance. $1.50 value, only.....**$1.00**

CARA NOME GIFT LOTIONS

Wonderful gift idea! Bottles of popular White Mink, Springwood and Cara Nome Lotions. All 3 in lovely gift box, now only **$1.00**

BEAUTY BATH GIFT SET

Half-price special! 3 bottles of colorful, delightfully-scented bubble bath crystals; gift-packed. $2.00 value, now only.....**99¢**

STAG "SWEET ADELINE" SET

Stag Shaving Lotion, Hair Oil and Talc in gift set. A super value for the men on your gift list! This $1.50 value is now only **$1.29**

STAG "SANTA" SET FOR MEN

Attractive gift set co tains Stag Ready Sha "Aerosol Cream," Sha ing Lotion and Hair Oi In Christmas wra $2.25 value.....**$1.9**

Rexall Drug Products are Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Your Money Back

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REXALL DRUG STORES in November!

A 1956 FORD V-8 PLENAMINS Sweepstakes!

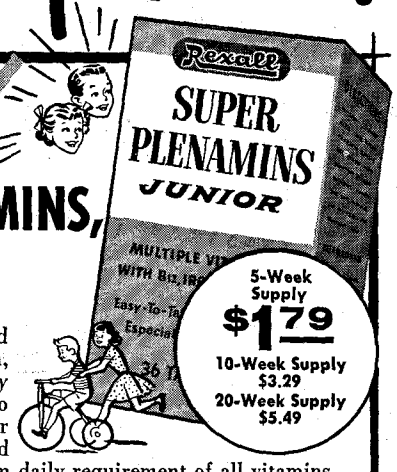
. . . Nothing to Buy

Rexall Super Plenamins supply the very vitamins often lost in cooking. One daily tablet protects against hidden lacks in the diet that you may not even suspect!

WHAT EVERY REXALL SUPER PLENAMIN SUPPLIES More vitamin A than 3 quarts of milk. More B_1 than two loaves of enriched bread. More B_2 than ten pork chops. More vitamin C than a whole orange. More vitamin D than 5 eggs. Three times more B_{12} than many vitamin products. True liver concentrate made from 5 times as much whole liver as the dried liver in many products. 1½ times your daily iron and iodine requirements. Calcium, phosphorus, folic acid and many other important vitamins and minerals! Only Rexall Drug Stores can sell Super Plenamins, so ask about these famous multi-vitamin-mineral tablets when you enter the Super Plenamins Sweepstakes. Enter now—the Sweepstakes end November 30, 1955.

New!

SUPER PLENAMINS, JUNIOR



A scientifically formulated multi-vitamin for children, ages 6 to 11—in *one daily tablet* specially designed to be *easy to swallow!* In Super Plenamins, Jr., your child gets more than the minimum daily requirement of all vitamins with known minimums, plus vitamin B_{12} that's so important for growing children, folic acid, true liver concentrate and iron. Here's a multi-vitamin specially formulated for children—a sugar-coated tablet your child will *want* to take!

REXALL ANTIBIOTIC REMEDIES

"All Night" Cough? REXALL LOZOTHRICIN THROAT LOZENGES

Not just flavored cough drops but an *antibiotic* formula with Tyrothricin. Swift relief for simple sore throat and coughing caused by colds. Box of 12 **69¢**

Open Up Stuffy Nose REXALL NASOTHRICIN NASAL SPRAY

Quickly spreads along nasal passages toward the throat; helps clear congestion and relieve irritation. Has antibiotic Tyrothricin. ½-oz. Spray Bottle **89¢**

Fight Mouth Bacteria REXALL OROTHRICIN Mouthwash-Gargle

Both antiseptic and antibiotic. Tyrothricin inhibits many bacteria. Special foaming action assures better coverage. ½ Pint **98¢**

Raw, Sore Throat? REXALL BIOKETS Throat Troches

Plastic Tube of 15 **69¢**

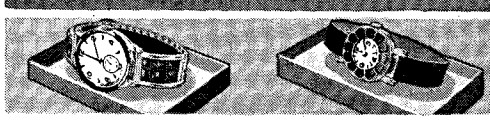
Has benzocaine to soothe simple sore throat; terpin hydrate to help clear phlegm; and Tyrothricin.

For Your Holiday Snapshots SYLVANIA GIFT PACK

Only $2.40

Two sleeves of No. 25 flash bulbs in a gay, colorful Christmas wrap! That's *20* bulbs for this low price. Stock up and be ready for all the memorable snapshots you'll want—your tree, gift-opening time, family gatherings, holiday parties, outdoor decorations! This popular size flash bulb makes a welcome gift, too—because it's the right type for most cameras!

GIFT WATCHES



MEN'S EXECUTIVE WRIST WATCH

Precision-made jewel watch with exclusive metal expansion band. Has guarantee slip. A sensational buy! **$9.95**

LADIES' PARISIENNE WRIST WATCH

Modern, distinctive! Enameled case in color choice with matching suede strap. With guarantee slip. Only **$9.95**

CHRISTMAS CARDS

VALUE BOX 50 Christmas cards with envelopes. $2.50 value. **98¢**

NEW PHOTO PRINTS 16 Christmas color-photos. New "tall" size. Only **59¢**

IMPERIAL BOX 21 extra-large, high-style cards with envelopes. **89¢**

Style High Box. Each design new, different. 20 cards with envs., **$1.00**

Cello Packs, fine quality cards in choice of 6 styles. Each pack. . . **39¢**

Prestige Box, 25 cards with envs. . . **$1.49**

Parchment Box, 18 cards with envs., **$1.00**

Classics Box, 16 cards with envs. . . **$1.00**

Beauty Tips by CARA NOME

Cara Nome Permacreme Lipstick—*stays on, stays creamy!* 13 exciting new shades. Each, **$1.10**

Cara Nome Liquid Cleansing Cream *deep* cleans. 6-oz. squeeze-bottle. **$1.50**

Cara Nome Liquid Foundation adds a flawless finish to your complexion. . **$1.25**

Cara Nome Liquid Blush. This new liquid rouge looks as natural as a blush. No harsh line. Just touch a dot to each cheek and blend gently. Only. **$1.10**

Cara Nome Silicone Formula Lotion—invisible "glove" protects hands. 3 oz., **$1.00**

Cara Nome Hand Cream, 3-oz. jar, **$1.25**

Cara Nome Deodorant Lotion. New creamy-smooth anti-perspirant. 2 oz., **$1.00**

Cara Nome Spray Hair Net keeps hair "picture perfect" Not sticky! 5-ounce aerosol. . . . **$1.25**

Cara Nome Pat-A-Way Stick magically hides blemishes, spots, lines. Just. . . **$1.50**

FAMILY NEEDS

Klenzo Facial Tissues, softer than hankies! White or pastels. Special: 3 boxes of 300, **64¢**

Rexall Mi-31 Antiseptic. Full pint. . . **79¢**

Rexall Aspiroids, cold capsules. 36. . . **79¢**

Aspiroids with Antihistamine, 30. . . . **98¢**

Rexall Monacet Headache Tablets have aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine for 3-way relief. Big, low-cost bottle of 200, reg. $1.29, now **98¢**

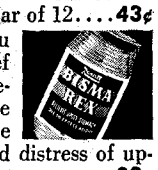
Rexall Quik-Band Plastic Dressings are patches, spots, strips. 30 assorted. . . . . **39¢**

Taylor's Cottage Chocolates, milk and dark. Hand-rolled creams, caramels, nuts, nougats, chocolate cups. Pound. **$1.30**

Rexall Rubbing Alcohol, full pint. . . . **69¢**

Rexall Skin Antiseptic. 1-oz. bottle. . . **33¢**

Rexall Glycerin Suppositories for constipation. Adult's or infant's. Jar of 12. . . . **43¢**



Rexall Bisma-Rex gives you fast, prolonged, 4-way relief from acid indigestion. Ingredients act in a relay—one after the other—to relieve heartburn, belching, gas and distress of upset stomach. 4¾-oz. powder. . . . . **89¢**

Rexall Fungi-Rex for Athlete's Foot. Greaseless salve, 1½-oz. tube. . . . . **75¢** Powder form, 4 ounces. . . . . **59¢**

Rexall Epothricin, antibiotic salve for cuts, scratches, skin abrasions. 1-oz. tube. . . . **79¢**

Rexall Germatine, powerful but non-sting germicide, fungicide and disinfectant for cuts, scratches, burns, and Athlete's Foot. 6-ounce bottle. . . . . **79¢** 2-ounce. . . . . **39¢**

Ann Delafield All-Purpose Deep Cream. Save $1.00! 4.7-oz. jar, reg. $2.75, now **$1.75**

American Custom Chocolates, finest quality money can buy. Creams, cordials, caramels, brittles, chewies and nuts, all covered with top-grade dark and milk chocolate. Beautiful, 2-pound gift box. **$4.00**

Stag Coolated Shave Cream, 3¼ oz., **50¢**

Stag Aerosol Ready-Shave, 5 oz. . . . **$1.00**

Stag After-Shave Lotion, 6 oz. **$1.00**

STATIONERY SPECIALS

39¢ VALUES, ONLY 29¢ EACH PACK

Fashion Deckle, 15 pastel sheets, 15 envs.

Continental Plaid, 15 smart sheets, 15 envs.

Fashion Vogue, 15 bordered sheets, 15 envs.

White Vellum, big pack: 40 sheets, 30 envs.

Bordered Letters, 30 sheets, 20 envelopes

Speedlines Air Mail, 50 sheets, 24 envs.

These suggested retail prices are effective through November 30, 1955 and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 54, California.

Rexall

You Can Depend on Any Drug Product that Bears the Name Rexall

Your Rexall Druggist is a prescription specialist . . . dedicated to the health and welfare of your community.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 110) his master's degree from Yale. He lowered his voice. "That was bad news about Ruth Bellows. How is Pierre taking it?"

"Bottled up," she said.

He nodded. "That's always been his trouble. I used to tell Ruth to let up on him a little. The kid needs love, not discipline. Well," he said, with a shake of his head, "I got fired for my trouble. She didn't like any kind of interference."

A car behind Paula sounded its horn, and Mort said, as he waved her on, "Tell Pierre I said hello. I went out to the point before work this morning to see him, but there was nobody around."

"I'll tell him," she said, and drove on.

Mort Brewster had tutored Pierre while he was working for his master's at Yale. He had been fired for interfering, he had just said, but Paula had heard a different story. Mort was difficult, Ruth had said. Mort had developed romantic notions in the rather intense way of serious, unworldly young men toward older women, and Porter had been jealous because Mort was there in the house every day. That was before they were married, of course, when Alex and Porter had both been in the running.

The road entered abruptly upon Oak Beach. Horace Trent owned four cottages in a row, and Paula's first glance showed that one of them had been washed from its foundations and severely damaged, but the three others at least were standing where the contractors had built them. The cottage the widow occupied seemed practically unhurt.

Paula stopped the blue convertible at the door of the gray cottage adjoining the widow's. An ornamental board above the door bore the name, THALASSA, which derived from Horace Trent's scholarship, and was the word shouted back from man to man by Xenophon's ten thousand as at last they reached the sea.

As she got out of the car, a Coast Guard helicopter flew by a hundred yards off the beach. It was searching for the body of Bradley Davis, she thought as she pushed open the door, and then she stopped short, her mouth open, her eyes round and startled.

The yawning man in the kitchen had not shaved in two days. His duck pants were ripped and torn and his *maillot* was grimy. There was an *espadrille* on one foot, but the other foot was bare and veined with scratches.

He smiled at her and said, "Hi, Paula."

"Bradley Davis?" she said in a tone of wonder. "Thank God you're alive!"

"Am I supposed to be dead?"

"It was on the radio," she said. "They didn't give you even an outside chance."

"I'm very much alive," he said. "But for a while it was a toss-up. Is Pierre all right?"

"He's all right," she said. "He slept at my house last night. You hear that noise? It's a helicopter looking for your body." Her eyes searched his face. "You know about Ruth?"

"What about Ruth?"

"She was killed."

The lines seemed to deepen in his haggard face, and after a moment he asked, "How?"

"A big tree went down and she was found at the foot of the sea wall with a fractured skull," Paula said.

He had still been in love with her, she thought as she saw the shock on his face. Whatever her faults, Ruth had had the capacity to stir strong emotion in men—in Bradley Davis, in Alex, in Porter Bellows, in Mort Brewster.

Paula hesitated a long moment and said, "The police say she was strangled and pushed off the wall."

"You mean murdered?"

"Around nine o'clock Monday night," Paula said evenly. "I think you ought to know that Pierre saw you there that night. He said he saw you and Ruth fighting over by the wall."

"Fighting?" he said. "We had a clash, but it was verbal. Bitter words, that's all." He frowned. "Well, I did catch hold of her arm. She was walking away and I stopped her to say one more word. She slapped me." He met her eyes and his own opened wider. "Oh, look here; it all happened long before nine o'clock. I started out there soon after sunset. It was closer to eight o'clock than nine when I was there. Pierre was still up, and his bedtime is eight-thirty."

She sighed softly. She believed him, and felt relief. She murmured, "I've been terribly worried because of Pierre. He lost his mother, and we were afraid that you had been drowned, and even if you hadn't —— Well, that's all right now."

"I want to see Pierre," Brad said. "He's at your house, you said. Can you take me there?"

"Just now he's out at the point, learning to cast with the rod you gave him," she said. "But I ought to warn you, Mr. Davis, that Pierre is very deeply upset, and he did see you quarreling with Ruth, remember. He turned against you rather violently yesterday and he even hoped that you would be drowned in the storm. I think I know why. Pierre needs you, and I think he loves you. You're the only one he has to turn to, but he feels that you don't want him."

"I've got to see that boy," Brad said.

"You must," she said. "But not out at the point." She spread her hands apologetically. "After all, you did have a quarrel with Ruth on the sea wall, and Porter is very much distressed. He thinks you're responsible."

"I've got to see Pierre," Brad said. "I've got to talk to him."

"I'll get him," Paula said. "I'll bring him here."

She turned quickly to the door and left him leaning against the sink in the kitchen, his head bent.

The widow was on the porch of the cottage next door and called to Paula as she opened the door of her car. Her red hair was bound up in a scarf and she had a broom in her hand. She said in a low-pitched voice strong in volume, "Things took a real beating down here, didn't they?"

"Were you here in the hurricane?"

"No, I got out, and I spent the night last night at the Menasset Manor. I guess this is tough luck for you, Miss Trent."

"Oh, well," Paula said, "we'll just have to gouge you summer people a little more to make up for it."

Muriel Parker laughed throatily. "And that's no joke," she said.

"Speaking seriously, then," Paula said, "we'll refund the advance rent you've paid, Mrs. Parker, and we're sorry for the inconvenience."

"Forget the refund," the widow said. "A little old hurricane doesn't bother me. The cottage is still standing, isn't it? I'm moving back in to stay."

"Good for you," Paula said.

She turned the car around and drove back along the beach road. When she reached the house on Fawcett Point she saw that Alex's car was still parked in the driveway, and she walked across the lawn to the sea wall. A hundred yards away, Pierre was sitting on the beach working over a bird's nest of snarled line on his reel, but Alex was not in sight.

As she started down the concrete steps, Joe Burns called to her, "Say, Miss Trent."

She looked up from the foot of the wall. He was out over the water, straddling the great trunk of the white oak. "There's something shiny down there in the water," he said.

"I'll take a look," she said, and made her way along the concrete base of the wall.

It was half tide and rocks slick and dark with seaweed were exposed.

Joe Burns called down from the tree above, "If you step out on that flat rock you can reach it, maybe."

Paula moved onto a flat, bluish rock and saw a shining object like a gold coin half hidden by a budlike strand of seaweed. She got down on her knees, reached far out and picked it up. She knew from its weight that it was no coin. It was a watch, a gold wrist watch, with the strap torn loose at one end—a man's watch, and the hands said four minutes past nine. She turned it over and the engraved initials, "B. D.," leaped out at her and the date, "October 17, 1951."

"What is it?" Joe Burns called down.

She closed her fingers on the watch and looked off toward the beach, where Pierre was still intent on his snarled line, then she asked without looking up at Joe Burns, "Where was it that—that Mrs. Bellows was found?"

"Just about where you're standing, Miss Trent." As she stepped quickly off the flat rock, he asked, "What is that thing?"

"Nothing important," she said. "Just a bottle cap."

"It looked kind of goldy for a bottle cap," Joe said. "Sorry I troubled you."

Paula went back up the steps and hesitated there. No, she would not take Pierre to see his father, she thought. She opened her fingers and looked again at the watch that had Bradley Davis' initials engraved on the back. The hands still said 9:04. The watch had stopped at four minutes past nine, and Ruth Bellows had been killed close to nine o'clock.

She got into her car and drove to the Post Road, where she turned east toward the barracks of the state police. She remembered Bradley Davis in his absurd striped shirt and ragged pants, with a sandal on one foot and the other foot bare, and told herself that it was unthinkable that he had killed Ruth Bellows. He was an urbane, civilized man, and surely violence was foreign to his nature. On the right a sign appeared that said OAK BEACH, and she swung the wheel over and made the right turn. She let the blue convertible coast to a stop fifty feet short of the gray cottage called Thalassa. She wanted time to think.

Coming toward her on the opposite side of the road was a highway bulldozer pushing sand from the road, and several cottage owners were about, cleaning up the debris of the hurricane.

As she hesitated, Brad came out of the gray cottage, waved, and called, "Where's Pierre?"

As he approached, she noticed that both his wrists were bare, and put the car in gear. The moment he came abreast of the car, she asked, "Did you know you lost your watch, Mr. Davis?"

"It went down with the yawl," he said. "Everything I had went down with the yawl, except the clothes I'm wearing." He smiled. "If you can call this outfit clothes."

"When is your birthday?"

"October seventeenth. Why?"

The bulldozer was close at hand, clattering on the road. She said in a slow, careful tone, "A little while ago a watch was found in the water where Ruth was killed. It was a handsome gold watch with your initials on the back and the date, October 17, 1951."

"You're kidding?" he said.

She shook her head.

"It must be my watch," he said. "It was a birthday present from Ruth, but I haven't seen it in a couple of years. I lent it to Ruth, and it was never returned."

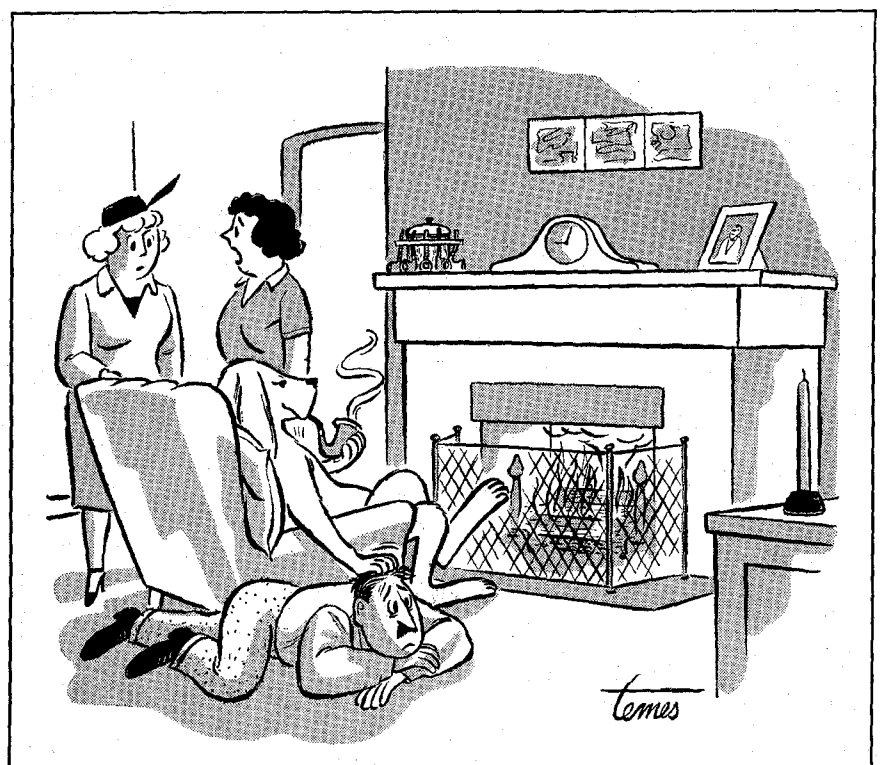
"You lent it to her?" Paula said in a tone of disbelief.

"When Ruth and Pierre were leaving for America, her watch was at the jeweler's and the man didn't have it ready on time," he said earnestly. "On the way to the boat train she was complaining about it, and I gave her my watch to carry in her bag. She promised to send it back, but she never did. If that's the watch that was found in the water, somebody put it there." The muscles about his mouth tightened and his eyes shone angrily. "Somebody is trying to frame me," he said.

She found her voice—a small, doubtful voice, "But why should anyone try to frame you?"

"He's not framing me, exactly," Brad said. "He's framing a dead man. Don't you see? As soon as I was reported dead, he tried to prove that I killed Ruth, by planting that watch. What he did prove was that he lives in that house, that he knew where to find the watch!"

TO BE CONTINUED



"And then, bit by bit, Henry lost control over him."

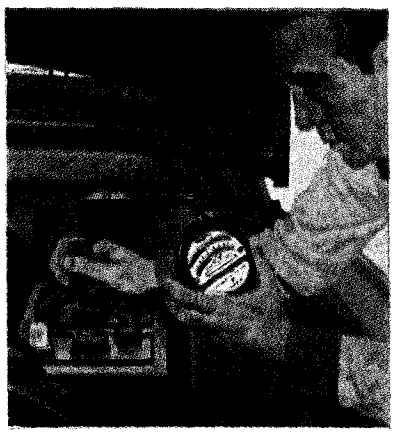
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

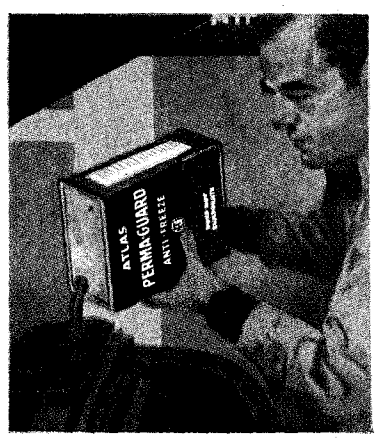
November 5, 1955

When the Mallards Head South...

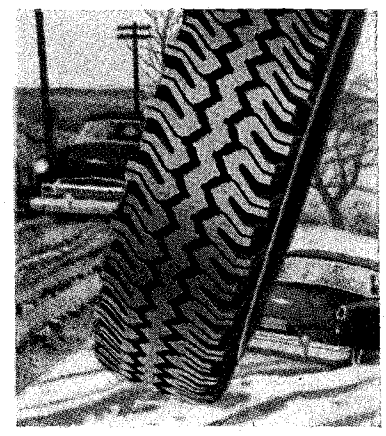
It's Time to See Your ATLAS Dealer for Service



ATLAS BATTERIES. For extra power, longer life, quicker starts in all weather! Most batteries fail at the first cold spell because hot summer driving "bakes out" a battery's power. With the first temperature drop, it fails completely. Have your Atlas dealer check your battery *now*. And if you need a new battery, make sure it's an Atlas.



ATLAS PERMA-GUARD* ANTI-FREEZE. One fill protects your car all winter long. Won't freeze even at 60° below zero . . . won't boil off or evaporate . . . contains special ingredients to prevent rust and corrosion . . . is odorless, free from harmful vapors. Avoid the last-minute rush — get Atlas Perma-Guard *today*.



ATLAS WEATHERGARD* TIRES. Prepare yourself for any kind of weather. Atlas Weathergards take snow and mud in stride. Special treads give unmatched traction — won't clog up with snow or mud. Long-lasting, easy-riding, quiet-running, white or black sidewalls. For safe winter driving get Atlas Weathergards *now*.

ATLAS*
TIRES · BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES

38,000 ATLAS DEALERS
SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1955. Atlas Supply Company, Newark 2, N.J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is My Story (Continued from Page 21)

never dull, because I've got myself so involved in so many things there isn't time to be bored.

There are some who have also been saying that my ratings have been slipping badly during the past couple of years. Well, if increasing the audience, in a thirty-day period, from 44,000,000 in 1952 to 82,000,000 as of June 15, 1955, is slipping, then I guess they're right. Last year Neilsen said we had 70,000,000; this year he says 82,000,000. That means we have slipped 12,000,000 more people into the scene somehow, and I wish you could hear how my sponsors are enjoying their slide! For instance, the Wednesday-night television show Arthur Godfrey and His Friends for July 6, 1955, according to Trendex, pulled a 50 per cent greater tune-in than my worthy opponent, Mr. Walt Disney—whose programs, according to my detractors, would run me off the air in less than a year. He did run two other shows off the air, but he hasn't bothered us, except that I love his stuff and I'm sorry he's on opposite me, because I'd like to see it myself.

My advisers among the officers and executives at CBS told me: "Arthur, be smart and let your enemies do the yawping. If you talk back you'll only play into their hands." But a great many others have said, when they heard the true story, "Arthur, why don't you tell that story publicly? That ought to be printed." So O.K., I'll try. But where do we start?

I suppose I could begin with some of the things out of my life which rocked me when they happened. For instance, I could open these memoirs by mentioning the dismal fact that when my father died he was hopelessly in debt. He was so tortured by a knowledge of failure that he walked up and down the floor at night cursing the men he thought had gypped him. I can hear him now, pacing up and down, up and down, blaming everybody but himself. He'd walk so many feet that way and so many feet this way, and as he walked he'd curse somebody who had cheated him out of something—we never knew what.

And he'd do that for hours while we kids crawled into our beds and pulled the covers up over our heads and thought that the end of the world had come. Your guess is as good as mine as to what that sort of thing does to a kid; whether it gives him a feeling of insecurity or not. That's the side of the story we kids saw. Dad's side of the story—who knows what that was? Nobody will ever know. He died in 1924, God rest his soul.

An autobiography, of course, being a man's own story, contains only what he puts into it. I suppose if I were as artful as some of my detractors, I could easily make this as complimentary to myself as some of their pieces have been defamatory. But I'm going to tell this story as truthfully as my memory will permit: the silly things I've done along with the things I'm proud of; the good and the bad.

So maybe I should start my story with some of the dishonest things I've done; how I stole things; and how, more than once, before I got into radio and television, I made a quick shady dime. Or I could have had some fun kicking this off by mentioning that, so far as I know, I'm the only youngster who was ever robbed of a week's pay by a blond babe, with tapering legs, high up in the head of the Statue of Liberty. After that happened, a streetwalker fed me and bedded me down without my knowing how she earned her living. I was in my early teens then.

I might work up some fast wordage by telling about a job I once had in a Detroit flophouse as a night room clerk. And about how, in that same hotel, there lived a guy with no legs who pushed himself around on a little platform on roller-skate wheels. He took in anywhere from forty to ninety dollars a day on street corners, begging, and if anybody reached for one of the decoy pencils piled in his cap, his rage could be a terrifying thing. Then there was the hoodlum who tried to knife me in an alley because I wouldn't let him stretch the moral tone of the flophouse as far as he wanted to.

For that matter, perhaps the most effective way to launch my story would be with the 1931 automobile accident, near Washington, which scrambled my legs and hip bones and also rearranged my whole life. I had jumped into my car, an ancient two-door sedan, and had taken off along Riggs Road at about fifty miles an hour. I was on my own side of the narrow old road, minding my business, when I saw a truck coming toward me. I gave it no attention because it was going one way and I was going the other, and we were both on our sides of the road. Then, when I was within 100 feet of the truck, it suddenly swerved and hit me head-on.

I came to, seven days later. I was lying flat in a plaster cast that came all the way up the whole body, across my chest. I had both legs in that cast. I was locked back straight, so I couldn't see my feet. And my left arm was in a traction lashup. My pelvis had suffered twenty-seven fractures. When I fell out of the car, my arm dug into the side of the road, and dirt and manure and grass and gravel were ground into it. There's some of that stuff in that arm yet, although they spent several hours trying to pick it out. I'd smashed both kneecaps and my knees were swelled about a foot in diameter. The head of my left femur had been driven straight through the acetabulum, completely smashing the hip socket. There just wasn't any socket any more. The right hip was badly dislocated.

I must have been at a very low ebb, because I remember turning my head on the pillow and seeing a nurse on her knees praying in my ear and begging me to hold on. I was in a Seventh Day Adventist hospital; a policeman had taken me there because it was the nearest one, and the nurse, who didn't know me from Adam, was praying for my life. How I grew to love those people!

During the months that followed, lying in that hospital listening to the radio, I realized for the first time how really intimate the medium is and how ridiculously ineffective most of the speakers were. Not that they were all poor speakers: in fact, most of them were pretty good—but they were not *talking*—they were *reading* and, therefore, convincing no one. I decided I'd do things differently when I returned to my broadcasting job. People might not think much of me as a performer, but, by jingoes, they'd believe me!

The catch is that I really don't want to begin my story with any of these things. I want to tell it in sequence and let you see how one event builds up to another. Even the fact that I have a number of firsts to my credit—for instance, I was the first radio disk jockey—would be out of context if I cited the full record here.

There are those who think that, without planning it that way, I have become a controversial figure. Not long ago a friend of mine said to me, "You know what, Arthur? You have reached a point where you can't blow your nose without having the papers play it up as an outrage." And that may be right, because it appears that every time I change employees or fly too close to an airport control tower, the press bills it as a national calamity. Some people have thought, therefore, that the very first chapters of this story ought to be a detailed clarification of all the nonsense that has been published in the newspapers about me during the past two years. It seems to me, however, that if I have to go on the stand in my own defense at the beginning of my life story, then I have no business writing it.

Moreover, I think it would be impossible to understand what goes on around here without knowing the story from the beginning. For instance, that accusation in the papers that I fired some people because they fell in love—well, how ridiculous can you get? I know as well as you do that when those romantic hormones start racing around in people you don't try to interfere. If you are smart, you stand to one side so you won't be trampled underfoot.

The newspaper boys pulled that romance angle on me three or four times, but I fooled them the last time when I dismissed nine employees in a bunch. Unable to figure out any love *motif* at all on that one, they came up with the remarkable news that I fired these folks without notice. How much notice did your boss give you the last time you were fired? I gave those nine people two and one-half months' pay!

Later on in this tale I'll give you some of the fantastic details behind those newspaper stories about Godfrey—details that I suspect will amaze you. Meanwhile, hanging on the wall of my office along with some others is an old Indian proverb which says: "Let me judge no man until I have walked in his moccasins for two moons." Let me tell you my story and you judge for yourself.

One more guidepost before I start: In all the twenty-six years I've been broadcasting, you never heard me say anything derogatory about any individual except Hitler, Stalin and Tojo and their verminous cohorts—and I'm not going to start now. I'll tell you the truth about things, but I don't want to hurt anybody—it's much more fun to try to help people. Also, part of my code says that once I have accepted a man's hospitality, once I have put my knees under his table and eaten his bread, his private life—as I know it—is forever my secret. I'll tell you about me—because I live in a transparent bathtub—but there are certain things about other people that one just doesn't discuss.

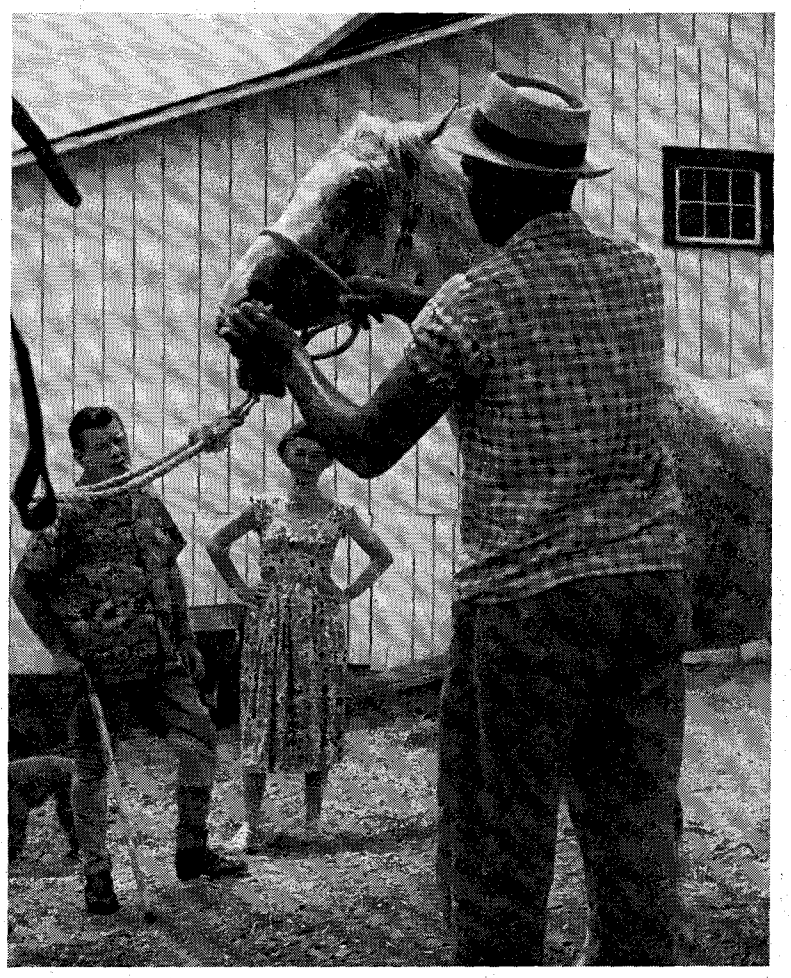
So now let's go back to the beginning.

The first thing I remember in this life is getting lost. It happened in the field next to our house in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. I was three or four years old then. The grass in the field was higher than my head, and I screamed because I couldn't find my way home. That's all I remember about that. It's just a flash.

I was born in New York, in 1903, in the borough of Manhattan. In 1905 or 1906 we moved to Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, where I was brought up. My father was a writer and lecturer. Among other things, he was editor of the Horse Show Blue Book; sports writer for The New York Times; and editor of the Rider and Driver. He was secretary of the American Hackney Association and was a fine judge of hackney ponies. In addition, he delivered slide-illustrated lectures for a fee, such as: Through Ireland on a Jaunting Car.

Dad was a favorite with a wealthy sporting crowd who kept stables, for he was not only a judge of horseflesh, he was an after-dinner speaker with a supply of Old World charm. He'd been born in Liverpool, of an Irish mother and an English father, into what he called the "upper middle closs."

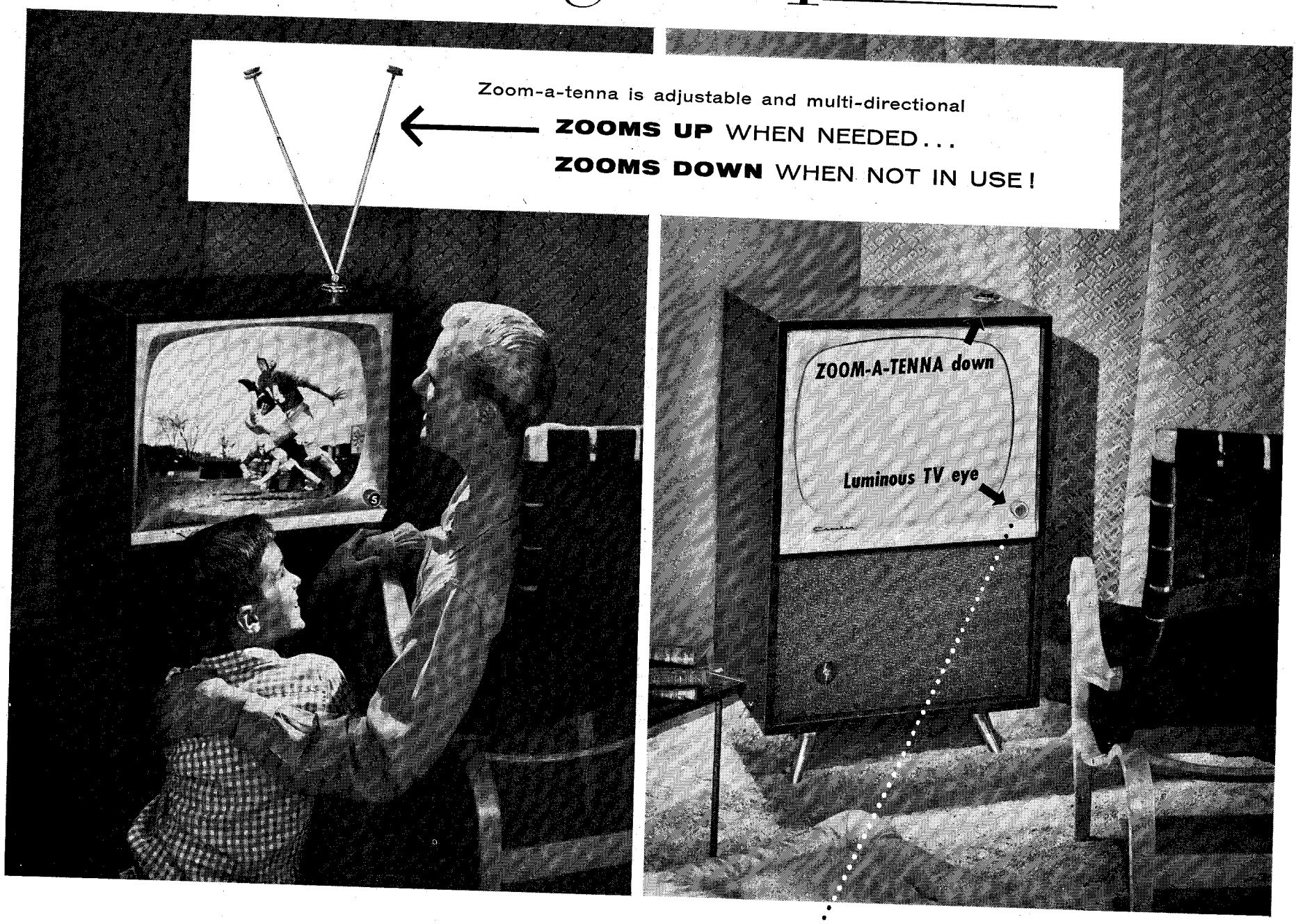
My father told us that when he was eighteen he had inherited half of a fortune of £165,000 and had come into the other half when he was twenty-one. It was his story that he and seven other men had chartered a yacht and had cruised around the world for six years. Whether or not he exaggerated the amount of the inheritance, I don't know, but I do know he had traveled extensively. When he was forty-eight or forty-nine he married my mother, who was only twenty, and by that time his fortune was gone. She bore him three boys and two girls. I am the eldest. (Continued on Page 118)



Arthur Godfrey, a great fancier of horseflesh, with his wife, Mary, at their Leesburg, Va., farm. Cane is a souvenir of his recent hip operation.

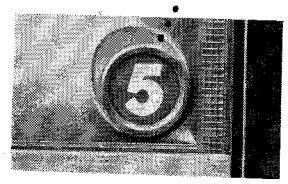
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only Crosley brings you Zoom-a-tenna for a better, brighter picture!

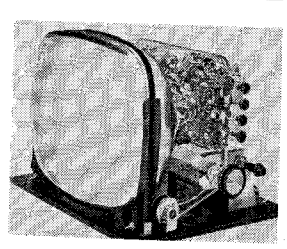

Zoom-a-tenna is adjustable and multi-directional
ZOOMS UP WHEN NEEDED . . .
ZOOMS DOWN WHEN NOT IN USE!
ZOOM-A-TENNA down
Luminous TV eye

It's true! There's nothing like *Zoom-a-tenna* anywhere today. Other sets will *copy* it, but right now *only Crosley* has this modern *miracle* antenna that zooms UP to give you the picture you want . . . zooms DOWN out of sight when your set is not in use.

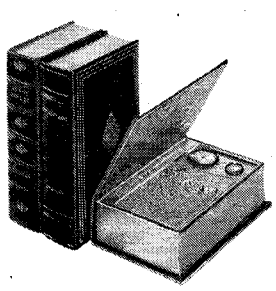
And Crosley gives you so many other "plusses" . . . so many other features you have a *right* to enjoy . . . you can't afford to go shopping for a new television set without seeing *Crosley Custom V* . . . TV with the *difference* you can *see*.



TV EYE . . .
Another Crosley Custom V exclusive. You can *see* the channel you're tuned to . . . in light or dark, from clear across the room!



7-LEAGUE CHASSIS . . .
Only Crosley Custom V has this powerful receiver that reaches out—city or country—for the station you want!



CROSLEY BOOK RADIO . . . Made with transistors and sub-miniature tubes, it's no bigger than an average novel, weighs less than two pounds. Bound in genuine leather, embossed in gold. Six colors to choose from. This superb Christmas gift at only $50.*

*Manufacturer's suggested list price.

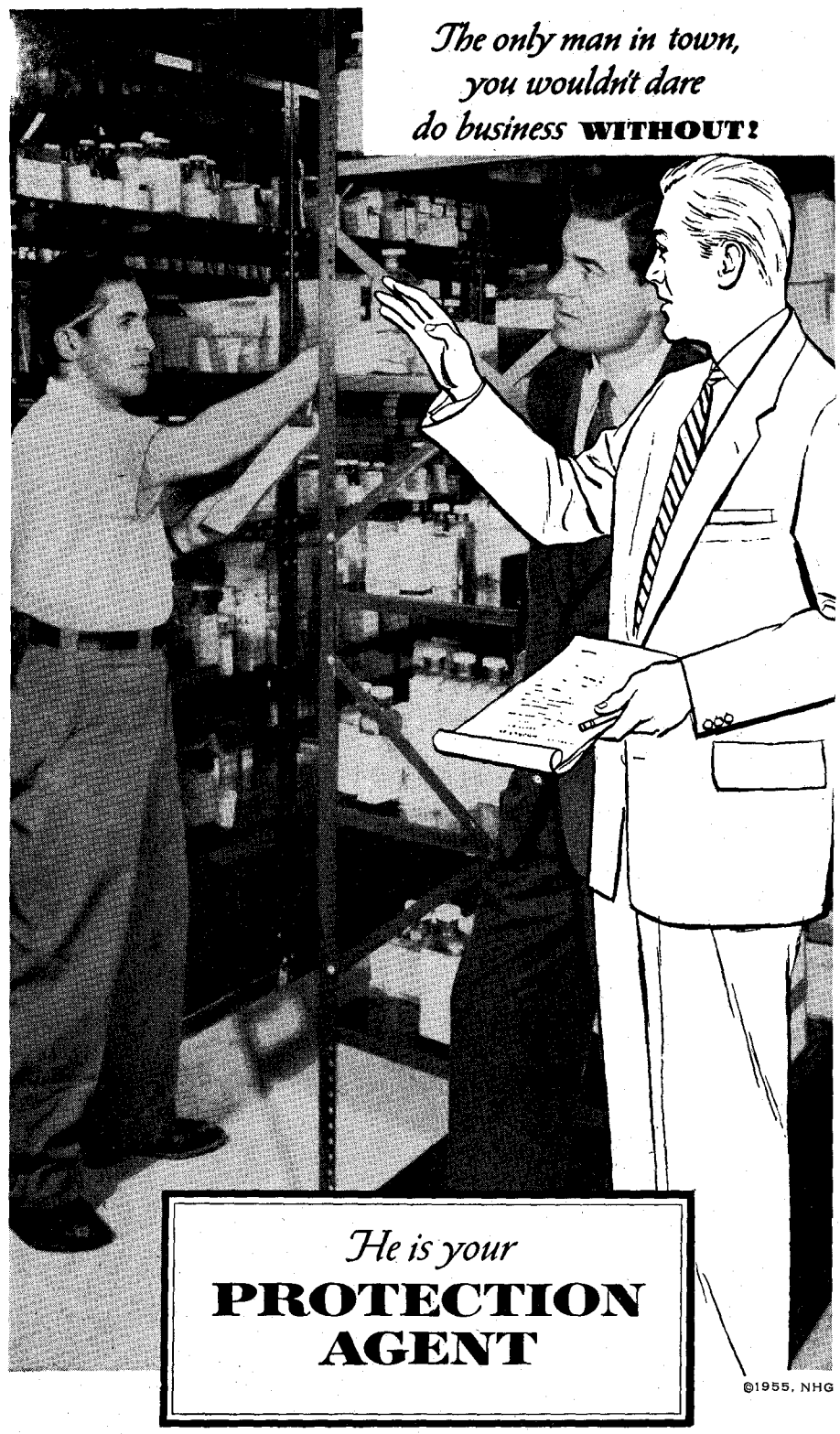
Crosley Custom V

. . . WITH THE DIFFERENCE YOU CAN SEE!

AVCO

Crosley Division, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Damage threatens every business, accidents every home.

To conduct business . . . or to live relaxed . . . you must have financial *protection.*

Any property worth owning is worth *protecting.* Therein lies the importance of the National Protection Agent. He represents the National of Hartford Group of insurance companies.

There are burglar alarms to prevent theft and fire alarms to prevent damage. But should losses occur, the National man *still protects you!*

The National Protection Agent has passed an examination, is licensed by your State. He makes a property survey for you, evaluates your risks, advises how much coverage you need.

Then he writes up a policy or policies, placing them for you with an insurance company or group of companies. He has the knowledge to select companies (a) with ample resources to repay you for any loss, and (b) with a known reputation for *prompt* payment of claims.

He's impartial. The National Protection Agent *is under no obligation to insure* you with the companies constituting the National of Hartford Group. Thus, any time he selects National, it means he really believes National will best serve *your interests.*

For impartial counsel in obtaining protection, let us put you in touch with the National Protection Agent in your community. *Don't do business without him!*

NATIONAL OF HARTFORD GROUP
of Insurance Companies

Standard protection — CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY INSURANCE

Executive and Administrative Offices: Hartford 15, Connecticut

NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD — MECHANICS AND TRADERS INSURANCE COMPANY
FRANKLIN NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK
TRANSCONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY — UNITED NATIONAL INDEMNITY COMPANY

FIRE · MARINE · AUTOMOBILE · CASUALTY · BONDING

(Continued from Page 116) My mother had auburn hair that hung to the floor. Although she was very talented, she devoted her life to her husband and her children. She could cook beautifully, but she didn't like to keep house. Her pastries, cakes and jellies, even today, are to a queen's taste. She had a beautiful soprano voice and was an accomplished pianist. She still often sits for hours composing music.

Without bringing any influence to bear, she captured the fancy of the distinguished conductor, Andre Kostelanetz, with one of her marches, The Marine Boys' March, which he proudly includes in his repertoire today. She is world-traveled—going abroad at least once a year—is an ardent student of Shakespeare, writes songs by the gross, is twice as active as most women half her age and just generally has a ball all the time. I wish I had inherited more of her talent.

Dad was very strict about our table manners. I sat on his right. When I did something wrong I got the back of his hand across my face. I didn't always know why he'd hit me—I'd ask my mother later—but I knew that if I cried he'd hit me again. So I didn't cry. It was harsh discipline, but it was good for me. (A good smash on the behind once in a while might help cure some of this juvenile delinquency that's going around.)

But most of all about those times, I remember wondering if there would be enough pennies in the house to buy us something to eat. We ate reasonably well until I was eight or nine; then we reached a point where a ten-cent box of corn flakes and a bottle of milk was breakfast for the whole household. Lunch would be a can of condensed soup, watered to go around, and helped out by a nickel box of crackers. My mother made and sold jellies, cakes and fine needlework to the neighbors and played piano in the local nickel movie house to keep us fed. She strove valiantly to keep house and home together, but it was tough going.

In spite of his charm and his Old World manners, dad must have annoyed his practical American friends with his improvidence. He borrowed here and he borrowed there, and he was never able to pay it back.

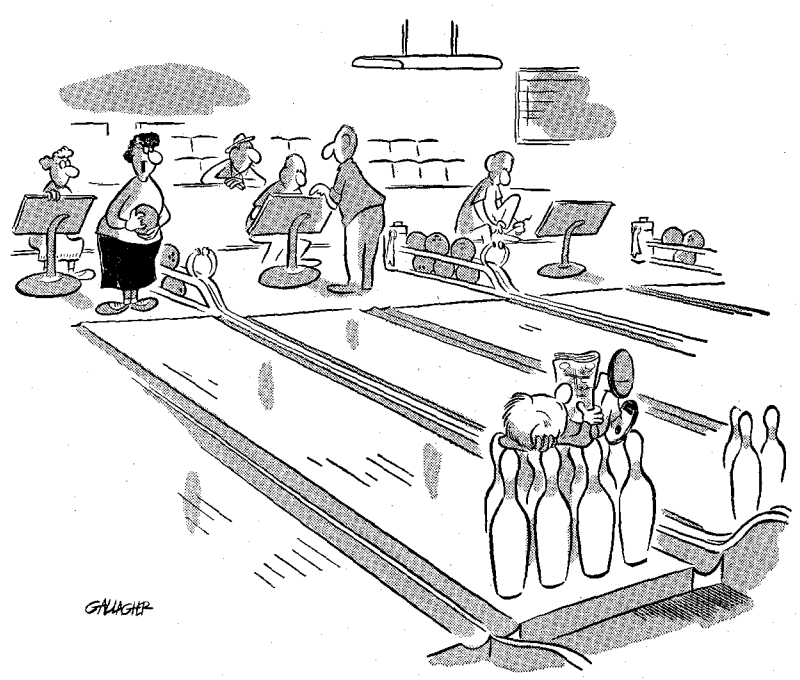
I remember going to the butcher's and the grocer's and saying, "Mother would like to know if we could charge a loaf of bread until next week?" and the grocer telling me, "Sorry, son, but you folks already owe us two hundred dollars. Tell your father to stay away from that chain store and come here, where he's been given credit, when they pay him for one of those stories he writes." So a large part of the story of my first fourteen years is one of grinding poverty spaced with periods of comparative prosperity—when dad sold something.

I can still hear his whistle on lonely, quiet nights. He commuted on the steam trains which ran between Hasbrouck Heights and the New York ferry. When he got off the train at night we could hear him whistling as he walked up the hill. It was a slow whistle when he felt good, a quicker one when he was mad. If it was his mad whistle, we hid, but if he whistled his good whistle it meant that he had dates and fig and sweets hidden in his pockets. Credit o no credit, he was fond of his family.

In 1916, when my sister, Dorothy, was born, dad must have been sixty-three or sixty-four and my mother was thirty-four, but I'm sure he never stopped being her gallant lover even after she'd borne him five children. When he died in 1924, I was in the Navy, hundreds of miles from his deathbed, but I knew that he was gone before the wireless gave me the word. I'll tell about that when I come to it.

Meanwhile, I want to tell something else: Between the ages of ten and fifteen, I did my share of dishonest things. I'm not too ashamed of them. Everybody is capable of a little larceny, especially kids. I won't go into them all. One will do. I delivered milk, rolls, groceries and meat; I mowed lawns, shoveled snow, cut firewood and worked as a carpenter's helper. Then I got a "position" in a bank. A "position" meant that I wore a tie and coat, and that the pay was $17.50 a month. A friend of my mother's, a relative of the president of the bank, landed the "position" for me.

My job was mail clerk. In addition to carrying the mail to and from the post office and distributing the mail in the bank, I stamped the letters and stamped the checks with a rubber stamp. The bank was in Hackensack, three miles away from Hasbrouck Heights, and I went to work on a streetcar. Some mornings, if I didn't have a nickel for the ride, I walked. It was so early that the milk and the rolls hadn't been taken in from front porches, and on those mornings my breakfast would be a bottle of milk and a couple of sweet rolls. By lunchtime I was hungry, so I'd take five cents' worth of stamps—two two-cent stamps and a penny stamp—from the bank's stamp supply, go to a newsstand on the corner and say to the guy who owned



"Just once, I'd like to get that kid!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it, "How about a chocolate bar for these?" He'd say, "Sure," and give me a bar. Then, on pay day, I'd put the nickel's worth of stamps back.

I don't know how much I took in all; sixty cents' worth of stamps, maybe ninety cents' worth, and I put the money back. But one day the president of the bank sent for me. A board meeting was going on, and all the brass was in the board room. The guy behind the newsstand counter where I'd swapped the stamps for candy had ratted on me. When I went in, they told me, "Arthur, we know that you have been taking stamps and trading them for candy. We also know that you put the money back afterward. Even so, we're going to have to let you go because you mustn't ever take anything which isn't yours."

"We don't want this to mark you, Arthur," the president said. "Nobody will know why you were discharged and nobody in this room will ever say anything." And none of them ever did. As far as I can remember, that's one of the last dishonest things I've ever done deliberately. No, I'll take that back—there were a couple of things in the Navy, like stealing hot beans from the galley on board ship.

A few hundred words back I started to tell about how ashamed I was of my family's credit. The humiliation of not being able to get a nickel's worth on trust anywhere became an obsession with me, which is probably why to this day I insist on paying all bills and signing all checks myself.

During my first and second years in high school I worked for a German baker named Wilhelm Shaefer; then, as things worsened at home, I began to live in Shaefer's bakeshop. It seemed easier that way. The Godfreys had been dispossessed once more, and the neighbors had taken in one of my brothers; another brother had gone someplace else, a sister to still another place. Mother and the baby had found refuge elsewhere. I was living at the bakery with people who ate regularly and who wore things they'd bought themselves and paid for.

So, throughout the summer of 1917 I worked for Shaefer, the baker. Then, in the middle of 1918, my sophomore year, there was an epidemic of influenza and the Shaefers came down with it. It put Tillie, the baker's little daughter, in her coffin. That's thirty-seven years ago, but I can still see her lying there. She lasted only one afternoon. Then the boss went down with the flu; it laid the baker out, too, and suddenly I was running the business.

They hired another baker and I worked with him and stayed out of school for a while to help carry the shop through that time. The Shaefers never got over thanking me, but the principal of Hasbrouck Heights High School didn't feel that way. He was a tall young man and he wore the first tortoise-shell glasses I ever saw. He called me into his office one day and said, "You've been absent from school for the past three weeks."

"I've been working at Shaefer's Bakery," I said. "Everybody there had influenza. I'll make up the work I've missed."

"I'm sorry," he said, "but because of your absence you can't take part in debating for the remainder of the year." I was captain of the sophomore debating team and now I couldn't debate against the frosh.

I looked at this self-righteous Joe and said, "Why, you long, tall drink of water!"—only I'm afraid I didn't exactly say that. Then I walked out. I didn't go back.

Eight or ten years ago, while I was reminiscing on the air, I talked about Hasbrouck Heights High. A day or two later I got a letter from my nemesis, the horn-rimmed principal. He said that he remembered me as a brilliant young student; that he recalled my freckled face, my auburn hair, my honest smile, and that he remembered telling me, "Young man, you will make your way in this world." He wound up by saying, "And you did, Arthur, and I want you to know that we are as proud of you today as we were then." That letter was fascinating.

In January, 1918, after I had quit school, I went to New York to "seek my fortune." I didn't run away from home, because there wasn't any home to run away from. Ours had fallen apart. I rented a room at the 23rd Street Y.M.C.A. for a dollar and fifteen cents a week. The fifteen cents was for gym privileges. I sold papers to pay for my room. I bought seven papers for a nickel and sold them for two cents apiece. With other lads who peddled papers, I ate at a hole in the wall, a horrible place where coffee was a penny, a hamburger three cents. The Lord knows what was in those hamburgers. From paper selling I rose to a job as an office boy in an architectural office, Jallade and Lindsay, on Liberty Street. The pay was ten dollars a week, a giant step up from a profit of nine cents on seven newspapers.

I hadn't been there very long—five or six weeks at most—when one Saturday I went to see the Statue of Liberty. I had a whole week's pay—a ten-dollar bill—in my pocket, plus a few nickels.

In the boat going over to Bedloe's Island, I got into a conversation with a babe. She walked in front of me going up the stairs in the Statue, and I kidded her and thought I was a killer-diller. We looked out the windows in the top of Liberty's head, and had a session of half scuffling, half necking and skylarking around until we'd missed five or six boats. When we came down, she said, "I'm (Continued on Page 123)

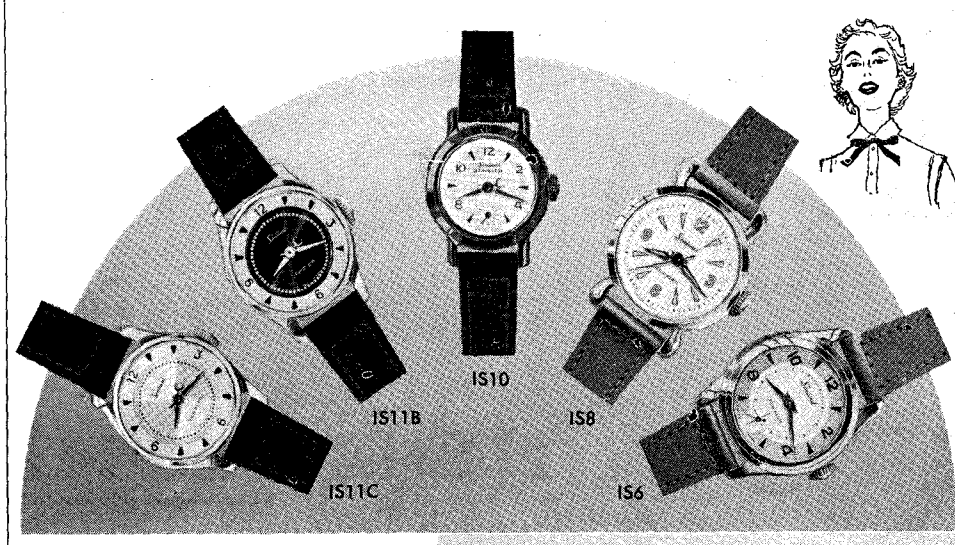
Trust your beautiful new Sentinel

to perform like watches costing many times more!

Your Sentinel — every Sentinel — is built with "expensive watch" features. It's jeweled, it is anti-magnetic — and its sturdy movement is shock-resistant. That is why every Sentinel is guaranteed by one of America's oldest and largest watchmakers — *guaranteed for a full year.* And that is why your Sentinel is so dependable!

Your Sentinel has the beauty, too, of much more costly watches! You'll delight in it every time you wear it. If you buy your Sentinel as an "extra watch," you'll find what millions of Sentinel owners have found . . . a beautiful, dependable Sentinel fast becomes a habit, and you'll find yourself wearing your Sentinel every day!

put one of these new Sentinels on your wrist today!



SMART STYLING FOR THE LADIES

SENTINEL IS11C — Golden color case and dial, golden champagne center. Black suede strap. **$9.95**

SENTINEL IS11B — Golden color case and dial, black center. Black suede strap. **$9.95**

SENTINEL IS10 — Golden color case. Silvered metal dial, golden color numerals. Small second hand. Black suede strap. **$9.95**

SENTINEL IS8 — Chrome case, luminous dial with golden minute markings. Sweep second hand. Tan leather strap. **$7.95**

SENTINEL IS6 — Chrome case. Golden color hands and numerals. Small second hand. Tan leather strap. **$6.95**

NEW DEPENDABILITY FOR MEN

SENTINEL IS4 — Waterproof, dustproof* with stainless steel case and back. Luminous dial, golden color raised numerals. Sweep second hand. Gray padded leather strap. **$10.95**

SENTINEL IS15 — Wafer thin golden color case. Silvered metal dial, golden color raised numerals. Small second hand. Tan calfskin strap. **$10.95**

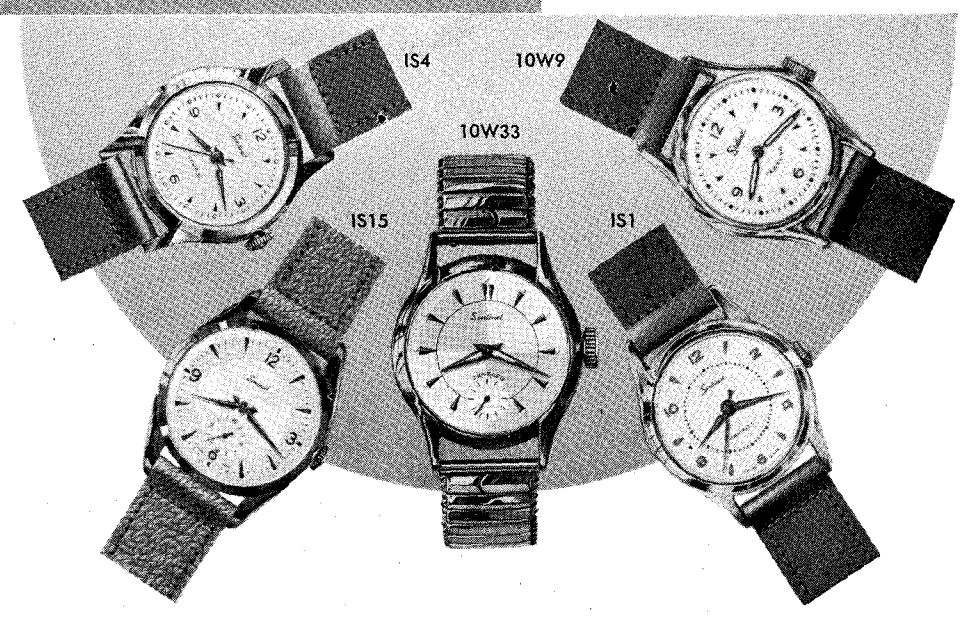
SENTINEL 10W33 — Golden color case, matching expansion band. Luminous dial. Small second hand. Stainless steel back. **$7.95**

SENTINEL IS1 — Chrome case. Luminous dial. Sweep second hand. Gray padded leather strap. **$6.95**

SENTINEL 10W9 — Chrome case, stainless steel back. Silvered metal dial. Gray leather strap. **$4.95**

Taxes are not included in prices

* Remains waterproof and dustproof if crystal, crown, and back remain intact and, if removed, expertly replaced.



See SENTINELS . . . get *your* SENTINELS . . . at your favorite Drug, Hardware, Tobacco or Jewelry Counter, wherever timepieces are sold! If your dealer cannot supply you, send money order or check, including 10% Federal Excise Tax, to The E. Ingraham Co., Bristol, Connecticut.

THE E. INGRAHAM CO. • BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT AND TORONTO, CANADA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

announces the world's finest steering system!

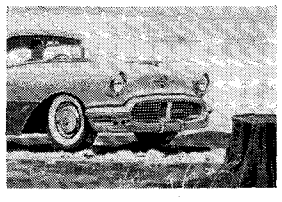
new Safety POWER STEERING

WITH 3 MAJOR IMPROVEMENTS FOR 1956!

1 TWICE-AS-EASY PARKING!

Thanks to a revolutionary new valve design, parking with the new 1956 *Safety* Power Steering System requires only HALF AS MUCH EFFORT as previous models. You get the benefit of this greater power assistance while driving in city traffic and maneuvering in close quarters, too!

2 GREATER ROAD STABILITY!



Safety Power Steering has always been famous for its familiar, reassuring "feel of the road". Now the new, advanced engineering design of the 1956 system gives you an even greater sense of security and stability on the highway. It helps you stay steadily "on course"!

3 RELAXING NEW RESPONSE!

You'll find your steering wheel responds more effortlessly than ever before with new 1956 *Safety* Power Steering. This means less fatigue, more physical and mental relaxation in traffic, on the highway and when parking. Yet you *always* have the secure "road feel" you want!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's like having a "CO-PILOT" to help you!

"IT ALMOST STEERS AND PARKS ITSELF!" folks say when they try this revolutionary NEW *Safety* Power Steering. Automotive engineers have pronounced it the finest steering system ever developed. Now, for the first time, you can have the stable "road feel" that has made *Safety* Power Steering famous—*plus* unbelievable parking and maneuvering ease!

It's like having a "co-pilot" in your car to take the pressure off you—always lending a helping hand, but never interfering with your command! NEW *Safety* Power Steering is standard equipment on all 1956 Cadillacs, Buick Roadmasters and Supers; optional on all other 1956 Buicks, Oldsmobiles and Pontiacs. Be sure to try it before you buy any new car. *You've never experienced anything like it—and it costs so little now!*

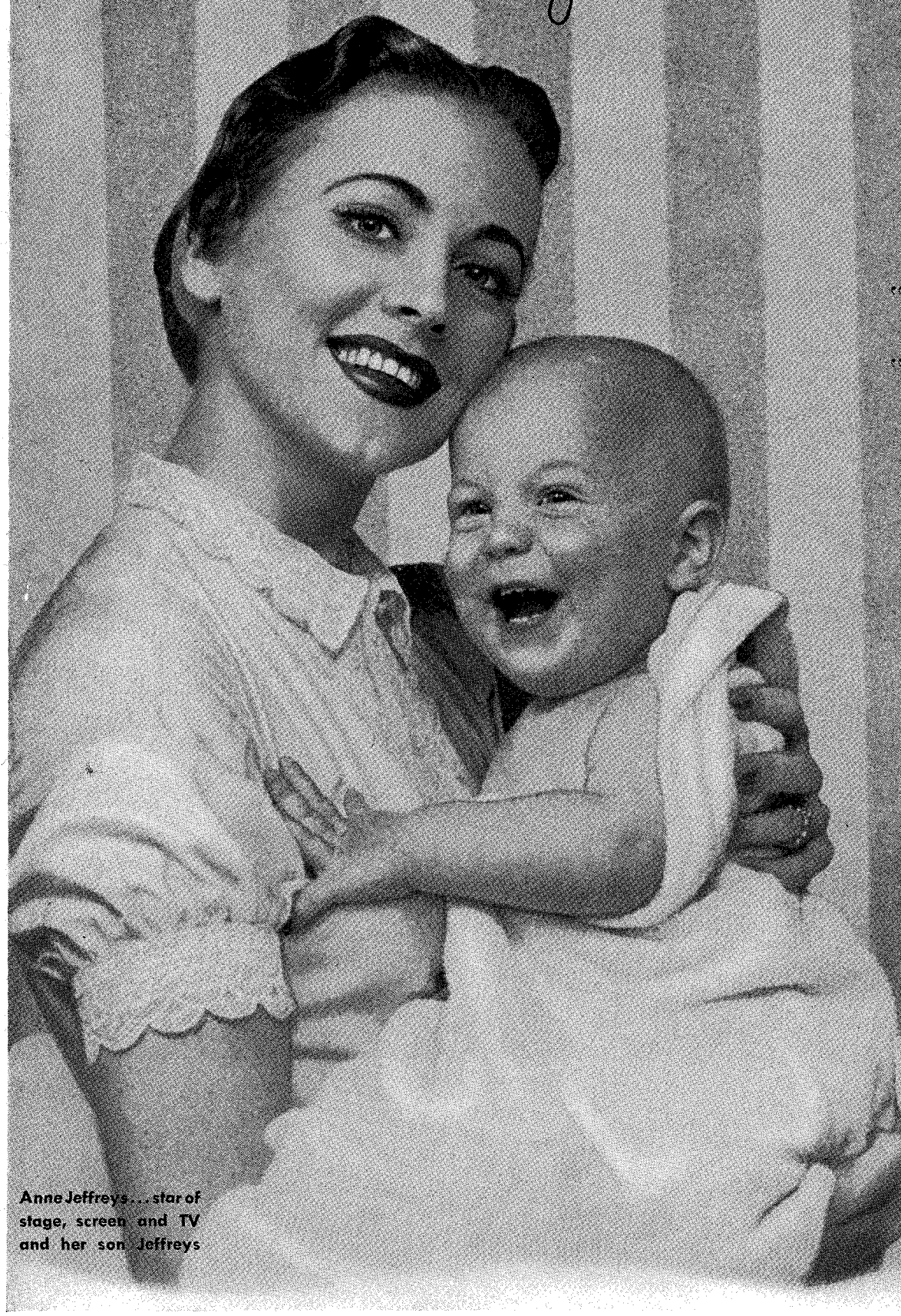
Safety POWER STEERING by Saginaw

SAGINAW STEERING GEAR DIV. OF GENERAL MOTORS, SAGINAW, MICH.

OVER 2 1/2 MILLION SAFETY POWER STEERING SYSTEMS ARE NOW IN SERVICE!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the softest, smoothest skin in the world... a daily **LINIT** bath!



Anne Jeffreys... star of stage, screen and TV and her son Jeffreys

"My doctor recommended it," says lovely **ANNE JEFFREYS STERLING,** "and I've found that a daily **LINIT** bath is the perfect way to soothe and protect little Jeffreys' sensitive skin."

Produced by Corn Products Refining Co.

IT'S a happy, happy day for your baby when you discover Linit for the bath. Because a Linit bath soothes and protects delicate skin as nothing else can.

The reason is simple: As you know, diapers, clothes, everything that touches your baby's tender skin — the air, even the very water in which you bathe him — can be a source of irritation.

But a small amount of Linit Starch makes bath water feel soft and cooling... leaves a smooth, invisible film that absorbs excessive moisture and actually guards the skin. Remember, too, a Linit bath not only protects baby from prickly heat, diaper rash and other annoying skin irritations, but helps to relieve and control these conditions once they develop.

So, it's only natural that Linit, starch from corn, is preferred by mothers everywhere for baby's bath.

Next time you bathe your baby, give him a *Linit bath.* See his skin become fresher, softer — and ever so much smoother.

here's all you do!

Swish approximately half a cup of LINIT STARCH into your baby's bath. See how smoothly, quickly it dissolves. Bathe baby as usual. Then pat dry with a soft towel to leave a sheer veil of protecting Linit on the skin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 119)

going to powder my nose. Meet you at the gate to the boat."

I waited while two or three boats left, and finally I went back to the Battery alone. Going ashore, I dropped in at a lunch wagon. It was then I found that she had pinched my ten bucks. I hadn't paid my rent at the Y, and I felt so ashamed at having been such a sucker that I wouldn't go back there. I couldn't face coming out with the truth of what had happened to my pay and asking for an advance at the architectural office either. I suppose I wasn't thinking too clearly. I was pretty stunned.

That night I slept with the bums in Battery Park while the cops rousted us from one bench to another. Times were tough. It was 1919, right after the war, and the park was well patronized. In the morning I went into the men's room in the park to wash. Then I went back to the lunch wagon where I'd first missed my money and washed dishes in exchange for breakfast.

When night came again, it had turned very cold, and one of the bums in the park said, "I'll show you where to sleep." He took me into the old Tribune building, where the huge rolls of newsprint were stacked, and climbing over them, we dropped down into a space between the rolls. It was fairly warm in there, but although I was comfortable, I didn't like the other characters I bunked with. They were dirty and smelled sour, and somehow the fact that they were much older made their dirtiness even more repulsive.

I hadn't been there between the rolls of paper very long before a woman came in and got into the space with me. I remember saying "Hello" and looking at her and thinking how ancient she was. *She must be almost thirty-five.* Then after a while we both fell asleep. In the morning she said, "Come on, kid. I've got a dime for coffee." We had coffee, and she said, "When you get through looking for a job I'll meet you here at the park and maybe I can stake you to some more grub." We slept among those paper rolls for two or three nights. Every now and then she disappeared; then came back and said, "I got half a buck, son. We can eat." Then one night she didn't show up and I never saw her again. Years afterward, people said to me, "How stupid could you be? That old dame was a streetwalker on the skids. Boy, you must have been naïve!"

After that, I picked up a paper and I saw an ad: "Typist wanted. Apply U. S. Army, Camp Merritt, New Jersey."

I had learned to type on my dad's stone-age typewriter. I knew nothing about the touch system, but I went over to the camp and said I was a typist, and they hired me at ninety bucks a month. I lived in the barracks and ate free Army chow. Some of the soldiers took a liking to me. They scrubbed me up and gave me a cast-off uniform, and when evening came, they would say to me, "Come on, kid. We'll go through the gate." Then they'd give me a fake pass and I'd hit town with them. By this time I was sending some money home. The Godfreys had taken another house in Hasbrouck Heights, which meant that the family was together again.

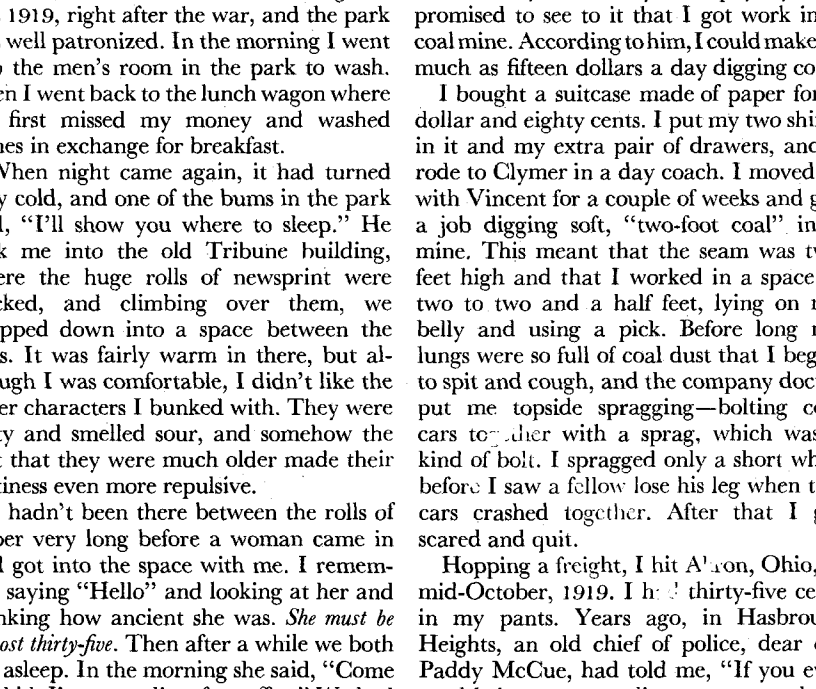
At Camp Merritt I struck up a friendship with Vincent Stahl, an older boy from Clymer, Pennsylvania. He'd served in World War I as an infantryman and was being mustered out. Vincent invited me to come to Clymer on my next payday. He promised to see to it that I got work in a coal mine. According to him, I could make as much as fifteen dollars a day digging coal.

I bought a suitcase made of paper for a dollar and eighty cents. I put my two shirts in it and my extra pair of drawers, and I rode to Clymer in a day coach. I moved in with Vincent for a couple of weeks and got a job digging soft, "two-foot coal" in a mine. This meant that the seam was two feet high and that I worked in a space of two to two and a half feet, lying on my belly and using a pick. Before long my lungs were so full of coal dust that I began to spit and cough, and the company doctor put me topside spragging—bolting coal cars together with a sprag, which was a kind of bolt. I spragged only a short while before I saw a fellow lose his leg when two cars crashed together. After that I got scared and quit.

Hopping a freight, I hit Akron, Ohio, in mid-October, 1919. I had thirty-five cents in my pants. Years ago, in Hasbrouck Heights, an old chief of police, dear old Paddy McCue, had told me, "If you ever need help, go to a police sergeant and tell him about it before you get into more trouble. Chances are he'll take care of you."

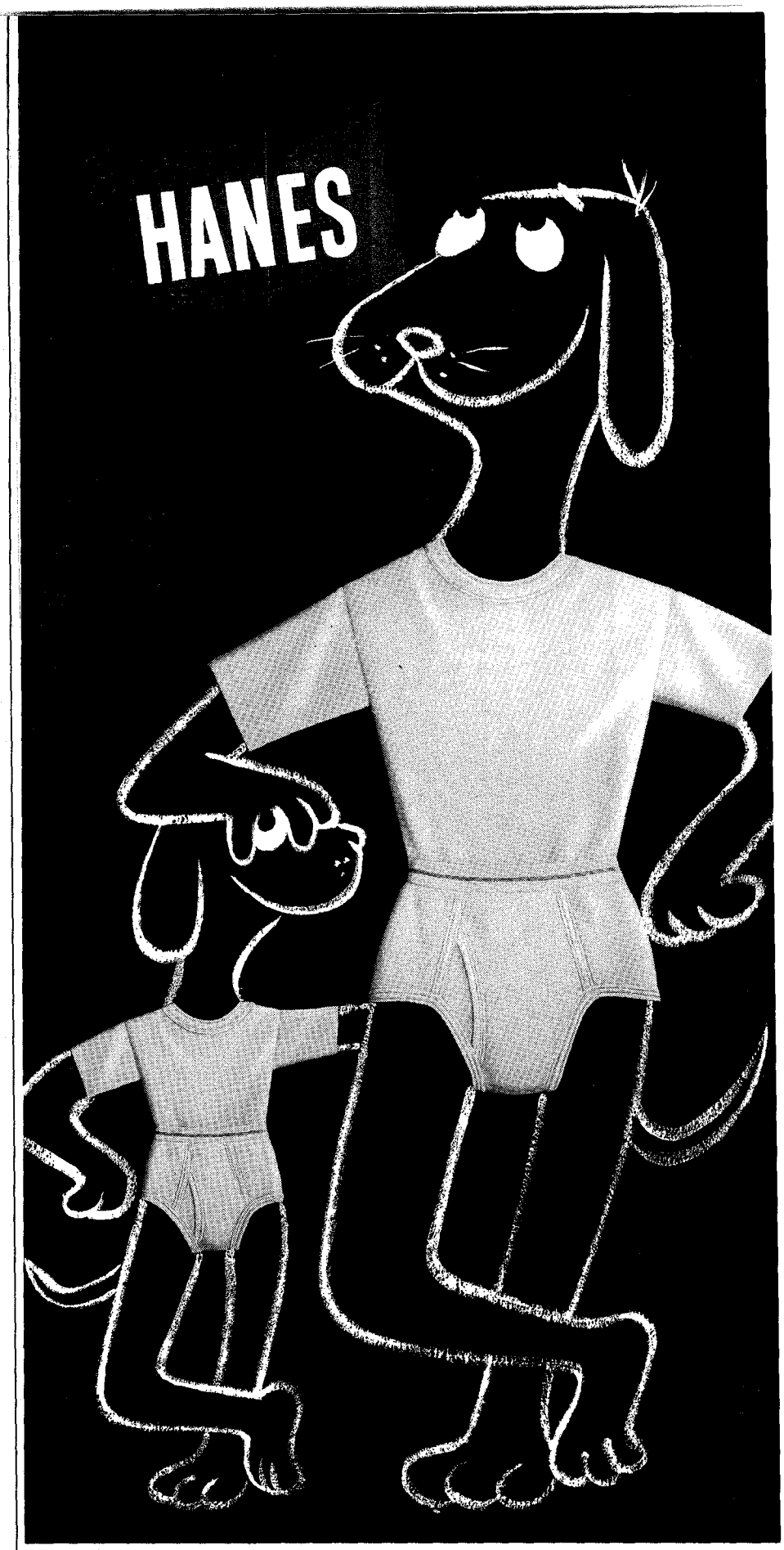
So I went to the police station and told the sergeant what the old chief had said. "He told you right," he said. "You see that cell? You sleep in there. There's your bed, and I'll give you part of my lunch. Tomorrow I'll see that you get a job." He did. It was with the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, as a tire finisher. That meant putting the tread and sidewalls on fabric-type tires. I got eighteen cents per tire. If I got real good I could make them at the rate of four an hour, maybe five. I slept in the police station for three nights; then I drew enough advance wages at the Goodyear plant to pay back the sergeant.

This is the first of eight articles. Next week, Arthur Godfrey tells about his youthful adventures as a sailor, hobo and cemetery-lot salesman.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Sure it's silly but it keeps him home nights."



every family has men who'd like Hanes

Pup-size, pop-size—you just can't beat Hanes underwear for value.

It's long-wearing, it fits right, it launders beautifully and—
"paws" on this—you save money on every piece of Hanes underwear you select.

Why? Because Hanes buys its own cotton, spins its own yarn, knits its own cloth—thereby eliminating many outside costs that you normally pay for.

Hanes underwear is made from highly absorbent, long-staple cotton. And . . .

- stress points are reinforced with Nylon
- waistbands are made of heat-resistant elastic
- men's briefs have a hygienic, double-panel seat

All this at these tail-wagging prices: T-shirts, $1.00 (boys', 75c). Fig Leaf Briefs, 89c to 95c (boys', 65c). Trot on down to your dealer's today and look for that famous red label. If he doesn't have Hanes, he can get it for you.

Remember, to get more than you bargained for, be sure the name's... HANES

P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem 1, N. C.
Canadian manufacturer and distributor, C. Turnbull Limited, Galt, Ontario

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Big Power Plant in the Sky

(Continued from Page 43)

spent on the sun instead of the atom? Where would we be now?"

The volume of potential solar power, he pointed out, is as much greater than the potential power in the atom as atomic energy is greater than ox power. Uranium comes from holes in the ground, and there isn't too much of it, but sunlight is replenished daily. But atomic energy has been more or less licked except for the problem of radioactive-waste disposal, and is the new wonder. Solar energy is still a problem. With no Hitler threatening, research is a trickle rather than a flood, and nobody is predicting a quick solar-energy millennium. But many scientists, including Daniels, believe that time is tapping us on the shoulder and we had better get busy. Much has already been done.

Five of us were sitting in Calvin Fuller's office in the Bell Telephone Laboratories at Murray Hill, New Jersey. Fuller rolled back his chair. "Here's a toy we made," he said. He uncovered a gadget on the workbench. The key device was a rectangle of clear plastic about three inches by five and as thick as a pocket notebook. All working parts were visible. Six small disks, each almost as big as a quarter, were imbedded in the plastic. The disks were connected in series by fine wires, also imbedded in the plastic and terminating in an ordinary electric plug-in prong.

This was a pocket edition of the solar battery invented by Fuller and two Bell Laboratories associates, Gerald Pearson and Daryl Chapin. The battery is based on the fact that light sets up an electric current in a silicon crystal prepared in a certain way. Conceivably, history will call the solar battery as important an invention as Edison's electric lamp.

Fuller connected the battery by an extension cord to a clocklike mechanism rigged to turn a small shaft. A two-foot string at the end of the shaft supported a four-ounce weight. No gears moved. The shaft did not turn.

"Watch," said Fuller.

He switched on a light over the battery. Almost at once gears meshed, the shaft turned, the string began winding itself around the shaft, the weight started to rise. "Now watch." Fuller held a book between the light and the battery. The mechanism stopped. He withdrew the book and it started again.

"Light," Fuller explained, "makes it work. Light falls on the silicon disks and is converted into electric current. Each disk has two parts. The bulk is silicon, with a trace of arsenic in it. The outer portion of each disk contains a trace of boron. One part favors negative electricity, the other positive. When light strikes the disk, electric current starts to flow. We catch it. I use wired-in electricity because it's handy. The battery works the same way in the sun."

The solar battery may be the most important development yet in solar energy. Daniels speculated that a solar battery on a house of 100 square meters should theoretically produce five kilowatts of electricity—"more than adequate for household use and for many light industrial uses." The inventors are indulging in no wild predictions, but they do say that communications may be improved and cheapened. Bell technicians are working on a pilot rural-telephone system at Americus, Georgia, employing solar batteries, storage batteries and transistors to furnish all power and amplification.

Its inventors point out that the power output of the solar battery is small and efficiencies are low, but have recently been increased from 6 to 11 per cent, and the hope is that it will be further improved.

Problems remain. One is the high cost of silicon. I watched a Bell technician "growing" a big silicon crystal in the laboratory at a temperature of about 1750 degrees Fahrenheit. His raw material was pure silicon, which, at $400 a pound, is in about the same price class as gold. But if aluminum, worth $500 a pound fifty years ago, could be reduced in price to allow universal use, it is hoped the same will happen with silicon. The solar battery is about where automobiles were when the first one-lunger chugged down the street and scared the horses.

The case for going all-out on solar-energy research, according to those who have given it most thought, rests on the declining supply of common fuels and the increasing need for power. Earthly energy sources are limited in quantity and mostly nonrenewable. When all the coal is burned, it's gone. When the last oil well goes dry, that's that. Estimates on how long the fossil fuels—coal, oil, natural gas—and also uranium, will last at present rates of consumption have been made and dates set. They give us time. But nobody expects consumption to stay where it is; it will grow and grow. A committee of scientists recently reckoned that at present rates we are consuming more bituminous coal in a century than in all the Christian era before 1850.

Yet the world is still short of power. The dean of Columbia University's school of engineering, Dr. John Ray Dunning, told the fifty-ninth annual Congress of American Industry last December that even the United States, though it has power equivalent to sixty slaves for every inhabitant, is an energy-deficient nation. Many parts of the world have scarcely begun to replace human or animal muscles with mechanical power. Standards of living in such countries are pitifully low, and the peddlers of dangerous ideologies find the people easy pickings.

> One thing that makes the American people feel closer to one another these days is the number of cars on the highways.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

With more power, people live better and tend to think better. Can solar power fill the gap quickly?

Certainly there is a tremendous amount of it. Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, former secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and at eighty-three a vigorous enthusiast for solar energy, has been gathering data on solar radiation for nearly fifty years. Intensity varies, but, using the American Southwest as a region that gets a good deal, he estimated that if all the radiation on a certain 150,000 square miles there were used for power at 20 per cent efficiency, it would produce 342,000,000,000,000 horsepower per year, which he says is more than thirty times the amount of power now used in the United States for all purposes. At Miami, Florida, the solar radiation averages about 1500 B.T.U.'s per square foot daily the year round. That's the equivalent of approximately 880 short tons of bituminous coal per acre per year.

Farmers use this kind of energy by planting crops, keeping out bugs, weeds and diseases, and letting the sun do what it does naturally. Growing plants convert light energy into chemical energy, creating sugars and starches that are the final basis of everything that men and animals eat, and of many things we wear and use.

What the sun does in growing plants is known; how it does it is still the sun's secret. The process is called photosynthesis. Much research on it is under way. At the December, 1954, meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, University of California scientists, led by Dr. Daniel I. Arnon, professor of plant physiology, reported that they had succeeded, with sunlight and pigmented particles called chloroplasts taken from living plants, in making sugar and starch from carbon dioxide and water outside of living plant cells. That's a scientific "first" and a big step.

"As for the future," Arnon told me, "an understanding of photosynthesis in green plants may bring better methods of food production and perhaps eventually new ways of converting light energy into chemical energy."

Much solar-energy research now is going into methods of reducing the cost of processes already understood. Solar cookstoves, for example, are not just a dream. Campers can buy them for seventy-five dollars or so in some sporting-goods stores. In Japan, rice has been cooked on solar stoves. Years ago Doctor Abbot invented a solar stove which can be seen in a case in the Smithsonian. Research workers at the National Physical Laboratory of India have been working earnestly on a solar cooker suited to the needs of India. They have a lot of hungry people there and desperately need to grow more food, but fuel shortages handcuff them. Having little coal, gas or oil and almost no burnable wood, in many Indian villages the common household fuel is cow dung. "That," said Professor Daniels, "is a poor use for useful material. Cow dung is good fertilizer. India's soils need it. The sun in India is hot. If it could cook food in millions of homes, vast quantities of cow dung could go on the fields and make more food to cook."

Cost is the headache. T. V. Ramamurti, of India's National Physical Laboratory, recently wrote me that a Bombay firm manufactured for sale to the public about 300 of the laboratory's best type of cooker. The price was set at sixty-nine rupees—about fifteen dollars in American money. "The cooker," Ramamurti said, "can boil a pound of water in twenty minutes and cooks vegetables in thirty minutes on a sunny day. It does not store heat. In view of the cost and the fact that it does not store heat, it has not been possible to sell it in villages where cow dung is the fuel." Dr. Maria Telkes, a top solar-energy researcher, invented a solar cooker which stores heat and has attained cooking temperatures of 350 degrees on the roof of a New York apartment house, and she thinks it can be manufactured to sell for five dollars.

Farmers in India also want the sun to furnish a substitute for hand and animal power in pumping irrigation water. Sun-powered pumps could probably be used to advantage in pump-irrigated areas of the United States.

A sun-power pump did an interesting job in a New Mexico mine. A mirror concentrated the sun's rays to generate steam in the boiler of a steam engine. The engine operated a pump which lifted water from the bottom of the mine. The water went into storage and was released to turn a water wheel, which operated a dynamo, which made electricity to light the mine. Daniels suggests that it would be no great trick to provide power for a small city that way, in a favorable location, pumping water to a height for storage and releasing it by gravity to hydroelectric turbines. Seventy years ago a printing press was operated with steam produced by the sun.

Solar house heating is more than a notion. Six years ago The Saturday Evening Post described two solar-heated houses near Boston (LIKE LIVING IN MACY'S WINDOW, by John Kobler, September 24, 1949). Costs are still high, but Prof. Hoyt C. Hottel, of M. I. T., recently said that methods are now "near enough to economic soundness" to warrant intensive quantitative study. The President's Materials Policy Commission in 1952 fixed 13,000,000 installations as a "plausible" market for solar-heated homes in the United States. Last fall I saw chickens in Danville, Illinois, that were living from peeper age to pot in a solar-heated poultry house. On some farms in Pennsylvania and New Jersey calves and chickens are kept healthy in solar-heated quarters.

Water for domestic purposes has long been heated by the sun. The Florida Industrial Experiment Station has published a bulletin on the subject.

Westinghouse engineers have worked on phosphor powders in wall paints and wallpapers to store sunlight by day and give it off at night to reduce lighting loads. Solar house cooling, on the refrigerator principle which employs heat to evaporate liquid ammonia, is still in the plan-and-test stage.

Prof. V. A. Baum, head of the heliotechnical laboratory of the U. S. S. R. Academy of Sciences, reported at New Delhi that Russians have solar water heaters, vegetable and fruit driers, water distillers that produce fresh water for cattle grazing in remote pastures of the Kara-Kum desert, and a solar refrigerating plant that produces 250 kilograms of ice per day. Indian scientists experimented with an old American refrigerator in the hope of developing a solar-operated icebox; they reported that it still needs a lot of tinkering. The sun heats outdoor swimming pools naturally when there is plenty of hot sun; when there isn't, the new thing is to cover the pool with transparent plastic to admit what radiation there is and to minimize evaporative cooling.

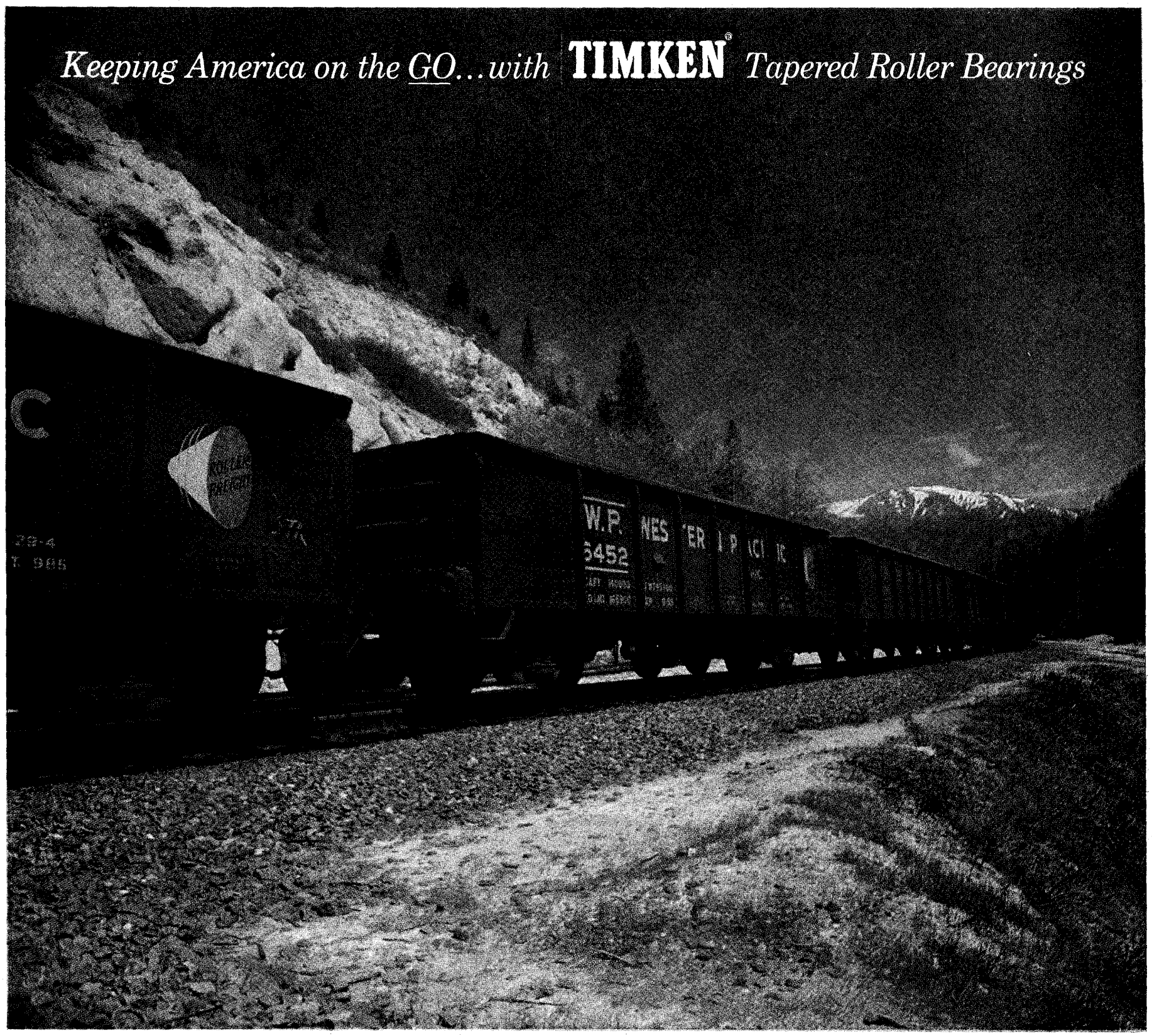
General Motors Corporation has dreamed up a toy automobile fifteen inches long, operated by twelve photoelectric cells which convert light into electricity. Where portability is not essential, Daniels thinks storage batteries many times larger than any now used may be developed.

What's the near prospect on solar energy? "From present indications," Daniels pointed out, "atomic power will be produced in huge quantities in very costly plants. Unit costs will probably be low, and in a country like the United States a very high percentage of electric power may be produced atomically before long. However, many who need power most will find the cost of atomic-power installations out of sight for a long time. Solar power, on the other hand, it seems, can be produced in small but important quantities in small plants with relatively inexpensive equipment, perhaps inefficiently, but there is so much sunlight that we can afford to use it wastefully." On that basis, the short-time development of solar energy might be as a quick power source in areas now terribly short of it.

For the long run, it may be a different story. Eight honor students at Rutgers University were turned loose last fall on an assignment in "applied imagination." They were asked to forget preconceived notions and come up with all the ideas they could think of, crazy or not, for converting solar energy into electricity. No earth-shaking ideas were anticipated. Dean Elmer C. Easton says none were developed. But exciting vistas and possibilities were glimpsed, and some good work was done. When that kind of organized thinking is unleashed widely, scientists believe, almost anything can happen. It's possible that with brains and billions to work with, near miracles could transpire very soon. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keeping America on the GO...with **TIMKEN**® *Tapered Roller Bearings*



How Western Pacific switched from this sign to this sign for this sign on time

EVERY railroader is alerted to watch for hot boxes on passing trains—and to signal by holding his nose when he sees one. When that signal comes, the engineer stops the train. The train may be delayed for hours—the car with the hot box for days.

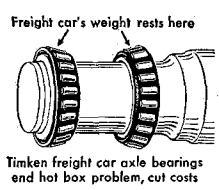
The "Roller Freight" sign on the cars above replaces the hot box sign. It says the Western Pacific is eliminating the hot box problem by switching to Timken® tapered roller bearings.

Western Pacific is using 100 of these "Roller Freight" gondolas to help speed deliveries on a 900-mile run—has 85 more Timken-bearing-equipped cars on order. In twenty-five months the 100 cars have traveled over 8,500,000 trouble-free car-miles.

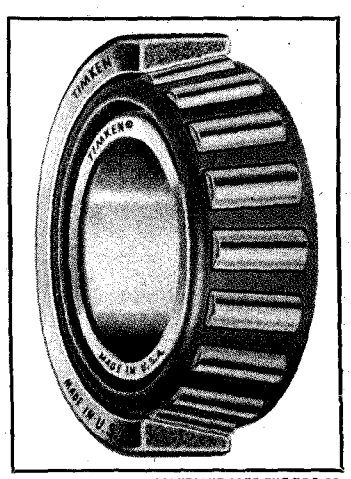
Timken bearings eliminate the hot box problem because they *roll* the load. They cut terminal inspection time 90%, lubricant cost as much as 89%.

Timken bearings are designed to roll true, made to live up to their design. They're lowest cost in terms of performance.

The railroads, like all industry, are using more and more Timken bearings to keep America on the go. The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, Ohio. Canadian plant: St. Thomas, Ontario. Cable: "TIMROSCO".



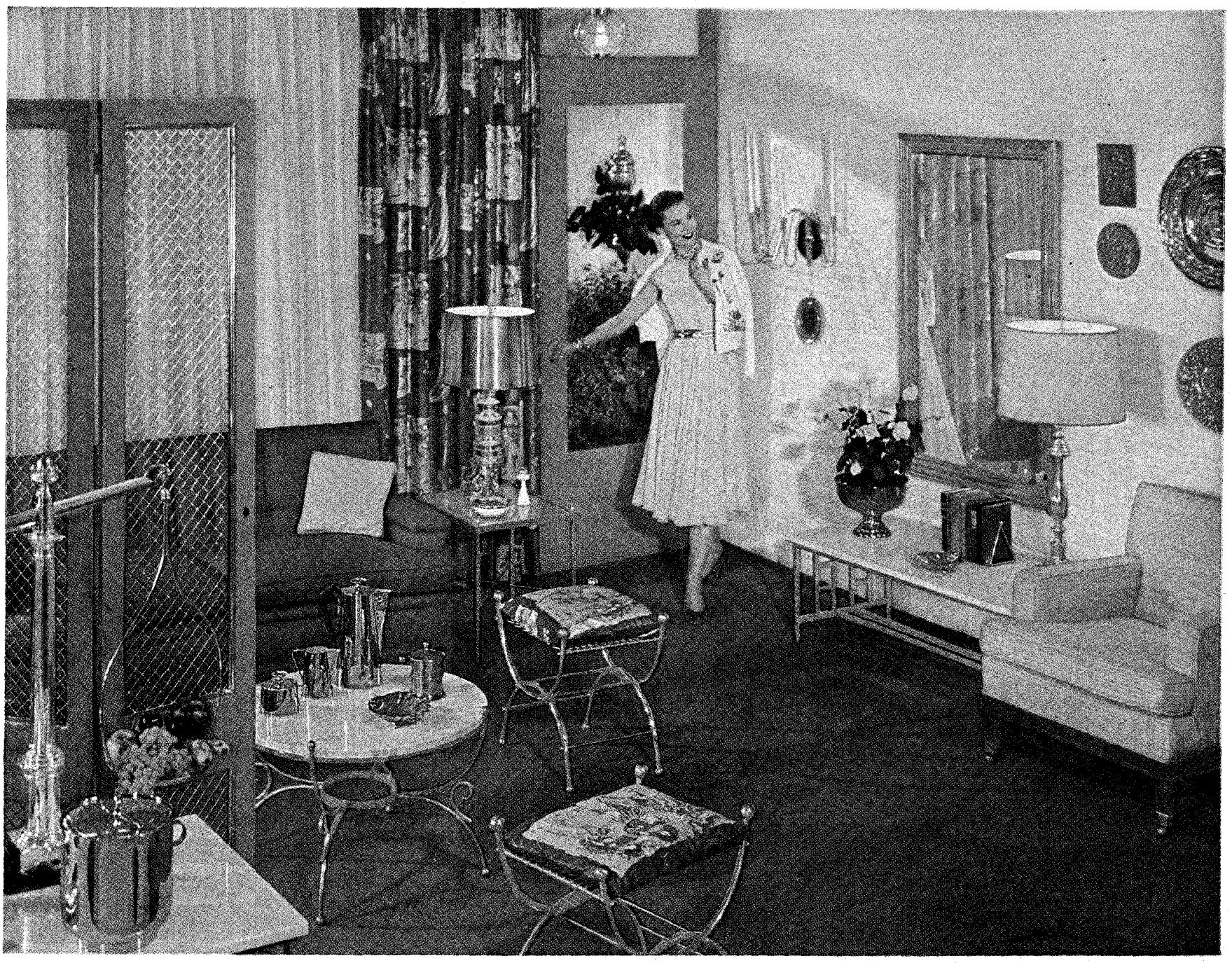
Timken freight car axle bearings end hot box problem, cut costs



Only **TIMKEN**® *bearings roll so true, have such quality thru-&-thru*

COPYRIGHT 1955 THE TRB CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BRASS AND COPPER BY CHASE®

. . . give a friendly Glow!

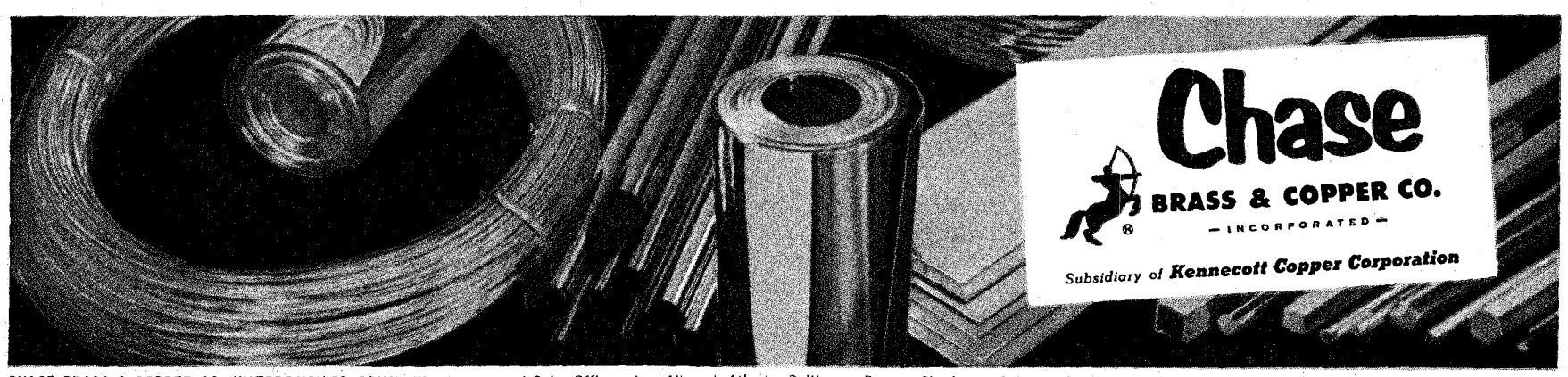
Bring in the sunny cheer of golden brass. Add the friendly warmth of rich, red copper. Mix well in any room, modern or traditional. That's an important secret of good taste and charm in decoration today!

Let brass and copper increase the value of your home, too, as well as enhance the beauty of your rooms. Insist on Chase Copper Tube for your radiant heating, water and drainage lines . . . it stubbornly resists corrosion, cannot clog with rust. Be sure your roof flashing, gutters and downspouts are of Chase Copper . . . to fight weather, withstand the weight of ice and snow.

Remember, you can always depend on *Chase* for brass and copper at their *best!*

MANUFACTURER'S NOTE: Give your products extra quality and sales appeal with Chase Brass and Copper. Call your Chase Wholesaler or one of the 25 nation-wide Chase warehouses, today.

Chase does not make the finished articles shown above, but does supply manufacturers with the brass and copper used to produce such products.



CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., WATERBURY 20, CONN., Warehouses and Sales Offices at: — Albany†, Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Charlotte†, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Grand Rapids†, Houston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Los Angeles, Louisville†, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Newark, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Providence, Rochester†, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Waterbury (†sales office only)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Those Half-Pint A-Bombers!

(Continued from Page 33)

Actually, Tactical fighter pilots and Strategic bomber pilots realize that their jobs supplement each other. SAC is the long-range Sunday punch, to be used in the event of all-out war. TAC is designed as a sort of Free World Fire Department, with the mission of settling "little wars," like Korea, before they can grow big.

With mid-air refueling, the little fighter-bombers can deliver A-bombs to targets thousands of miles from their bases. They can work from forward air strips, slash in at near-sonic speeds, pinpoint military targets: troops, armor, airstrips, communications, supplies.

Not long ago I spent some time with the 509th Fighter-Bomber Squadron of the Tactical Air Command—the boys wear a bright silk-embroidered skull and rose on their flight jackets—and if you'd like to meet some of them, come along to the ready room at Langley Air Force Base, Virginia.

A human skull with a blood-red rose thrust out of one eye socket is on display in a small illuminated box on the coffee bar. It is, they say, the only three-dimensional squadron insigne in the Air Force, and was taken from lines out of Omar Khayyám: "*I sometimes think that never blows so red the Rose as where some buried Caesar bled.*" On the far wall is an oil painting of an atomic explosion with a Thunderstreak fighter ramrodding through it.

The USAF didn't put the word "fighter" in front of a pilot's title for fun. Those lads are flat-out-heels-to-the-wall guys. They have to be. The 509th has a day they call Black Tuesday, because four buddies of the 509th were killed or had serious accidents on a Tuesday. The 509th men feel, rightly or wrongly, that they are the finest fighter-bomber squadron in the world. They went to USAF Gunnery School at Eglin Air Force Base, Florida, and outshot any squadron that had ever been there—a feat of which they were so proud that they cut down a pine tree, trimmed its limbs, and fastened to it an enormous flag with "509th" painted in ten-foot red letters. In the middle of the night they climbed to the top of the Eglin water tower and erected their flagpole. In the morning the flag waved higher than the American flag on the base, and the authorities were not amused.

"I want the man responsible for this," the investigating officer snapped. "Fall him out!"

The spokesman for the 509th turned to his buddies massed outside the door and barked, "Fall out the 509th Fighter-Bomber Squadron!"

This sort of *esprit* is rare these days. It should be cherished and made to grow strong. This is not being done for the 509th or other squadrons of the Tactical Air Command. The guys spend many months simulating A-bomb tactics in their fighter planes. They travel all over the country going to special schools and filling their heads with highly technical knowledge which will be of use only to a fighter pilot with an A-bomb. Then comes a set of orders shipping them to Georgia to spray mosquitoes, to Germany to fly weather recon or to England to fill a day-fighter billet where the most destructive weapon they handle is a machine gun.

At the moment, the 509th has a terrific combat team. Each man on it is familiar with his job and his teammates, and each man is a rugged, aggressive guy. There is a famous story about fighter pilots which deals with a conference of keen minds for the purpose of devising an ideal military defense. One scientist arose and detailed the power of atomic and hydrogen bombs, the speed of the newest jet and rocket planes, and the miraculous things that were now possible in electronics. "What we really need," he concluded, "is an automatic servo-linear robot mechanism that can do anything a man can do, but do it better, and never make errors."

Somehow, a chap with a red scarf wrapped around his neck and a skull-and-rose insigne on his chest had crept into the rear of the great conference room.

He now stood up. "Honorable sir," he replied to the scientist, "the device you speak of is available now. We do not call it a servo-linear mechanism. We call it a 509th fighter pilot." The lad took a deep breath and delivered his punch line. "Furthermore, sir, it is the only device of its kind that can be produced by unskilled labor."

The man who stood out as the fighter pilots' fighter pilot—at least in my opinion—was Capt. Clayton Silliman, assistant operations officer for the 509th. Sil blasted enough holes in Korean hillsides to drop the Red Chinese army into. He did it at low level in a Republic Thunderjet, and any pilot who knows what the flak was like will tell you that the high-flying MIG hunters had a piece of cake compared with the low-level fighter-bomber pilots. Silliman did something only a handful of American fighter-bomber pilots could duplicate. He shot down a MIG with his "Blunderjet," as the straight-wing F-84 was called then. The straight-wing was not winning any medals in the speed department. Nobody knows how Sil killed his MIG, but he did it—confirmed.

Silliman's prize yarn, with which he gives gullible ground pounders the horrors, deals with a "game" he claims to have invented to drive dull care away on long jet flights. Instead of fooling around with all that complicated navigation business, Silliman tells the neophytes, he sweeps into Operations, spans off the distance on the map with spread fingers, and sweeps out again. He then climbs into his Thunderstreak and takes off, say, west. He flies instruments all the way, never looking out of the cockpit until he feels he has reached his destination.

If he is near the field, he wins. If he is not near the field it is necessary to get oriented very quickly, for jets do not run too well on fumes. This, Silliman says, is what puts spice in his game.

Silliman says the game almost beat him one night when he was flying from the East Coast to Tucson, Arizona. "The lights of Tucson should stand out like a rising sun on that black desert," he says, "and I figured I'd have no trouble. I kept my head in the cockpit until I thought I had it made. Then I looked. Nothing. Just blackness."

"What did you do then, dad?" Lt. Brooks Morris, son of actor Chester Morris, asked solicitously. "Bail out?"

Silliman gave Morris a withering stare. "I tuned to the Tucson radio station," he said. "Not a sound. Then I tuned in Phoenix. Not a sound. Then I ——"

"Hey, dad," Morris cut in. "This is getting monotonous."

"Then I tuned in Winslow," Silliman said, raising his voice. "Boi-n-ng-g-g! I'm right over the range. The signal is so loud it busts my eardrums." (Here Morris clapped a hand over his face and moaned.) "The airfield is right below me. Not a moment too soon. I come down and land. When I'm taxiing in, my engine quits from fuel starvation."

I was sure Silliman was joking.

I said, "You don't really play that game, do you, Captain Silliman?"

Silliman grinned. "Of course not. I'd last about ten minutes in this outfit if I took off without a full navigation plan."

Silliman and Morris took me over to their coffee bar and introduced me to some of the other men in the 509th. The boss man, Maj. Harry Evans, is one of the great fighter pilots in the United States Air Force. Harry is a quiet chap with crow's-feet wrinkles around his eyes from much sun squinting. He is what the USAF calls a "quiet tiger." He organized and led the Sky Blazers—the USAF's first jet stunt team; he was the first man to bail out of a crippled F-84-F; he holds the Legion of Merit, DFC, Silver Star, Korean Medal, and obviously is the man for the job he has. Brooks Morris told me, "If Harry says go, we just go out and get into the planes. We don't even ask where."

A deep hum started on the hardstand. It was as if a giant had picked up a huge bottle and started blowing over it. I glanced outside. A Thunderstreak had fired up. A hot wavery blur filmed out of its tail pipe. The bottle hum snapped off and the jet went into a soft vicious sizzling as the pilot added power, then let loose with a shattering blast which rattled cups on the bar. The plane pulled slowly out of line and turned toward the runway, and the smell of burned kerosene came into the bar.

"Old Bob Pugh," Captain Silliman said. "Out on a little test hop."

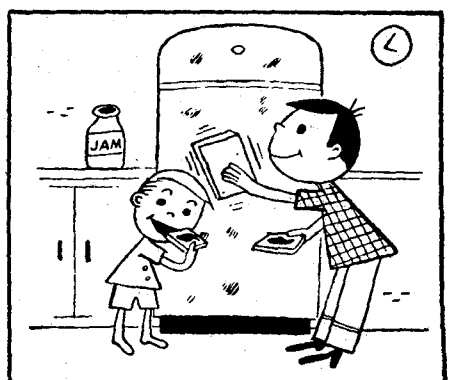
Old Bob Pugh, it developed, was engineering officer for the 509th. It was his job to test-fly every Thunderstreak after it came from the maintenance shop. As might be expected, Old Pugh got into some pretty hairy spots from time to time. The other day, a mechanic had left a quick-disconnect fitting loose on Pugh's main oil line. He was reeling off 120 miles an hour in his take-off run when the fitting came apart. Pugh was drenched and blinded with hot oil. He (Continued on Page 130)

Corner Drugstore

By Mae Winkler Goodman

Now school is out; they stroll
along the street
Aimlessly, yet always they arrive,
Sooner or later, at one place;
they meet
In little groups of three, or
four and five,
Crowding the tables, their books
stacked in a mountain,
Their coats thrown back,
brimming the room with
laughter,
Or vying for stools beside the
soda fountain,
The corner drug is theirs, from
four and after.

What secrets are divulged across
each sundae,
What world events sipped with
a lemonade,
What hopes exchanged at four
o'clock on Monday
As broken hearts are mended,
friendships made!
Then they go home, the world
a brighter place,
With chocolate-sundae dreams
on every face.



The big jam raid! Mom needn't know
If fingerprints don't tell her so.
Clean up quick? There's nothin' to it!
That handy Du Pont Sponge'll do it!

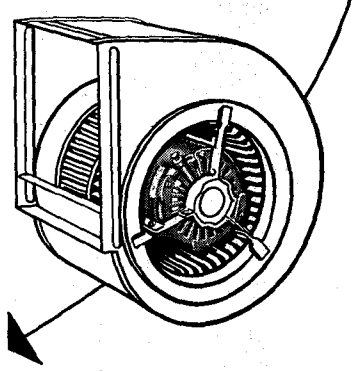
So handy for cleaning . . .

LONG-WEARING

DU PONT SPONGES

Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry

HEATING TIP



BEFORE YOU BUY A FURNACE
CHECK THE BLOWER MOTOR

It Will Pay You To Do So!

You will save money on service calls and have *dependable* "whisper quiet" heating comfort if you make certain that the motor in the direct drive blower is a Redmond. Redmond MicroMotors are designed specifically for this application and have been proven by years of trouble-free service.

The Standard of Dependability

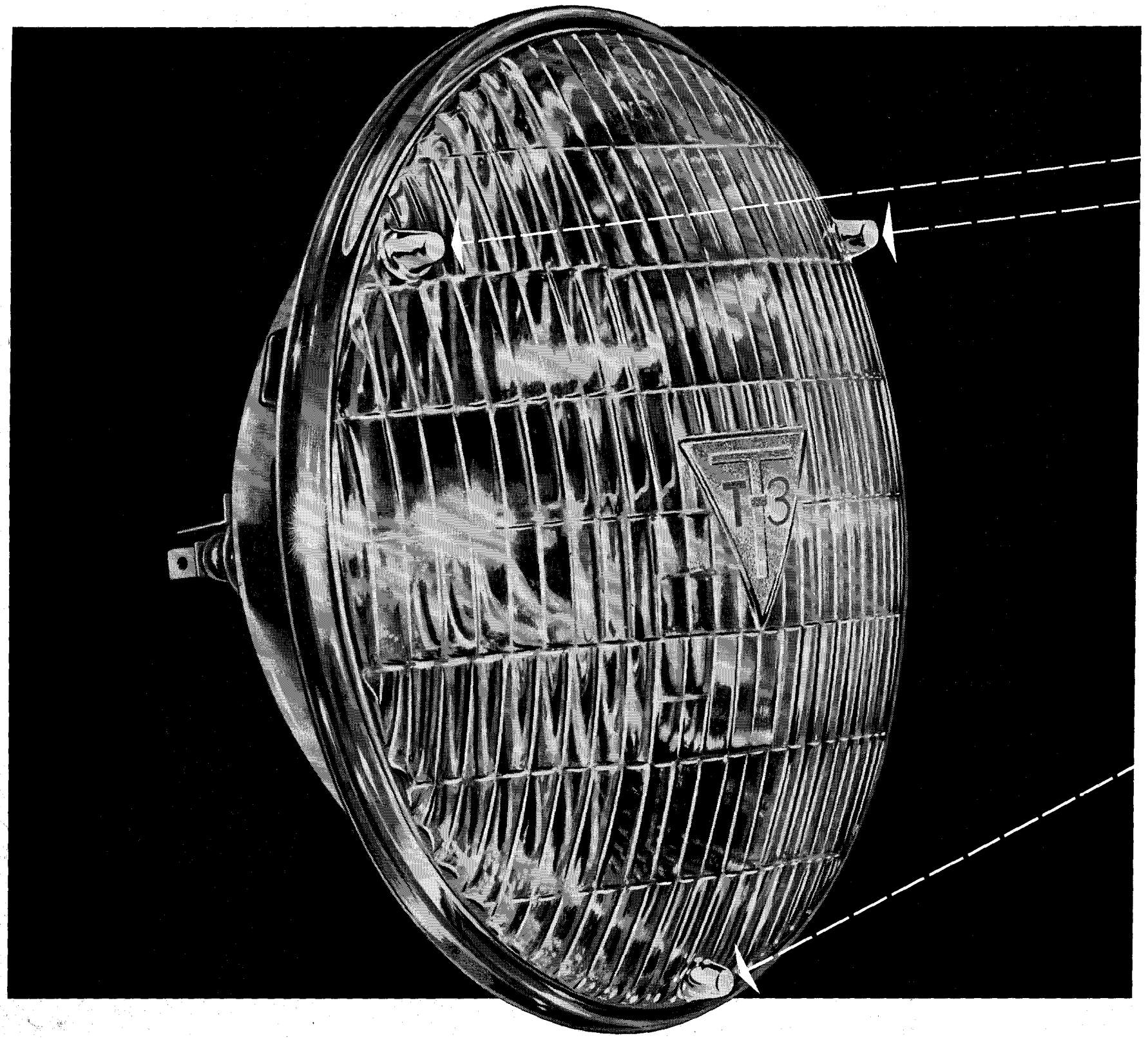
Redmond COMPANY, INC.
OWOSSO, MICHIGAN

THE BIG NAME IN SMALL MOTORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another GM GENERAL MOTORS contribution to safer night driving!

Announcing



Featured on all General Motors cars and trucks for 1956 and offered now for replacement of all sealed beam headlamps!

Guide Lamp announces the greatest contribution to night driving safety since the sealed beam—the new Guide T-3 Safety-Aim Headlamp!

Briefly, the new lamp provides: 1. Up to 80 feet more "seeing distance" on the lower beam. 2. More lower beam light on the right. 3. A new filament cap which reduces glare, increases visibility in rain, snow and fog.

PLUS—T-3 Safety-Aiming! Three accurately positioned "Guide Points" are built right into the lens. These three points plus a new T-3 Aimer permit perfect headlamp aiming in minutes.

Look for the blue and silver sign that says "Authorized Guide T-3 Headlamp Safety-Aim Station!"

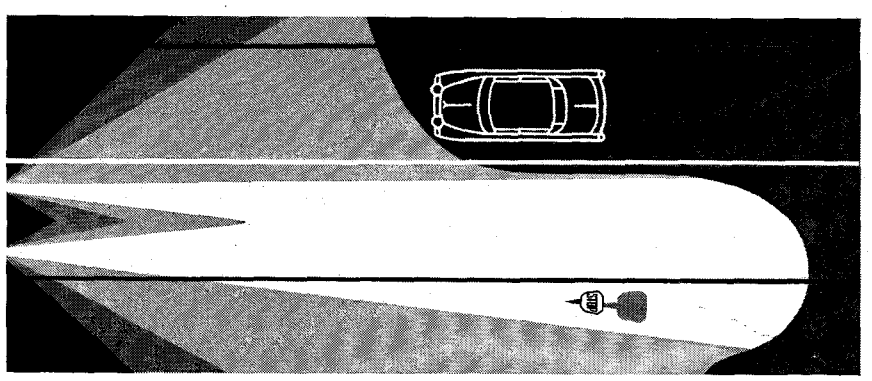
AVAILABLE WHEREVER AC QUALITY PRODUCTS ARE SOLD

...AND WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS authorized GUIDE T-3 HEADLAMP SAFETY-AIM STATION Guide SIGN!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW GUIDE T-3 Safety-Aim HEADLAMPS

MORE LIGHT...AIMED RIGHT!

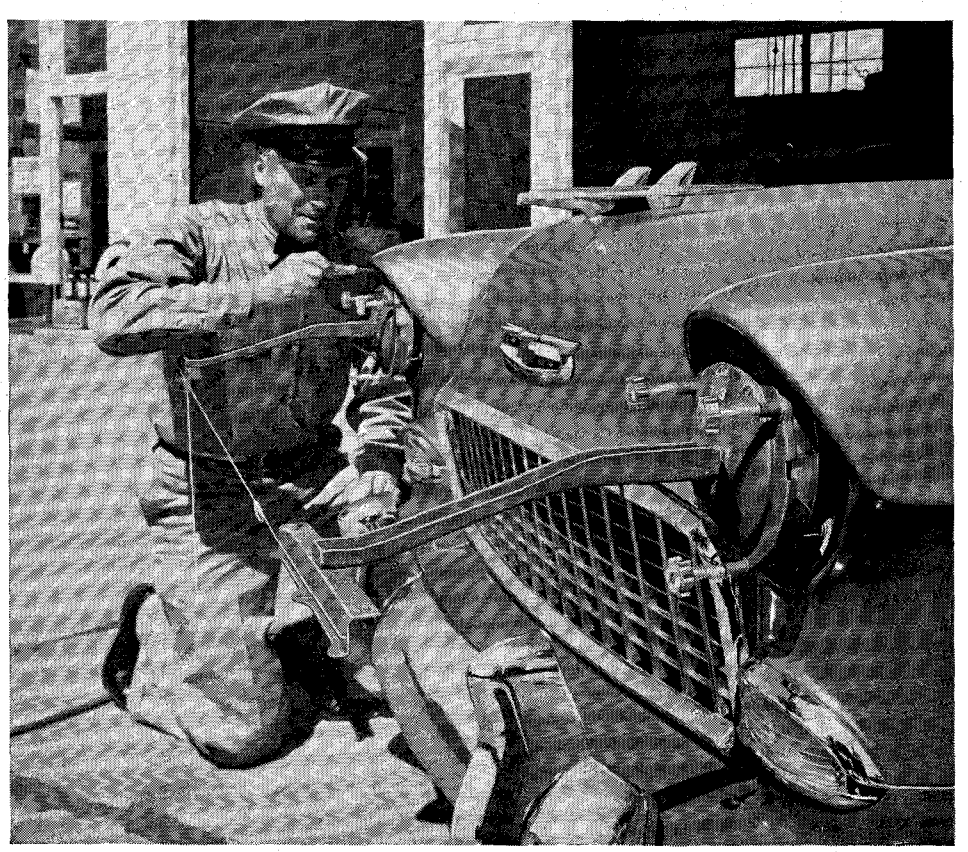


All the Industry Advances and Refinements . . .

The picture above typifies the new "pattern of safety." Guide T-3 Safety-Aim Headlamps throw more light to the right on the lower beam. This reduces glare for approaching drivers, but can increase visibility 10% or more.

PLUS Guide's Exclusive New T-3 Safety-Aiming!

Only when headlamps are properly aimed do you get all the benefits built into the new improved sealed beam units. Any authorized Guide T-3 Safety-Aim dealer can aim headlamps perfectly in minutes, in broad daylight, with the new T-3 Safety-Aimer shown at right.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 127) somehow managed to get the airplane stopped in the tall grass off the end of the runway.

Bob Pugh has been recommended for one of the few Distinguished Flying Crosses awarded to USAF pilots in peacetime, and his DFC has been officially approved in Washington. The occasion of winning the medal was, naturally, highly dramatic. Pugh, on one of his test hops, had been seeing just how much the Republic people had built into their bird. He was huffing and puffing up to max altitude and then pointing the 'Streak's nose at the deck, pushing everything against the fire wall and seeing how fast she would go. Then he was checking his G-suit to make sure it was turned on high, and he was giving one hell of a yank on the stick and seeing how fast he could come out of the dive.

It was during one of his pull-outs, when he was going straight up, that the stick suddenly froze in his hand. He couldn't budge it forward or backward. The airplane was doing a certain amount of high-speed staggering around at this point, and Pugh was doing a considerable amount of high-speed talking to the Langley tower.

Langley-tower operators are sharp and coolheaded. They advised Pugh to recover, if possible, but if it looked doubtful to bail out, and in the meantime they'd get the Republic technical representative up there in the tower as fast as possible.

Pugh is not the bailing-out type, if there is any chance of bringing the hardware home. He began fiddling around with his throttle setting and the little plastic knob on top of the stick which works the airplane's trim tabs. Down around 15,000 feet Pugh got the Thunderstreak out of its wild gyrations and into a sort of high-speed Yo-yo. He was traveling horizontally, but the airplane was rising 500 feet, then falling 500 feet, so that its flight path looked as if it were riding huge, invisible waves.

"I was shaken up a bit at first," Pugh says, "but after I got into the roller coaster I felt better. By this time the Republic tech. rep. was up in the tower, thumbing through the manual, telling me things to do that might free up my stick. I tried them all. Not one of them worked. I just kept Yo-yoing along."

The Langley tower, realizing that an attempt to land the airplane would probably be fatal to Pugh and might mess up a lot of real estate, finally advised him to go out over the water and stand by for a crash boat. And then to head the airplane seaward and bail out.

Pugh said, "If I want to try a landing, is it all right?"

The Republic tech. rep. said, "I wouldn't advise it, Bob."

"I think I can make it," Pugh said. "If I'm cleared to come in, I'm going to try."

The tower cleared him in. Crash trucks and fire trucks massed for action. The hospital was alerted and an ambulance appeared. Everybody who could in any way assist this desperately dangerous landing was on hand ready to move the instant Pugh hit the ground.

Pugh made a gradual letdown toward the field, trying to space his big Yo-yo dips just right. About a mile out, he was at 500 feet, moving 250 miles an hour, on top of a wave. He cut his power, began to sink, thumbed quickly on his trim-tab knob to hold the nose up, and prayed. The Thunderstreak grazed a ditch, nipped the heads of daisies at the edge of the field, and hit the runway at 200 miles an hour, like a truck falling off a cliff. Pugh was on the rudder pedals steering with his tires blown out, braking with the rims, playing every card in his hand to the last second—when he miraculously got the airplane stopped in one piece at the far end of the field.

"I'm glad to get the DFC," Pugh says. "But I'm even gladder we found the trouble. A little valve stuck and locked the stick in neutral. We'd not have found that valve if I'd gone out to sea and bailed out." Pugh not only saved a $450,000 airplane. He probably saved the lives of other pilots who might have had valve trouble later, and without being as skillful and lucky as he. Col. William Cowart, Pugh's boss in the group until he was replaced recently by Col. R. D. Johnston, said Pugh was one of the finest pilots and officers he'd met in twenty years in the Air Force. Cowart pointed to a sign over his desk: WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT YOU—IT WILL KILL YOU.

"Bob Pugh," Cowart said, "makes it his business to know. I wish we had ten thousand engineering officers just like him."

The mission of the 509th is largely classified, but there are certain things which can be stated about it. It is no secret that Maj. Harry Evans flew his Thunderstreak nonstop from California to Virginia in three hours and fifty-five minutes, without refueling. Much longer missions are carried out by refueling the F-84-F's from tanker planes. The 'Streak pilots could strike with atomic bombs at points very great distances away from their home bases. And they cruise at 650 miles an hour, near the speed of sound.

In some ways the little TAC fighters are more effective than huge bombers. They don't show up well on radar. They are so fast that intercepting them is difficult. After they've dropped their bomb they can put up a good battle against MIG's. Nobody at TAC is saying a word, but the bomb they carry is probably more powerful than those dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki—making a TAC fighter-bomber squadron one of the most deadly fighting outfits in the world today.

At the moment, the Tactical Air Command, under Gen. O. P. Weyland, is in the growing-pains period. Some of its most vital equipment—like the old converted B-29 tankers—are hand-me-downs from World War II. General Weyland is pushing hard for the finest equipment for his boys. The day of the patched-up B-29's is just about over. The Hercules, Lockheed's four-engine turboprop, which can triple in brass as a troop carrier, cargo carrier or tanker, is now in production for TAC. The new Douglas B-66, a swept-wing twin-jet bomber with blazing speed and enormous range, is on TAC's shopping list. The North American F-100 Super Sabre, which currently holds the world's level-flight speed record for production jet fighters—755 miles an hour—is now operational in Tactical Air's day-fighter department. Backing all of them up is TAC's big fleet of C-124 Globemaster transports, which can carry 200 fully armed soldiers. General Weyland's boys are, as of now, earmarked for forty-nine wings out of the USAF's total of 137. That means they will be as important to our air-war plan as mighty SAC itself.

General Weyland's slogan is "Little-plane-big-punch." He feels that the fighter-bomber concept can save the United States taxpayers a great deal of money, yet provide them with a maximum of security. You can launch fighters very fast, use them out of smaller fields, and disperse them cheaply and easily.

My last day with the 509th, even the birds were walking. Rain slashed the windows of the ready room. Scud washed across the field. Visibility fluctuated between zero and one mile. It was 8:30 in the morning, and at 9:30 Lt. Brooks Morris was scheduled to lead the first flight of four Thunderstreaks into the muck on a nonstop jump to California. In the pre-flight briefing, the weatherman got over the idea that things were so bad between Langley and the Mississippi River that Brooks and his friends would have to bail out if they got into any trouble in the first thousand miles. Beyond the river, the weatherman said, it would be O.K. They would refuel from tankers over Oklahoma City, which would give them plenty of juice going into George Air Force Base, in California. George was clear. No worries on that end.

"What's the visibility going to be at 9:30?" a pilot asked. "Right now it shows me Zilch."

"Five miles with light rain."

There was general hollow laughter. Through the windows, you couldn't see one mile. And the rain was about as light as the stuff that comes out of a fire hose.

"I'm a little rusty on my instrument flying," somebody said plaintively. "What's that little airplane that keeps tipping around inside that funny instrument on the panel? What's that for anyhow?"

More hollow laughter.

"It's too late now to overcome his advantage in weight!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's the manufacturer's trade-mark, sport," somebody said.

The weatherman, who was obviously above this sort of trivia, stepped off the platform and disappeared. Captain Corley stepped up. He briefed the squadron on emergency fields en route. Then he reminded them it was a damp day. Smokeless Assist Take-Off rockets in damp weather throw big white contrails. That vapor fogs the runway for a little while. Corley ordered his men to wait until the rocket clouds had cleared before starting their runs, which they would make in pairs.

At 9:20 I was standing near the runway with a pilot of the 509th, waiting to see the take-off. Brooks Morris and his wingman, Lieutenant Clark, taxied past. They carried four huge drop tanks under their wings. Brooks had a red scarf tied at his throat, a white crash helmet, and his oxygen mask hid all but his eyes. He lifted a gloved hand in a gesture of farewell.

The runway was covered in spots with shallow pools of water. The visibility had improved, as forecast, but the ceiling was still about 300 feet, and it was raining lightly. Brooks and Clark lined up for simultaneous take-off at the far end of the field, looking like tiny toys. There was a short delay. Then they blasted off, making a flat, powerful roaring sound as they rolled toward us, sheeting water from the puddles. They began to pick up speed. The roar sharpened to a scream.

Abreast of our position, they fired the ATO bottles. Four bright pink tongues of flame torched from the four bottles on the belly of each plane. Funnels of white vapor streaked back from each flame, expanding instantly into blinding clouds. Morris and Clark had no worries. They were in tight side-by-side formation, moving like shells ahead of their smoke and flame. They held down until they had used almost all the runway. Then they went off very flat, the rocket flames winked out in puffs of black smoke, and the two Thunderstreaks were gone. "See," my pilot escort said. "Nothing to it."

The white clouds from the rockets rolled toward us like fog. Captain Silliman and Lieutenant Lea, his wingman, waited dutifully, as Corley had ordered, until the runway was completely clear. Then Silliman's plane began to roll. Something was holding Lea. Silliman had a thousand-foot lead before Lea got started.

"Steady, dad," the pilot beside me said softly, looking at Lea's lagging plane.

I didn't get it—and then Silliman fired his ATO rockets. White plumes spurted backward like streams from a pressure hose. The streams boiled instantly into swirling clouds which completely blanketed the runway. Into those blinding clouds, past the point of no return, at 130 miles an hour, screamed Lieutenant Lea in his fuel-gorged Thunderstreak.

Lea vanished. I saw a great murky glare of fire as he touched off his rocket boosters blind. The fire streaked through the white murk. The roar of Lea's ATO shook the air. I watched, horrified, afraid he'd lose directional control and go thundering off the runway into the mass of parked planes on the hardstand. It was obvious that he was completely blind.

The rocket glare winked out. Black smoke eddied in the white. I never saw Lea climb into the clear—on instruments—as he must have done. He must have made a lightning shift to his directional gyro when the white wall suddenly loomed ahead. The roar subsided. There was nothing but opaque dirty mist—and silence. I took a deep breath and looked at the pilot beside me. He was grinning a little.

"Kind of tender there for a second," he said. "Let's go get a cup of coffee."

"O.K.," I said. "Let's do that."

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coach on the Spot (Continued from Page 27)

The big difference between Tennessee and Wyatt's other assignments is that the alumni and fans, unlike those at Wyoming and Arkansas, have been accustomed to success. As a further complication, the man who established the victory habit, General Neyland, is still on the job as Wyatt's boss. Under Neyland, who became head coach in 1926 and retired after 1952, the Volunteers were the winningest team in college football, with 172 victories, only thirty-one defeats and twelve ties.

So Tennessee followers weren't satisfied when the 1953–54 teams under Harvey Robinson, Neyland's long-time lieutenant, played at a .500 percentage. It was known that Robinson's bristling independence and Neyland's misguided efforts to help had collided. Although Robinson steadfastly refuses to discuss the matter, others say that Neyland was reluctant to hand over absolute control to him.

During the Robinson regime, Neyland at first mingled with coaches and players on the practice field, and attended staff meetings of the coaches. Later on he did neither, and it was apparent that the breach between the two men was growing wider and wider. The unhappy situation resolved itself after the Volunteers lost in succession to Georgia Tech, Florida, Kentucky and Vanderbilt last November—the first four-straight Tennessee losing streak in thirty years. It stretched to six straight this year before Tennessee finally won against Chattanooga. Meanwhile Robinson was fired last December. He is now an assistant coach at the University of Florida.

Neyland's proprietary interest in the team is understandable. He doubtless was motivated by his relentless desire to excel. A man of military, engineering and athletic achievements, this West Pointer not only developed Tennessee into a football power but conceived and built its vast athletic plant. He feels a responsibility for the $1,000,000 debt remaining on the stadium—which he built from 3500 seats to 50,000—and he knows that only winning teams will produce enough gate receipts to foot the bill.

In picking a new man for this pressure spot last winter, Neyland bypassed several Tennessee-trained coaches who were older, more experienced or better known than Bowden Wyatt—Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech, Murray Warmath of Minnesota, Bob Woodruff of Florida and DeWitt Weaver of Texas Tech, to name a few. Wyatt accepted with his eyes wide open—and his ears ringing with the wails of disappointed Arkansas fans.

A few were bitter. After Arkansas had reeled off five victories in a row last fall on its way to the Cotton Bowl, a group of supporters in Fort Smith suggested a gift automobile for Wyatt. The idea spread into a Bowden Wyatt Appreciation Fund. Approximately $23,000 was raised.

At first Wyatt was cool to the idea. Knowing that he might wind up at Tennessee, he made it clear to friends that no gift would restrict his freedom of action in the future. "If it has to be done," he told one friend, "please get them to pick out an inconspicuous dark gray color."

This they did. Along with the car, they presented Wyatt $5000 and divided the remainder of the fund—about $13,000—among the athletic staff.

"I was convinced this was purely in appreciation for our successful season," Wyatt said later. "In accepting it, I didn't consider myself bound to any set course."

Nevertheless just before he left for Tennessee, three of the leaders in the gift fund approached Wyatt directly, asking whether he planned to return the car and money. Angered, Wyatt retorted, "Would you also like for me to send back the $66,000 check to the Cotton Bowl?"

Facetiously, another Razorback follower started a new fund to "buy Tennessee auto license plates for Wyatt's car." Four state senators introduced a resolution censuring Wyatt for "faithlessness, disloyalty and a lack of consideration for the people of Arkansas," but it was promptly tabled. Tennessee politicians also got into the act. The state legislature passed a resolution praising Wyatt and welcoming him back to Tennessee.

Though Wyatt's contract at Arkansas had three years to go, Dr. John T. Caldwell, university president, said, "Realistically, contracts with football coaches did not come into being as a protection to the institutions, and have never been so respected. They developed as a protection to the coach against the oftentimes extreme demands of alumni and supporters."

Orville Henry, sports editor of the Arkansas Gazette, at Little Rock, declared, "Not five per cent of those who contributed to the Wyatt fund feel ill toward him. The car and the money were no 'bribe' to keep him at Arkansas. Rather, it was an expression of true gratitude for what Wyatt gave us."

If Tennessee fans ever should wish to bestow presents on Wyatt, there's little danger of his pulling up stakes again. Tennessee always has been his coaching destination. At the peak of his success at Arkansas, there was a saying among his staff, "This ain't Tennessee—but it's on the way."

For Wyatt, Tennessee is home. As a boy in grammar school at Kingston, a little town thirty-five miles west of Knoxville—and the state capital for one day, September 21, 1807—Bowden seldom missed a Tennessee home game. He "teethed" on the triumphant Neyland-coached teams, which from 1926 until 1931 were unbeaten in thirty-three straight games. "I never gave a thought to entering any college but Tennessee," he says.

Bowden and his older brother, Ed, now a chemist at Oak Ridge, were introduced to football early. They used to get out the felt helmet and rubber nose guard that their father, Hugh Wyatt, had worn when he played high-school football in 1907. "But Bowden took up piano in the seventh grade and seemed to like it," his mother recalls, "until they put him in the school play. The other children teased him so much that he quit and wouldn't take another lesson. After that it was only football and basketball for him."

On the Kingston High School team, Ed was the quarterback and Bowden the fullback. Wyatt entered the University of Tennessee in the fall of 1935, when Neyland, then a major, was on military duty in Panama, and assistant Bill Britton was acting as head coach. Hugh Faust, freshmen coach, made Wyatt into an end because he was a solid blocker and sure tackler—and a fighter.

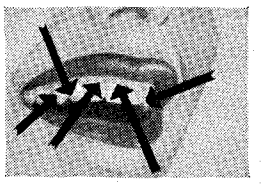
"Bowden would mix it with anybody," testifies George Hunter, who was an end on the Tennessee teams of Wyatt's time. "As freshmen we ate dinner at the same boardinghouse, Mrs. L. C. Brann's place. Bowden always liked to spread himself out at the table and take up a lot of room. One night I poured catchup on a piece of bread. Wyatt came in. He was all dressed up, going out on a date. He sat down and spread out. As he put an elbow on the table I slipped the catchuped bread under his arm. What a mess! He came up swinging, and we had it round and round, knocking over the whole table loaded with food. It was about an even fight, and we got along all right afterward."

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay ...With Just One Brushing!

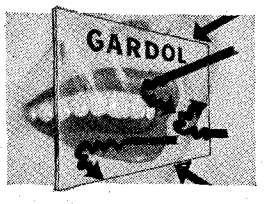
GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE

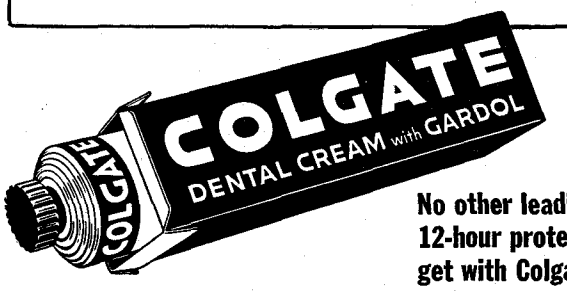


DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS



STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!



No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against tooth decay you get with Colgate's with just one brushing!

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, to form the acids that cause tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting decay for 12 hours or more!

So, morning brushings with Colgate Dental Cream help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

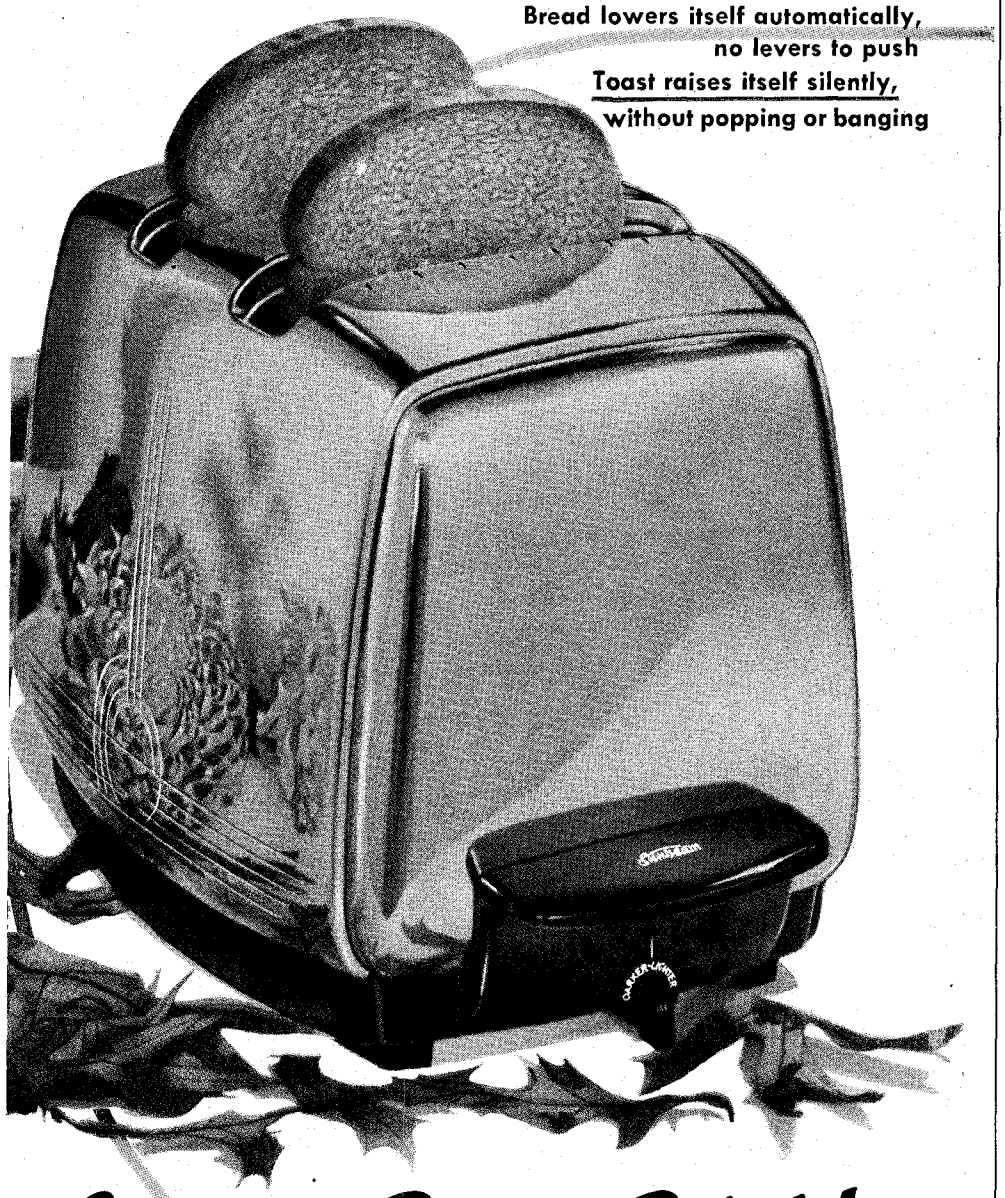
Only Sunbeam®

TOASTS WITH

RADIANT CONTROL

. . . that gives you the same *UNIFORM TOAST*
whether bread is frozen or fresh, rye or white, thick or thin

All you do is drop in the bread
Bread lowers itself automatically,
no levers to push
Toast raises itself silently,
without popping or banging



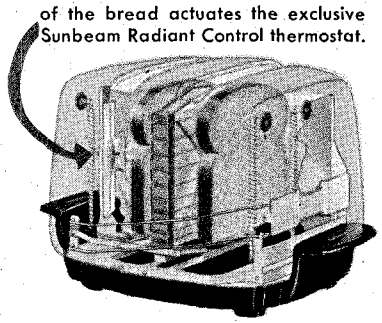
Automatic Beyond Belief!

You can take frozen bread directly from the home freezer
or at room temperature directly from the bread box
and get the same uniform toast every time!

ONLY the Sunbeam gives you RADIANT CONTROL that "adjusts itself" *automatically* to every kind of bread, rye or white, moist or dry. You can take slices directly from the home-freezer and Sunbeam RADIANT CONTROL will toast them a little longer than if they are from the breadbox. You can even reheat a piece of toast without burning. If the slices are thin it toasts them quicker than thicker slices. Get the toaster that gives you COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC operation and in addition RADIANT CONTROL that regulates the *toasting automatically,* depending on the bread. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Sunbeam Toaster.

Only Sunbeam has patented RADIANT CONTROL

The heat radiated from the surface of the bread actuates the exclusive Sunbeam Radiant Control thermostat.



SUNBEAM CORPORATION, Dept. 84, Chicago 50, Ill.
Canada: 220 Islington Ave. S., Toronto 18

© Sunbeam Corporation, 1955

Famous for Sunbeam MIXMASTER, AUTOMATIC FRYPAN, COFFEEMASTER, etc.

Neyland returned as head coach in the spring of 1936. Wyatt's introduction to him was an odd one. "At the time I was washing dishes to earn one meal, and had an NYA"—National Youth Administration—"job to pay for my other needs," Wyatt says. "I went to Major Neyland and told him I was hungry. 'If you feed me,' I said, 'I'll make you a good football player.'"

Wyatt was a young man of his word. What Neyland beheld and admired the next September was a tall, 190-pound, square-jawed, brown-eyed sophomore good enough to win a regular end job by the second game, and to keep it for three seasons. It is likely that Neyland saw in Wyatt his own self of twenty years earlier, playing the same position at Army. Today there's a striking resemblance between them, and Wyatt, perhaps unconsciously, still dresses and acts like Neyland.

The 1938 team was regarded as Tennessee's best up to that time, and maybe its best ever. It featured such outstanding guards as Bob Suffridge and Ed Molinski, and such fine backs as George Cafego and Bob Foxx, in addition to Wyatt at end. They qualified for the school's first bowl bid that year, playing in the Orange Bowl against Oklahoma in what still stands as one of the roughest games of modern football.

In the bruising early moments, Wyatt was prodding teammates with his favorite expression, "Hitch up your guts and let's go!" However, when the knocking threatened to develop into a battle royal, officials lauded him, along with captain Waddy Young of Oklahoma, for persuading their teammates to calm down and maintain order.

Wyatt received many offers to play professional football. He captained the College All-Stars in the annual game with the pros in Chicago the next summer. However, he had hoped to become a newspaperman, writing sports. He majored in English, and his favorite course was short-story writing under Dr. Roscoe Parker. But Neyland influenced him to enter coaching when the chance came to get a job as end instructor under Allyn McKeen, a former Tennessee player who was moving from Memphis State to Mississippi State as head coach in 1939.

At Mississippi State, Wyatt met another assistant, Dick Hitt, a man eight years his senior who was to become, and still is, his closest adviser. In addition to his football counseling, "Dick taught me all I know about fly-fishing and about bird hunting," Wyatt says.

Hitt has been his line coach and chief assistant ever since Wyatt moved up to head-coaching jobs. The first opportunity came at the University of Wyoming in 1947, after Wyatt had spent five years at Mississippi State and three years in the Navy. He was brought to Wyoming by the university's president, Dr. George Duke Humphrey, formerly president at Mississippi State.

Wyoming had a long history as a chronic loser in football. Within two years Wyatt got the Cowboys off to a streak in which they lost only three in thirty games. He led Wyoming to its first conference championship and its first bowl bid. He had an assist from Tennessee's Neyland, who not only kept in close touch with Wyatt but also sent him some useful "discards"—boys who were rated not quite good enough to play in the Southeastern Conference.

"The most important game of my stay at Wyoming," Wyatt relates, "was the one with Baylor in 1950, dedicating our new stadium. We had a system of 'automatics' where our quarterback, after leaving the huddle and assuming his position, could take a quick look at the defense and decide whether to change the play. If he yelled the name of any city east of the Mississippi River, the snap was to go to the tailback. A city west of the Mississippi, and it went to the fullback. Well, just when we had a good drive going, our quarterback suddenly shouted, 'Minneapolis!' Nobody knew which side of the Mississippi that's on. The center snapped the ball over everybody's head. The play cost us thirty yards. But we managed to win anyway, 7–0."

Wyatt left Wyoming for Arkansas after the 1952 season under much the same circumstances as later surrounded his departure from Arkansas for Tennessee. He had just completed the first year of a ten-year contract at Wyoming. In releasing him from the contract, the school's board of trustees stated, "We regret and are disappointed that Mr. Wyatt has asked that it be broken."

Wyatt doubts that he would have gone to Arkansas had it not been for his wife's health. Mrs. Wyatt, who as Molly Miller was a pretty University of Tennessee coed, suffered from high blood pressure. She improved so much after a six-month visit to Tennessee and Florida during Wyatt's last year at Laramie that he decided to accept the Arkansas offer.

"Among many favorable factors at Wyoming," says Wyatt, "I was as well off financially as I've been anywhere." Wyoming also offered a pleasant way of life, unprecedented popularity throughout the state and fabulous off-season hunting and fishing. Mrs. Wyatt's health was a prime mover, but there was another strong lure—the desire to compete on football's highest level.

His arrival at Arkansas was well timed. Under Otis Douglas, a recruit from professional football, the Razorbacks had become the patsy of the Southwest Conference. The ponderous squad had won but four conference games out of eighteen in three years, only nine out of thirty against all rivals, and only two in a disastrous 1952 campaign that led to the ousting of the coach.

A sick patient like this appealed to the football doctor in Wyatt. He prescribed a regimen of self-denial and hard work. Lamar McHan, the star tailback, suffered the humiliation of demotion to the fourth team before he fell in line with the Wyatt treatment. Those who didn't, never got on the active-duty list. By midseason of 1953—Wyatt's first year at Arkansas—the varsity nucleus was down to seventeen or eighteen athletes.

The first year of this strong medicine produced only a slight improvement. Arkansas won three out of ten games, including two conference victories. Even those close to the team held little hope that the cure would be completed by 1954. Nor did outside experts, who picked Arkansas for sixth place in a seven-team race.

Meanwhile, Wyatt toured the state, making friends with high-school coaches, talking with the prep standouts and plugging the benefits of spring practice, then under fire in some intercollegiate quarters. "I see nothing wrong with sending a boy home for supper clean and tired," he said.

Wyatt added a bit of classic advice for the ever-eager alumni. "Don't send us a boy," he told them. "You're worse than we are in evaluating material, and our trained best is only fifty per cent correct. Tell us about the boys, but make no rash promises. Don't send them to us—we'll go see them."

Such remarks sounded a bit brusque at the time, but by the halfway stage of the 1954 season, the alumni were too busy cheering to care. Wyatt's lean, hard-hitting gang shellacked Tulsa in the opener as expected, then went to Fort Worth and clipped Texas Christian. This was the school's first triumph on Texas soil in six years. Wins over Baylor and Texas followed. A week later the upstart Razorbacks whipped previously undefeated Ole Miss. Then they smashed the Texas Aggies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a fine Rice team. That was enough virtually to clinch the Southwest Conference championship, which Arkansas proceeded to win outright—its first undisputed league title in eighteen years. The famed hog call reverberated through every hamlet in the Ozarks.

"Two plays keyed the season for us," Wyatt recalled recently. "Texas Christian was inside our thirty and the score was 13–13. Remember, Arkansas hadn't beat anybody on a Texas field in six years. And this team was moving against us late in the last quarter. They tried a flat pass. Bobby Proctor grabbed it and ran it back to their seven. We scored and won, 20-13.

"A week later the 21–20 victory over Baylor gave us the confidence we had to have. We jumped off to an 18–7 lead. Baylor scored twice in the third quarter and went ahead, 20–18. The last quarter was running out when we bogged down on the Baylor ten, fourth and six to go. Preston Carpenter, my blocking back, was sitting beside me on the bench. I asked him if he could kick a field goal.

"'Sure I can, coach,' said Carpenter, who had missed two points after touchdown already.

"'Are you really sure?' I asked.

"'There's nothing to it, coach,' he said. 'I'll kick it right through the middle.' Which is just what he did."

The pattern was the same all the way—bruising defensive play, tremendous morale and players conditioned as tough as a razorback's snout. After the conference championship was assured there came the inevitable letdown—losses to Southern Methodist and Louisiana State—before a 19–0 win in the finale against Houston. Even so, Arkansas wound up as the No. 10 team in the Associated Press poll, and Wyatt finished third in the Scripps-Howard Coach of the Year contest.

On New Year's Day, Georgia Tech nipped the Razorbacks, 14–6, in the Cotton Bowl. Arkansas fans quickly forgot that disappointment in their greater shock nine days later when it was announced that Wyatt had resigned to accept a five-year, $15,000-a-year contract at his alma mater, Tennessee.

The news, however, was hardly a complete surprise. The rumor had persisted throughout November. Wyatt knew, from conversations months before, that he was Neyland's choice at Tennessee "if a change became necessary." For his part, Neyland was so certain Wyatt would accept that he had never talked seriously to anyone else about the job.

The official announcement, which had been held up a full month because Arkansas was in the Cotton Bowl, was greeted enthusiastically in Wyatt's native East Tennessee. For his first public appearance in Knoxville at the annual banquet honoring the football team, 500 jammed the Student Union building at $2.50 a plate, and scalpers did a brisk business at five dollars a ticket outside the banquet hall. Wyatt characteristically made no gaudy promises to victory-spoiled Volunteer alumni, who rate anything worse than an eight-and-two record a poor season.

No one minimizes Wyatt's accomplishments at Wyoming and Arkansas, but Tennessee poses many new problems. There are more people peering over the doctor's shoulder, for one thing. "This is like working in a goldfish bowl," said Wyatt, who prefers the sort of monastic solitude he had at Laramie and Fayetteville.

However, his operating technique wasn't much different when 1955 spring drills began. Wyatt took hold with his usual firmness. Pat Oleksiak, a talented tailback, quit after one talk with the new coach, saying he wanted to play in the Canadian League.

Similarly, Tom Tracy, an all-conference fullback with one year to go, quit after the first day. Knowing he faced summer school to regain eligibility, and noting the rugged nature of the drills, Tracy decided to forgo his last college year for a contract with the Ottawa Rough Riders. It was significant that Wyatt made no effort to coax Tracy, his only experienced fullback and easily the most talented runner on the squad. For one reason or another, a total of seven out of eighty-one candidates dropped out.

The great majority who stayed are finding many changes, most of them small but indicative. No longer, for instance, do they ride buses the quarter mile to and from the practice field. They walk, and so do the coaches, including Wyatt.

At practice, Wyatt roams from group to group, watching Dick Hitt with the tackles, John Bailey with the guards, Jim McDonald with the centers, Leroy Pearce with the ends, George Cafego and Ralph Chancey with the backs. He is looking for flaws, asking always for greater effort, and going always at a sweat-popping pace. In scrimmage he usually "sides" with the defense. As a play develops he yells, "Everybody get a piece of him"—meaning the runner.

Most East Tennesseans were reared on the single wing. They have a profound respect for it. However, a few had hoped that the new regime would bring a new offense—the T formation, or the split T. Wyatt is a single-winger—certainly one reason why Neyland always kept an eye on his career—but he isn't bellicose about it.

> The thing that makes you sorest at a Sunday driver is being one.
>
> NOEL WICAL

"I have no sentimental attachment to the single wing," he says. "When I'm convinced I'm riding a slow mule I'll change. The single wing is my offense for three reasons. One, I know more about it than any other formation. Two, it has been good to me. Three, Tennessee has a distinct advantage in being the only team in the Southeastern Conference using it.

"Your real workdays in the season are Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. If you've just played five split-T teams in a row, then must face a single wing team, you've got special problems on defense. We don't see how the opposition can get too fancy on defense with such a short time for preparation.

"Basically, of course, split T is possession football, while the single wing is position football. A split-T team wants the ball all the time. We don't. We don't mind giving up the ball if we can give it to the opposition where we want him to have it. If he takes it on the twenty and consumes several minutes going eighty yards to score, we figure we've made him bleed every step of the way. Don't forget, you can punish the other team much worse when you're on the defense. And if they go a long way and don't score, you can really dishearten them with a long quick kick. I've been a lineman. I know. You look up and see the ball sail back down to your own twenty, and it takes something out of you."

Wyatt considers the quick kick—seldom used by T or split-T teams—an offensive weapon. Under him the tailbacks—Johnny Majors, Al Carter and Bobby Gordon—work a few minutes every day on this maneuver, and also on the fake quick kick, which can turn into a run or a pass.

However, Wyatt spends a minimum of time teaching the actual mechanics of kicking. "I firmly hold that coaches overcoach punters," he says. "I've seen some who insist on form, others who want the

Sunbeam®
THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE
ELECTRIC TOOLS
The Faster-Drilling, More Powerful and Efficient Portable Drill

DRILLMASTER
Maximum Safe Power to drill all types of metal, wood. Greater Efficiency for smoother performance and longer life. Higher Torque, drills faster. Lower Temperature Rise, fan-forced air keeps grip cool for greater comfort. Plenty of power to drive additional labor-saving attachments.

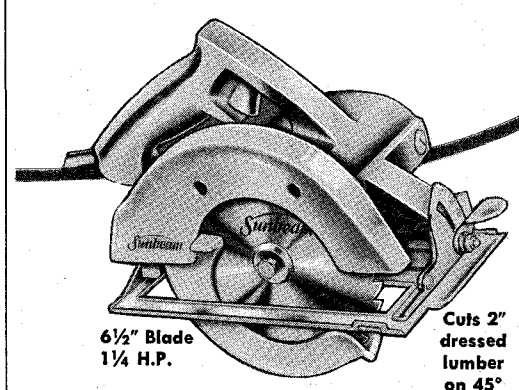
110 V. AC-DC, ¼ in. drill with Jacobs Geared Chuck, $25.95. Same with Keyless Chuck, $21.95.

INCLUDES: 10 ¼" Drillmaster, finest high-speed steel bits, 6 sanding discs, rubber backing pad, wire wheel brush, buffing wheel and compound, polishing bonnet, bench stand, arbor adaptor set.

Roomy all-steel carrying case

DRILLMASTER DRILL KIT
Top quality, carefully selected accessories—the most practical kit for the home workshop. Kit including drill with Jacobs Geared Chuck, $39.95. With Keyless Chuck, $36.95.

• DRILLS • GRINDS
• SHARPENS
• BUFFS • POLISHES
• WIRE BRUSHES



6½" Blade 1¼ H.P.
Cuts 2" dressed lumber on 45°

Sunbeam
ELECTRIC SAW
Compare the saw—the performance—the price—it's your outstanding saw value—with 2 conductor cord, only $56.25, with 3 conductor cord and adaptor plug, $57.50.

EXCLUSIVE LOCKING DEVICE
Easier, quicker to change abrasives

Sunbeam
ELECTRIC SANDER
The Sander that STOOD UP Over 1000 Hours in continuous use test. Lightweight—only 4½ lbs. More Powerful Sunbeam Motor. Orbital Motion gives best results. Only $42.50.

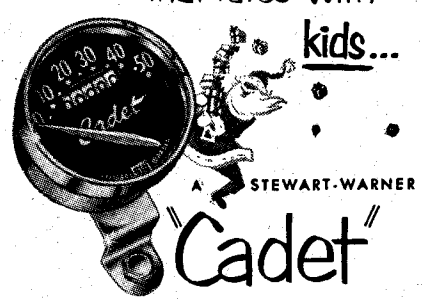
SUNBEAM CORPORATION, Dept. 84, Chicago 50, Illinois • Canada, W. Toronto 18

© Sunbeam Corporation, 1955

Famous for Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, TOASTER, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT that rates with kids...



BIKE SPEEDOMETER

★ Sky-rider dial shows speeds up to 50 m.p.h.!

★ Shows distances up to 10,000 miles!

Here's miles of extra bike-riding fun! Not just a toy—the "Cadet" speedometer is the *real* thing . . . it's the real thing, by Stewart-Warner, makers of world's finest automobile and motorcycle speedometers. Sky-rider blue dial, brilliant red pointer and gleaming metal case. Buy it at your bike shop, hardware or department store.

STEWART-WARNER

"It's fun to know how fast, how far you go!"

Is your car a creep?

New car or old—it'll really get up and go with Marvel *reinforced lubricating* Oil. Marvel gets to where gum and carbon collect in your engine . . . whisks clean carburetor, cylinders, crankcase — all engine parts. Keep your car from being a real creep. Give yourself a new sensation in smooth driving pleasure.

Ask your dealer for Marvel Mystery Oil today!

EMEROL MFG. CO., INC.
Dept. 459
242 West 69th Street
New York 23, N.Y.

kicker to imitate some great punter. I don't care how my kicker kicks. He can boot it with his knee, for all I care, just as long as he gets it down the field forty yards."

Wyatt tells about the day last spring when he was watching from afar the booming sixty-yard punts of tailback Gordon. A few minutes later he looked again; Cafego was giving the boy a few pointers. After practice Wyatt chided his backfield coach, "Better leave that boy alone. First thing you know we'll have him down around thirty-five yards."

Wyatt hopes to build a winner at Tennessee with the same ingredients he used at Arkansas—fullback-trap plays, great emphasis on kicking, clever pass defenders and a ground game built around the running pass.

"The running pass is the best play in football," Wyatt proclaims. He uses it constantly. This, plus the fullback-trap series, has moved his attack somewhat away from the old single-wing concept of straight knockdown power.

"We changed things in 1953 because the opposition was ganging us," he explains. "The linebackers were shifting in time to jam up the running plays for the tailback. We experimented about six months on what to do. Cafego and George Cole"—who remained at Arkansas—"did most of the work on it, and we polished it up from time to time.

"The first two times we tried our new stuff against the Texas Aggies, it took their safety man to stop our fullback from going all the way. Later, the Aggies became wary—the linemen stayed 'at home'—and we completed twelve passes in a row. The series has paid us big dividends, but we didn't use it until we had practiced it several hundred times. We figure a play's no good unless it will work in a practice scrimmage.

"Even then you don't want too many plays. Our quarterback goes into the game with only five or six suggested plays. Study the chart of any game. You'll see that you win with your best plays. Why fiddle around with a lot of stuff you have no confidence in? Once the game is moving along, I send in a few plays as the situation unfolds. I write out the play on a card and send it in to the tailback. He reads it and puts it in his helmet. We go over those cards when we study the quarterbacking of that game."

Wyatt knows no master but football during the season, off the field as well as on. The social whirl interests him not at all, not even when an old back-slapping exteammate invites him out on Saturday night. One of these, George Hunter, put Wyatt's sense of humor to a stern test a few weeks ago. He chanced to hear Wyatt bemoaning the fact that his thirteen-year-old daughter, Mary Gayle—he calls her Missy—missed her lately departed pet, a cocker spaniel. A few days later Hunter had a young though pungent billy goat delivered to the Wyatts' home, much to the consternation of the neighbors. It took the coach three days to rid himself of the goat.

Wyatt frowns on all distractions. To each invitation to talk, appear on radio or television he applies his own yardstick, "Will this help me do a better job?" To those he turns down he gives a big smile, but the answer still is "No."

"Coaching isn't like any other business I know," he points out. "You get one shot a year at each opponent. There are ten tests and you can't afford to fail any. It's not like selling automobiles, where you can sell two tomorrow for the none you sold today. There's no making up in football."

Wyatt and his coaches will see upward of seventy-five high-school games before this season ends. "We hope to challenge Georgia Tech, Auburn, Kentucky, Vanderbilt and all the rest for the good boys," he says, as he aims Tennessee back to the heights it reached under General Neyland's coaching. Meanwhile, the No. 1 visitor at football practice daily has been Neyland himself.

"I asked him to come out and observe what we're doing," Wyatt explained. "He has a wonderful background in football. He knows what it takes to win. I want the benefit of his observations. If you had access to a good library you'd use it, wouldn't you? The decisions I make will be based on all the information I can get, and you can't have too much."

Bowden Wyatt will need plenty of information and all the other things that go into football success if his treatment of the Tennessee case is to meet with the approval of everyone concerned. Under Wyatt's mentor, General Neyland, the Tennessee fans have learned to be satisfied with nothing less than top teams. Wyatt feels the same way. This young football doctor hasn't lost a patient yet.

The House of Rothschild

(Continued from Page 29)

by then. N.M. had, seventeen years before, arrived in England with a Frankfort accent and £20,000 in cash. His father, Mayer Amschel, an itinerant Jewish peddler, had settled in the Frankfort ghetto and prospered as a moneylender, dealer in rare coins and financial agent to William, the ninth landgrave, later Elector, of Hesse-Cassel.

It would be a much quainter story had the patriarch, on his deathbed, ordered four of his five sons to various European capitals, thus founding Rothschilds' far-flung empire. Dispersion happened in a more haphazard way. Having taken his boys into the business, Mayer Amschel would let them handle this or that account or send them off on an occasional journey. Even when they left home for good—N.M. went to England, James to Paris, Solomon to Vienna, Carl to Naples, while Amschel held the fort in Frankfort—the younger Rothschilds probably had no intention of founding their own firms.

Of the four foreign branches, the one in Naples proved the least robust. Carl, who had gone there in connection with a complicated loan transaction and who stayed on most of his life, returned to Frankfort, where his sons took over the business after his brother, Amschel, had died a bachelor in 1855. Frankfort itself closed down in 1901. And Adolf Hitler put an end to the old Vienna branch and sent the Vienna Rothschilds as immigrants to the United States.

N.M., the third of the five brothers, was the genius. His brains, his daring and his flair for backing the right horse made him the leading light of the quintet. When he took off for England, at the age of twenty-one, his purpose was to look after the Hessian prince's British assets and, incidentally, make contacts in the textile business. He spent some years in Manchester, where he did well in cotton, before establishing, in 1804—at just twenty-seven years of age—his banking firm in London.

It proved to be a runaway success. Building his reputation as a banker on the most scrupulous honesty, N.M. soon gained the confidence of statesmen and aristocrats. When, during the Napoleonic wars, the Duke of Wellington urgently needed cash to keep on fighting the elusive French in Spain, N.M. advanced the money—and started Rothschilds' golden age. As banker for the British Government, he paid off Britain's Continental armies wherever they pitched tents, and soon was riding high enough to ignore the patent of nobility his brothers had obtained for the entire family from the imperial court in Vienna—his offspring, less blasé, prefixed the name with an aristocratic *de*.

Strange as it may now seem, the British nation had no inborn knack for banking. What native banks there were in the old days bore a provincial mien and were concerned with such prosaic operations as staking the local brewer to a bigger vat. Hence, when Britain's emergence as an imperial power required a banking system based on knowledge of foreign lands and foreign habits, this knowledge had to be imported. It was brought over, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, by merchants and moneylenders from the Continent, mostly from the old trading towns of Germany.

The short-term credits by which these venerable "merchant banks" keep England's foreign commerce flowing to this day are meant to fit the wearer like a Bond Street shirt. Based on a paper known as a bill of exchange—a checklike instrument first used by the ancient Greeks—this highly personalized credit is granted for three months to finance a concrete, self-liquidating business transaction. As even now half the world's trade is carried on in sterling, the "bill on London" has not lost its sex appeal. Besides financing British imports—sugar, tea, tobacco, copper, steel—it is a handy tool for Britain's export trade, and bills drawn on the house of Rothschild are used to pay for British cars, tweeds, whisky and machinery.

The reputation of the firm, almost from the beginning, had come to rest upon its foreign loans. N.M. had pioneered a fashion. Before his time, whenever a foreign government had wanted to borrow money, it was accepted practice to issue bonds in pesos, francs or thalers, and the British investor never knew at what rate of exchange he would receive his interest. In raising funds for foreign governments, the great N.M. hit on the novel method of issuing the bonds in British currency and paying the interest himself, whenever it was due, in sterling—as paying agent for the government concerned.

This made foreign issues suddenly attractive. All Mr. Rothschild had to do was to announce he would be "in his counting house" at such and such a day, and New Court would be black with stovepipe-hatted gentlemen clamoring for new Austrian, French and Russian bonds. The house itself made it a prudent habit to purchase slices of these newly floated issues on its own account—disposing of them later when the value had gone up.

The sums in question were not picayune: by 1904, the firm's centenary, the British Rothschilds had placed about £1,300,000,000—$6,500,000,000—worth of foreign loans, some by themselves, some in conjunction with other well-known merchant banks. Among the credits thus arranged at New Court during the firm's first golden century were a $490,000,000 loan to France, which enabled that defeated nation to pay its war indemnity to Germany after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71; Russian bond issues totaling $900,000,000; and the famous West India Loan of $75,000,000 by which the British Government, in 1835, compensated the Jamaica slave owners for their

(Continued on Page 136)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Distinguished Companion to the World Honored Longines

Wittnauer

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY LONGINES-WITTNAUER

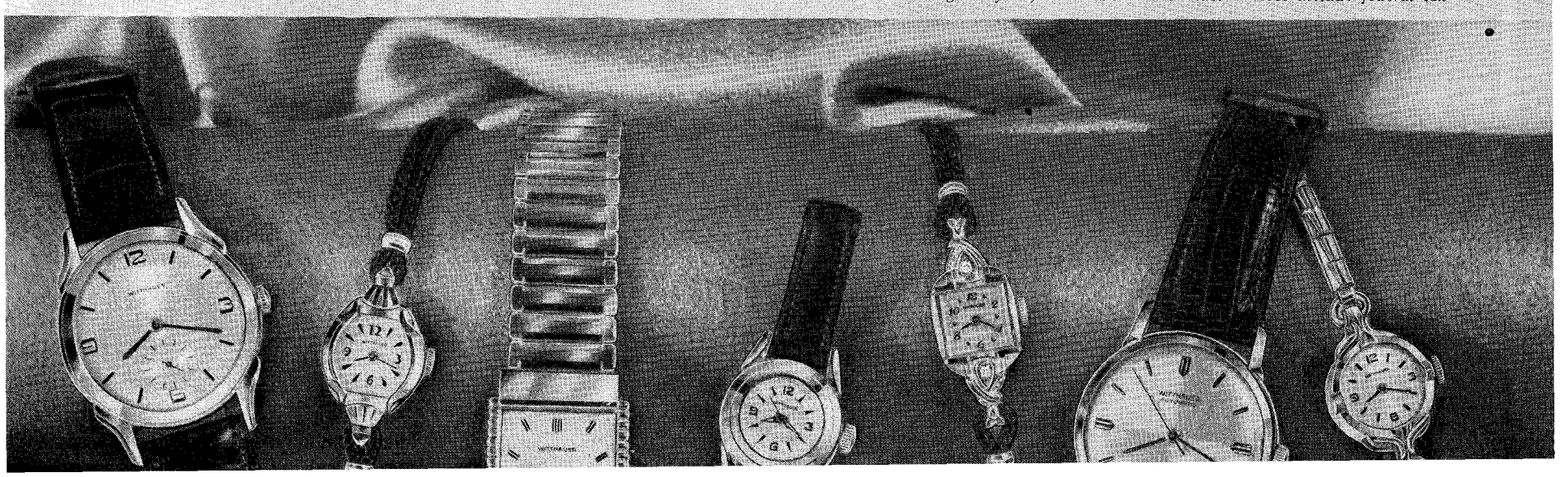
A firm friend to every happy owner is Wittnauer, distinguished companion watch to the world-honored Longines—in its price range, dollar for dollar, the best and most beautiful watch you can buy. In every detail it reflects the vast experience of Longines-Wittnauer in the manufacture and design of fine watches of the highest character. Only in watches costing many dollars more can be found such fresh and exclusive styling, so many advanced horological features. The Wittnauer watch you buy for yourself, or as an important Christmas gift, will be a prized possession and faithful friend for untold years to come. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

Wittnauer watches illustrated left to right—*Wittnauer Pacemaker "R"*—a truly distinguished timepiece, $34.75; the lovely *Wittnauer Golden Princess "B"*—in yellow or white 14K gold case, $59.50; the *Wittnauer Leland*—modern design of case complemented by expansion band, $59.50; perfect for the active woman, the *Wittnauer Suburban "A" Sweep*—waterproof*; shock-resistant, $59.50; delightfully feminine *Wittnauer Diamond Princess "P"*—with two fine diamonds in intricately-fashioned 14K white or yellow gold case, $79.50; impressive in every detail is the *Wittnauer Reliance Automatic*—in the All-Proof Series, a self-winding watch with maximum protection against all common watch hazards, with sweep second hand, $65; *Wittnauer Campus "G"*—a perfectly charming watch with dainty expansion bracelet, $39.75. In its price range, Wittnauer offers fine watches in the largest variety of styles and types in the industry. Wittnauer watches include every proved horological advance.

**as long as crystal, back and stem are intact. Prices include federal tax*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When weekend chores make

Muscles stiff and sore...

Here's speedy relief!

● More at home behind a desk than behind a bucksaw? The way your muscles ache from occasional weekend workouts leaves no doubt about it!

And that's the time to take a tip from trainers of top athletes.

For over 60 years they've been rubbing on Absorbine Jr. to bring quick, long-lasting relief from the pain of over-exercised muscles.

So fast and soothing is this famous Absorbine Jr. treatment, you'll say it's "like a heat lamp in a bottle." For blessed, safe relief at the point of application, use Absorbine Jr. on those aching muscles today! Get a bottle of Absorbine Jr. today wherever drugs are sold.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

SEA BLADE"

The $1,000 Flat Look in underwater watches.
For jeweler's name write 404 4th Ave., N.Y.

CROTON
NIVADA GRENCHEN

PREVENTS RUST!

3-IN-ONE, unlike most ordinary oils, actually prevents rust. No wonder 3-IN-ONE outsells all other home lubricants!

"3-IN-ONE" OIL

Cowhide BRAND

AUTHENTIC WESTERN JEANS — for men, youths, boys.
Foremost for style, value!

BIG-DAD INC. . . Lexington, N. C. — Starke, Fla.

Housework's Harder WHEN CORN PAIN STRIKES!
GETS-IT Liquid corn remover dissolves even toughest corns! Painless, safe. Buy GETS-IT today!

(Continued from Page 134) emancipation losses. After the American Civil War, Rothschilds was called upon to share, with a few other hand-picked London banks, the honor of providing the "gold cushion" on which the United States currency eventually came to rest.

Once worth about $500,000,000, the British Rothschilds show, by now, the scars of taxes and bad times. Most of their famous studs have been dissolved, the rolling hills of Buckinghamshire are full of former Rothschild manors, and the palatial home of Lionel II on millionaire's row—Kensington Palace Gardens—now forms part of the Soviet Embassy. Not all is lost, however.

According to best City estimates, the bank still has assets and reserves worth between $25,000,000 and $30,000,000, and yields a profit, before taxes, of roughly $2,000,000 a year. Both active partners, Anthony and Eddie, still own fine estates and priceless art collections and, in a pinch, the Rothschilds of Great Britain could probably scrape up some $40,000,000, even in this evil age.

The fact that the extraordinary dynasty has managed to maintain high standards of performance through half a dozen generations, with no return to shirt sleeves yet in sight, may not be purely accidental. The tribe has practiced intermarriage to the point where, today, most of its members are cousins several times over. Of the five founding brothers, one, James, married Betty, his brother Solomon's daughter; of their five children, four married Rothschilds, and so, again, did one of their granddaughters. Carl, the Naples Rothschild, also had five children; one of them died a bachelor, the four others—you guessed it—married Rothschilds. Carl's eldest son had seven children, all girls—two of them never married, three married Rothschilds, while the remaining two made do with strangers: one duke, one prince. Solomon married both his children off to Rothschilds, and of their children, four did the inevitable. N.M. himself had seven children—four married Rothschilds. And so *ad infinitum*.

This heavy inbreeding, some say, was a dynastic policy laid down by Mayer Amschel himself. Most Rothschilds hotly argue that was not the case—male Rothschilds, they insist, simply find female Rothschilds irresistible. Although the process, as one would expect, did here and there throw up a negative result, the precious chromosome establishing a close affinity between the Rothschild mind and money was bred back into every succeeding generation, with a vengeance—creating, as it percolated through the branches, a strain of superbankers.

Eccentrics from way back, most Rothschilds are remembered for odd bits of whimsey. N.M., the founder of the British line and England's richest individual, is said to have enjoyed slipping a beggar a gold coin, to see him scamper off and vanish, convinced the donor had made a mistake. Alfred, who died in 1918, maintained a private circus and, at his lavish parties in the country, would entertain his guests by entering the ring and expertly performing with his beasts. A handsome dandy, he fancied driving around London with a four-in-hand made up of zebras. There's a Rothschild way of doing things that makes most ordinary mortals look like pikers. An antique dealer who, some years ago, purchased a stack of chairs from Natty Rothschild's mansion on Piccadilly, found they had undergone an annual regilding. "Gold-plated chairs, by Jove!" he gasped.

You'll find, in one of the rear corners of The Room, a hair-raising exhibit, consisting of some scratchy-looking insects under glass. They gleam like gold, and that, you are informed, is no illusion. Trapped, many years ago, inside a bullion sack shipped to the British Isles from China, the vermin turned to gold—presumably because the shipment was addressed to N. M. Rothschild.

However that may be, Rothschilds of both sexes have long been crazy about bugs. Walter, the second Lord Rothschild, who died in 1937, was an outstanding naturalist with a pronounced distaste for banking. His younger brother, Charles, a cousin of the present senior partner, neatly divided his existence between a desk at New Court and his insects. Once, in pursuit of a rare English butterfly, he penetrated far into the Midlands, where, he discovered, the subspecies was at home. A Rothschild, he resolved to buy the land, and thus the habitat, but local tenants warned him that the grounds were owned by a short-tempered millionaire who would be difficult to deal with. Further search yielded the fact that the capricious Croesus was none other than his pop, Natty, the first Lord Rothschild, who was glad to let junior have the butterfly, along with the estate.

The passion carried over to Charles' children. His eldest daughter, Miriam, two years ago caused something of a stir with an absorbing book on parasites, Fleas, Flukes and Cuckoos, written in collaboration with another lady naturalist. And her equally

... ...

Philosophical Lines From East of the Mississippi

By Willard F. Daws

No matter how big
The worries that vex us,
Remember: they'd be
Much bigger in Texas.

... ...

keen-witted brother, Victor Low Rothschild—a well-known student of the mysteries of fertilization—has inherited Uncle Walter's embarrassing antipathy to banking.

Hence, Cousin Anthony, in his capacity of senior partner of the firm, rules supreme at New Court. Preferring, in his private life, elaborate obscurity to the expansive splendor of his forebears, he shuns social occasions, dresses conservatively, eats moderately, commutes by train between London and his country place, takes bus or underground to Euston Station, and makes no bones about the fact that he's happiest among his Ming ceramics. But while at New Court he lays down the law. The firm has no "executives"—no presidents, vice-presidents, directors—and junior partner Eddie politely bows to uncle's seasoned judgment. From Michael Bucks, the manager, down to the lowliest typist, New Court's 150 employees look up to "Mr. Anthony" with awe.

Nothing bespeaks more clearly the unique prestige enjoyed by N. M. Rothschild & Sons than the fact that this private, family-owned concern is the sole channel through which the Bank of England deals in gold. As the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street markets the entire gold production of South Africa—now mining 45 per cent of the world's total output—this is no small-fry operation. Besides, as dealers for their own account and on behalf of private clients, which may be foreign central banks, the firm bites off about one fifth of London's flow of gold.

The Rothschilds, needless to say, make their own gold bars. Of standard size and "good-delivery" fineness—995 parts per 1000 fine gold or better—they're manufactured by the hundreds in Rothschilds' gold refinery, a huge cigar box of an edifice near the Tower of London. Employing some 200 workmen and called the Royal Mint Refinery, because it used to form part of Great Britain's Royal Mint, it's one of London's two large gold-refining establishments. Small wonder that the operations of the London gold exchange—a daily reunion of representatives of England's six great bullion firms—take place in the Gold Fixing Room at New Court, with Rothschilds' Mr. Raven in the chair.

It is a fact that, through the years, the Rothschilds have rarely touched an enterprise that did not turn into a glittering El Dorado. But it is also true that the Rothschilds never jump without first making sure the water's fine. The great N.M. stood idly by for years while English financiers grew rich constructing the first railroads in the British Isles. Once railroads proved to be a paying proposition, he caused his brothers on the Continent to pioneer in a still-untapped market.

Diamonds, too, have been for many years the family's good friend. There is no record of a Rothschild loan during the early years, when Cecil Rhodes was stuffing his first stones into a handy snuffbox. But in the 1880's, when Rhodes was rounding out his empire, the Rothschilds backed him to the hilt—with the result that Rothschilds still retains a hefty package of the stock of Rhodes' old company, De Beers. Rothschilds exercises the same kind of leverage with regard to Rio Tinto, the giant corporation which got its start in Spain's rich copper mines and which has since acquired a stake in the Rhodesian copper belt. And one of Britain's big insurance companies, Alliance—created by N.M.—is, to this day, controlled by Rothschilds.

Constantly on the lookout for new empires to build, the Rothschilds recently became aware of one still largely unexplored frontier—Canada. A high-powered exclusive syndicate, headed by N. M. Rothschild & Sons, was formed in 1952. Intent on the development of Newfoundland, this new $10,000,000 corporation is authorized to stake its sundry claims on 60,000 square miles of Canadian crown land. "A long-term enterprise," one Rothschild gentleman-adventurer, back from a trip to Newfoundland, remarked. "Not one of those get-rich-quick schemes, you'll understand. But it does stir the imagination." And groping for a word befitting his enthusiasm, he promptly hit on it: "Elizabethan!"

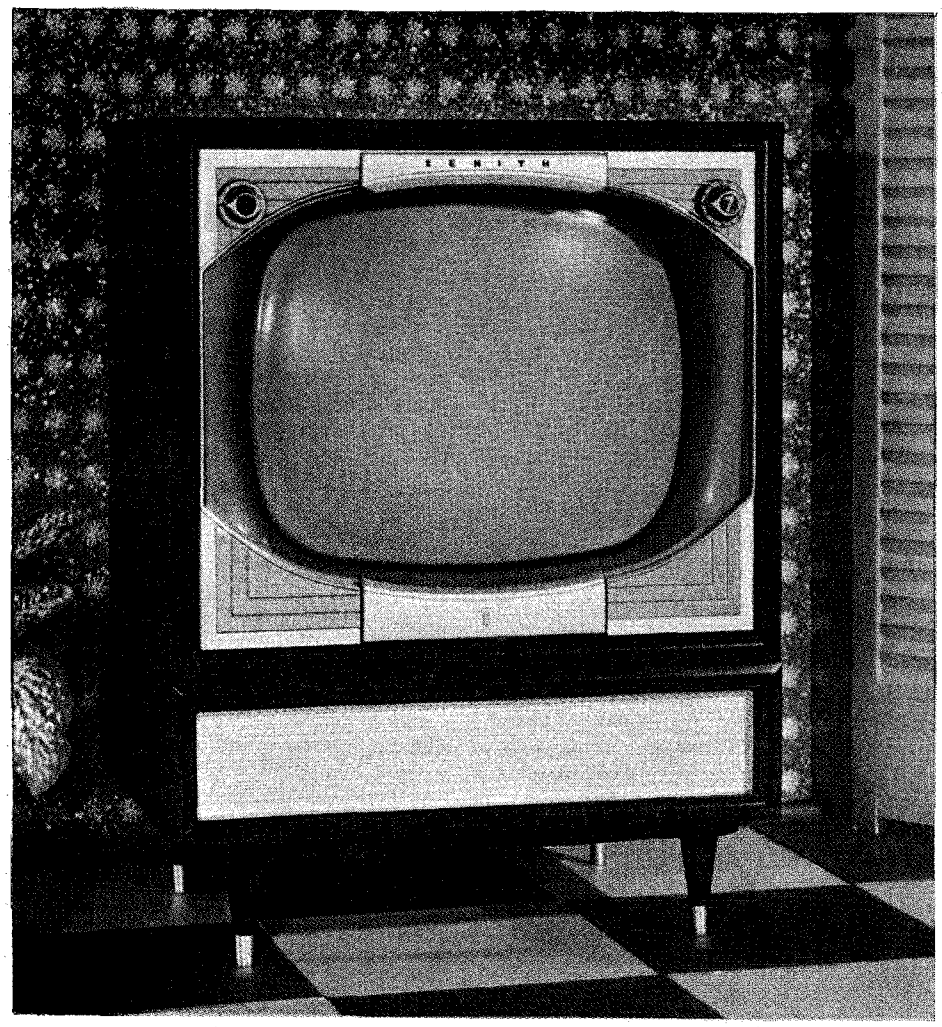
All through the billion-dollar whirl, the Rothschilds have kept faith with Judaism, using their cash and their prestige to better the lot of the community they represented. Solomon had brought his influence to bear on Metternich to help achieve the emancipation of Europe's Jews. Lionel I became, in 1858, the first Jew to enter Britain's House of Commons, and when Natty, in 1885, was made a peer by Gladstone, he was the first member of his faith to be seated in the House of Lords. However, long before all this, the Rothschilds were enthroned as Jewry's "first family." Immortalized by a whole slew of idiomatic jokes pinned to a "Baron Rothschild," they'd crossed the line between reality and legend. "Throw the poor rascal out!" the baron gasps after listening to an alms seeker's tale of woe. "He's breaking my heart!" Or, when a rabid socialist has told him that his fortune ought to be distributed, the baron offers him a shilling: "Your share, my friend."

The Rothschilds are, of course, acquainted with this lore and, during family reunions, are apt to entertain one another with genuine or manufactured anecdotes about their fancy forebears. Relaxing with their kin, they may engage in skilled impersonations of famous Rothschilds they have known. And, parting on a note of jovial introspection, they will assure themselves and their relations, "We simply aren't, and we have never been, like other people."

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Any 24-inch set is big. But out here at Zenith we weren't satisfied till we could give you *postage-stamp* detail in a *poster-sized* picture!"



Looks Like a Console . . . Performs Like One, Too. This brand-new 24-inch table model, the Kirkwood, is television's greatest value! Sharp, clear pictures with postage-stamp detail assured by powerful Royal "X" Chassis, Cinébeam Picture Tube and Ciné-Lens. Two speakers. 2 colors: Mahogany, blond oak (Model X2640). In mahogany color, only $299.95*. Stand extra.

DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR, TV'S GREATEST VALUE! GENUINE ZENITH QUALITY IN AN ALL-NEW 24-INCH TABLE MODEL!

IT'S TRUE at last! Postage-stamp detail in a poster-sized picture! A thrilling new television treat!

Thanks to the power of Zenith's new Royal "X" Chassis and famous Cinébeam® picture tube with Ciné-Lens face plate picture glass, now you can enjoy *detail* and *realism* you didn't think possible in giant-screen TV.

Brilliant, breath-taking pictures and the crystal-clear sound reception of two big Zenith speakers make this 24-inch table model a *real home theater*—a perfect gift for the entire family!

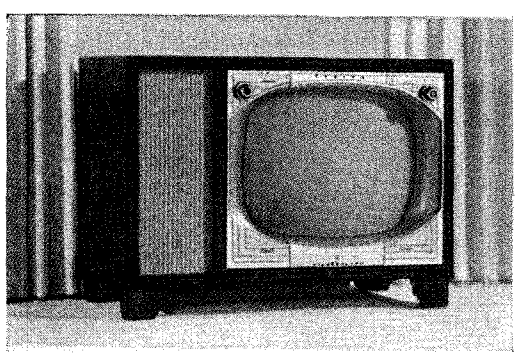
With Zenith's Top Tuning, you don't even bend over to "click" the dial; and Zenith's Spotlite dial illuminates the channel number . . . easy to read from across the room.

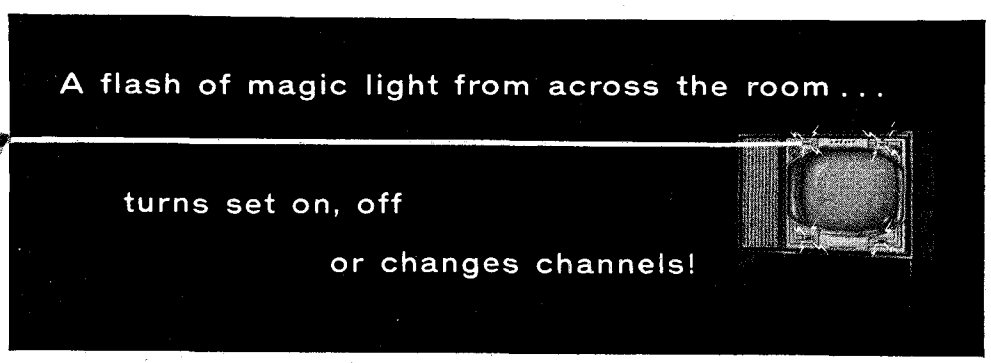
See it and other exciting new 24-inch models at your Zenith dealer's soon.

ONLY ZENITH GIVES YOU ALL THESE QUALITY FEATURES:

The Kirkwood (left)
24-inch Screen; Royal "X" Chassis; Cinébeam Picture Tube; Ciné-Lens; Fringe-Lock Circuit; Special Selective Filter; Improved Tuner Cascode Circuit; Turret Tuner; Dual Speaker System; Static-Free FM Television Sound; "Gated Beam" Sound Stabilizer; Top Tuning; Spotlite Dial; Removable Safety Glass; Built-in UHF/VHF Antenna; Mahogany Color or Blond Oak Color.

NOW! **FLASH-MATIC TUNING!** ZENITH'S NEWEST TV MIRACLE!





You can also shut off sound of long, annoying commercials while picture remains on screen! That's the "magic" of Flash-Matic Tuning, a built-in feature in several new 1956 Zenith models. Shown is the Touraine (X2674RQ). 24-inch screen. Royal "X" Chassis. 20,000 volts of picture power. Cinébeam picture tube. Ciné-Lens. High fidelity sound system. Removable safety glass. 2 colors: grained mahogany, grained blond oak. As shown, only $499.95*. Other Flash-Matic sets as low as $399.95*.

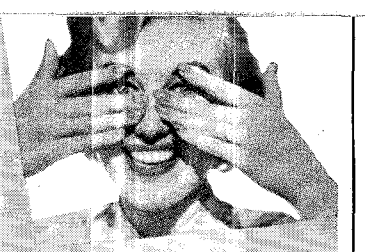
ONLY ZENITH BUILDS ZENITH QUALITY

The Royalty of TELEVISION and Radio
Backed by 36 years of leadership in radionics exclusively
ALSO MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS
Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price, slightly higher in Far West and South*

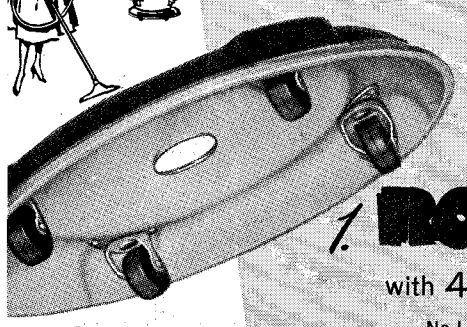
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Count to 10
then open your eyes to the



Sparkling New
EUREKA
Super Roto-Matic

with



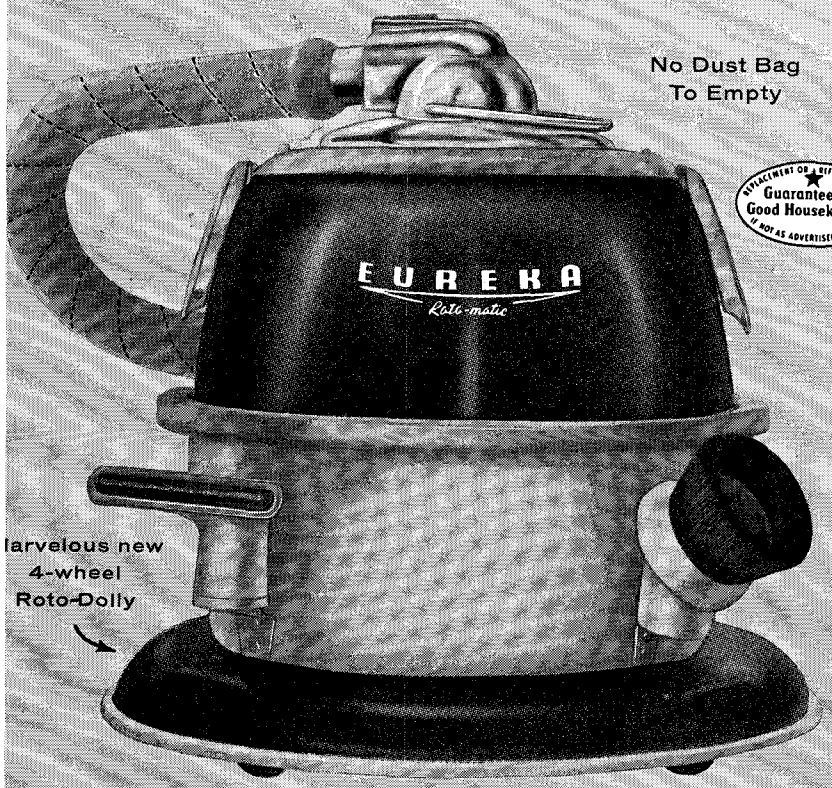
spectacular new
roll-easy
1. ROTO-DOLLY
with 4 ball-bearing, rubber swivel wheels
No Lift! No Carry! Rolls easily from room to room
—won't tip. Optional, $10.00

Special
ntroductory Offer
or a limited time only . . . the
nsational new $10.00 Roto-
olly will be supplied FREE with
our New Eureka Super
oto-Matic cleaner
e your Eureka
ealer at
ce.

2. Super Cleaning Power—Rated No. 1 Best Buy by leading independent authorities—full ⅞ H.P. Motor.
3. Easy Action Swivel-Top—Cleans all over from 1 position.
4. Attach-O-Matic Clip-on Tools—Tools clip to cleaners' side—always handy.
5. Easy Glide Rug Nozzle—Floating brush picks-up hair and lint.
6. Zip-Clip Top—opens instantly. Zip it's open—Quick it's emptied! Zip it's closed!
7. Light Weight—Very Quiet—Pounds lighter than other cleaners—No whine.
8. Deluxe 8 piece Set of Cleaning Tools—Lock together . . . don't fall apart in use.
9. Miracle Shag Rug Tool (optional)—cleans shag rugs so easily.

and yours for 10-DAY Home Trial!

No Dust Bag
To Empty



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

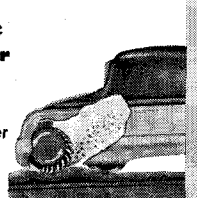
arvelous new
4-wheel
Roto-Dolly

ever before has so little money brought you so much value in a
cuum cleaner. Already rated No. 1 BEST BUY by the nation's lead-
g independent authorities, the NEW Eureka Roto-Matic offers
and new features in jewel-like beauty, almost unbelievable con-
nience, absolutely unsurpassed efficiency. Try it in your own home
r 10 days. Just call your nearest EUREKA dealer for details.

Still Only
$69.95
with deluxe tools and
FREE $10.00 Roto-Dolly

Only
89.95
Tools
Available
You Save
$30 to $40 Over
omparable Cleaners

NO DUST BAG TO EMPTY!
Introducing the New
EUREKA Super Automatic
with motor driven Dirt Disturbulator
— IT BEATS! — IT SWEEPS!
— IT SUCTION CLEANS!
all in one automatic action. You merely guide the cleaner
Specially designed for Carpets and Big Rug Areas



Eureka Williams Company • Division of Henney Motor Company, Inc. • Bloomington, Illinois
In Canada: Onward Manufacturing Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario

One Night Together (Continued from Page 35)

wild, stormy night five years ago when he had first heard the news of the killings down at Three Oaks Tavern. Trabus had set out with Ratch, not anywhere in particular. But finding that physical effort was calming, he started running up Chimney Top. Never in his sixteen years had he been clear to the peak, nor had anyone else that he knew, for it was hazardous and high. Without direction, only the sense that he was going up, ever up, they crawled and scrambled, some places sliding backward, only to get up and try again.

Reaching the top, strength and emotion spent, boy and dog had sprawled in the little meadow, exhausted, and welcomed the rain that washed away tears, trouble and weariness.

When they had awakened next morning, only the little meadow where they lay was in sunshine. There were clouds and shadows below them, blacking out the valley so that they seemed cut off from the world, suspended in space.

"No one's ever been here, Ratch," he said awesomely. It seemed a meant thing that he should come here in the night where a measure of peace was seeping into his mind and body.

"It'll be ours," he told the dog solemnly, and looked long and hard at the tranquil scene so that he could carry it with him back down the mountain.

All this Trabus now tried to put into words for the jury, but it came out clumsily and haltingly.

"I found this little place on Chimney Top when I was in trouble, and I ——" He raised his hand in a helpless gesture. "Trouble didn't follow me there like it seemed to everywhere else."

The September sun sent broad shafts of light through the opened court windows and drew an oily smell from the wide board floor. A mud dauber drifted lazily over the heads of the spectators and somewhere out in town a dog fight was going on. Trabus thought the sounds of freedom were never so sharp-edged. He hoped Mrs. Ramsey was taking good care of Ratch. The girl had had a dog. What a picture they had made, she and her dog and his own Ratch, romping through the mountaintop meadow. Where was the girl now? Had she come back to the mountain, and finding him gone, had left too? Or had she come back at all after the way he had treated her that last night? But here, now, he must keep his mind on the questions the lawyer was asking.

"Did you intend living in the shack you were building on Chimney Top?"

"Yes, sir, I guess I did," Trabus replied. "It was far off from the walkable ways. I thought no one would care."

He thought back to the time the idea of building a cabin there had first come to his mind. It was raining softly that day when he had reached the top. "We ought to build us a shelter, Ratch." He sat down under a sheltering pine to let the familiar peace of the place wash over him. A softness that no one had ever seen came into his eyes. Here, halfway to heaven it seemed, after the climb, was order and cleanliness, and serenity such as Trabus had never known.

Many times, in the years following his father's trouble, he had come to the mountain. Sometimes, when the sawmill where he now worked had been shut down, he had brought his gun, a few provisions, and with Ratch had lived here whole weeks at a time. He had made friends with the deer. Squirrels scampered about at his feet and the chipmunk ate from his hand. Here Trabus had dreamed long of a world without knife fighting, drunkenness and killings, but only briefly had he allowed himself other dreams of youth, for he had been spurned and rejected and avoided after his father's trouble. Once he had bought some new clothes and gone to a dance down at Logger's Landing, because he was lonely and wanted to talk to someone, and the girls had shrunk from him, wide-eyed with fear.

"It's not our land. You know that, Ratch, old boy, don't you?" he had said, but the idea kept growing in his mind, and after it had stopped raining he got up and searched for sticks and arranged them in a square, sized to his liking, just to see how it would look. He sat down inside, first in one corner, trying the view, then in another. He'd have a window on every side, he decided. He closed his eyes and heard rain on his roof and wintry winds whistling around the snug notched and mortised corners. There would be no one coming home drunk to beat on him. He could come and go and eat and sleep as he pleased. A rack for his gun. A little cupboard for provisions. And he (Continued on Page 140)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I take back everything I said about this sweater you knitted for me."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rugged enough for the toughest jobs, soft enough to relax in, these remarkable new work clothes made with Acrilan are different from any you've known. **Acrilan** acrylic fiber makes them wear twice as long as ordinary work clothes, keeps them looking twice as good. They resist dirt, grime and acids; wash clean without scrubbing, without shrinking. They dry overnight, need little if any ironing. They're never stiff, never irritating. Wear them on and off the job. See how tough it is to wear them out.

WEAR POINTS DON'T GET THIN.

NEED LITTLE IF ANY IRONING.

ACIDS DON'T DAMAGE ACRILAN.

HOLD A PRESS, SHED WRINKLES.

For swatched booklet giving detailed information about work clothes made with Acrilan, write:
THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1 • Plants: ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala. • CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla.

ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER BY CHEMSTRAND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from Page 138) would keep the little meadow as clean and pure and pretty as he had found it, for it was the one thing in his whole life that approached perfection.

"And did you think this was the right thing to do, Mr. Ledford?"

"No, sir. I guess I knew it was wrong all along."

"But yet you went ahead with it?"

"Yes, sir, I ——" Again he raised his hand and let it drop in a helpless gesture, for words would not come to explain that it was such a little old thing he was building. It was so far away from everything. Nobody apparently had ever been there, and he could tear it down at a moment's notice.

"Now, about the logs, Mr. Ledford." The lawyer leaned close. "Isn't it true that you used cut logs from the sawmill to build your shack on this property that in no wise belonged to you?"

"Yes, sir, but they were mine. I paid ——"

"Just answer the question yes or no, Mr. Ledford."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Ledford, a great to-do has been made this morning over the alleged fact that Wash Gibson was grandmawing logs off the Oxly land, and, as I understand it, this means that a person cuts these logs at night somewhere, hauls them to the mill and says they're his, he cut them on grandmaw's place." A knowing titter passed over the courtroom. "Now, Mr. Ledford, didn't you ever grandmaw any logs?"

"No, I never did."

"You preferred to take them away from the mill after someone else had already gone to the trouble to cut and haul them in?"

"No, I paid for them!" Trabus shouted, half rising from his chair, and the judge rapped for order and warned him against such outbursts. "I took some logs once," Trabus admitted, "but I paid for them later."

"Is it your practice, Mr. Ledford, to take things first and pay for them later?"

"No, sir. I only did it that once."

The idea of a shelter for himself and Ratch on Chimney Top kept growing in Trabus' mind, and more and more as the monotonous days at the sawmill passed, he found his eyes wandering to the pile of culled logs thrown to one side there. The logs were for sale, and occasionally some of the employees would pay the bookkeeper for a log or two, but more often the logs disappeared in the night without benefit of such payment, especially as the nights grew crisp and firewood brought a good price in the neighboring towns. On one such night Trabus took his first log.

Pulling and tugging, pushing, sweating and panting, he fell exhausted when he had finally snaked the log into his clearing on Chimney Top. But the fire of enthusiasm and accomplishment soon repaired tired muscles and on succeeding nights the task seemed lighter. At the end of the first week, the foundation was completed. Trabus made himself a bed of pine needles inside the square of logs and lay down to sleep, but tired and sore as he was, sleep did not come.

At midnight, he cried out, sudden-knowledged, "It's the logs, Ratch! I stole them!" He felt he had sullied the clean, pure, peaceful mountaintop and could hardly wait for morning, when he stopped by the bookkeeper's office and paid for them.

"Mr. Ledford," the prosecutor continued, "the books of the Oxly Sawmill Company have already been exhibited and nowhere is there an entry to the effect that you paid for any logs you took away from the mill."

"I paid for them, all right." Trabus turned cold eyes on Orn Hawn, the bookkeeper, sitting among the witnesses, wondering how Orn could have testified as he did. He remembered Orn's surprise when he had plunked down the money it had taken him a year to save, and said he wanted to buy the whole pile of culled logs.

"You're Murderin' Bick's boy, aren't you?" Orn had said scornfully, and Trabus had countered with, "What of it?" Orn had backed away and Trabus had felt good because he had not realized that he had grown so big and powerful-shouldered as to back a man like Orn Hawn down. And immediately he had gone and notified the others that the pile of logs was his.

While the others had played cards and shot craps and drunk whisky at their lunch hour at the mill, he had chopped his logs in two with his own ax, so there would be no complaint about using the company's machinery. He whistled silently at his work, visualizing his log house and living vicariously the life he imagined for himself atop the mountain. There'd be a little cookstove in one corner, though how he'd get one up there he could not imagine. He decided on a stone fireplace.

"If you paid for the logs, Mr. Ledford, why were you sneaking them away in the dark of the night to Chimney Top, as Mr. Orn Hawn has testified he saw you doing, even followed you there?"

"I didn't want anyone to know what I was doing."

"Mr. Ledford," the lawyer addressed him slowly and paused significantly, "did you ever at any time threaten to kill Wash Gibson?"

"Yes, sir." Trabus cringed at his incriminating answer and studied his big hands.

"And wasn't this over the matter of these logs, Mr. Ledford?"

"In a way. He asked me one day what I was doing, and I said I was chopping my logs in two, and he asked how come they were my logs, and I told him I had bought and paid for them. Then he turned around to the other fellows and laughed and said, 'Hear him, fellows! They be hisn.' And he said any time he took a notion to get himself some logs, he guessed he'd help himself, and he spit tobacco in the groove where I was chopping my log. And then I said, 'You do that again, Wash, and I'll finish the job on you.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Ledford." The words were isolated and final. The prosecutor stood quietly for a moment. Trabus thought the trial was over.

"Now, once more, Mr. Ledford, where were you the night Wash Gibson was killed? Your landlady says you were not there. None of these good people of the community saw you anywhere. Were you lying in ambush, Mr. Trabus Ledford? Waiting to finish the job, as you say? Or can't you remember?"

He remembered the night, all right. He had sat in the doorway of his cabin, hoping the girl would come to him, desiring with all his body that she would come to him, yet hoping with a deeper hope that she would not. And he really didn't think she would, for from the very beginning, she, too, had seemed to love order and purity. Needed it, Trabus felt, like he did, to balance another world.

Trabus smiled, remembering the first morning when he had jumped over the waist-high walls of his cabin and froze in his tracks for there she was, sitting on a chunk of pine, sewing away at some pretty bits of scraps.

"You came through the walls," she said chidingly. "There's the door." She pointed to where Trabus had erected the frame for his doorway.

So astonished had he been, thinking surely one of the golden-haired angels that kept his mountaintop had tarried too long, that he leaped back over the wall and came around to the door.

"That's better," she grinned shyly. "Won't you sit down?"

Sudden anger at being found out sharpened his tongue. "You got no business here," he said.

"I got as much business as you," she retorted, and they had fought with their eyes until Trabus had lowered his.

He had looked around the place then and seen that she had fixed it up as a child would a playhouse. Trabus' eyes sought the girl's again. "Are you a little girl?" he asked.

For answer, she rose and went to stand in the doorway and he saw that she was not.

"Aren't you scared?" he asked.

"Scared? What of?"

"Me."

She had looked him up and down appraisingly and Trabus' cheeks had burned with a mixture of fear and anger—fear that she would find him wanting, and anger at himself for having such fears. Then she gave a shrill whistle and a huge boxer came bounding in from the woods to stand beside her, ignoring Ratch's growls until the girl should issue command.

"Should I be?" she asked, grinning.

Trabus had grinned, too, somehow glad. "No reason at all," he said hastily.

Looking back, he thought that fragile moment was the beginning of the thing that had sprung up between them. That moment when she had not shrunk in fear nor dismissed him as being insignificant, and had called her dog to show that neither was she wanton.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said, indicating the little meadow.

"It's near heaven," he replied, surprised that such words had come easily.

He wanted desperately to ask who she was, and when and why she had come, and if she had told anyone else about it, and if not, please not. But she could have asked the same questions of him and did not.

"I've got some lunch," she said. "And this is the table." She indicated the pine slab and spread sandwiches and cookies. "A stove might go there," she planned.

"We couldn't get a stove up here," he said in seriousness, for he had given it some thought, and again his cheeks burned, for he thought she might poke fun at him, playing house, but she shook her head in agreement and there was no mockery in her eyes. Again, unaccountably, he was glad.

That day had grown and waned and a silence had stretched out between them like a long, silvery, unanchored spider web, floating peacefully in the afternoon air. Once the deer came close.

"Buff," Trabus introduced.

"Hello, Buff," the girl said. "Glad you came to see us."

"Us." Trabus couldn't ever remember being included thus. "Us." He tasted the word slowly and found it to his liking.

When it was near dark, she arose to go.

"Come again?" he asked softly, shyly, tensely.

"I will," she replied in tones that matched his own. His heart had sung.

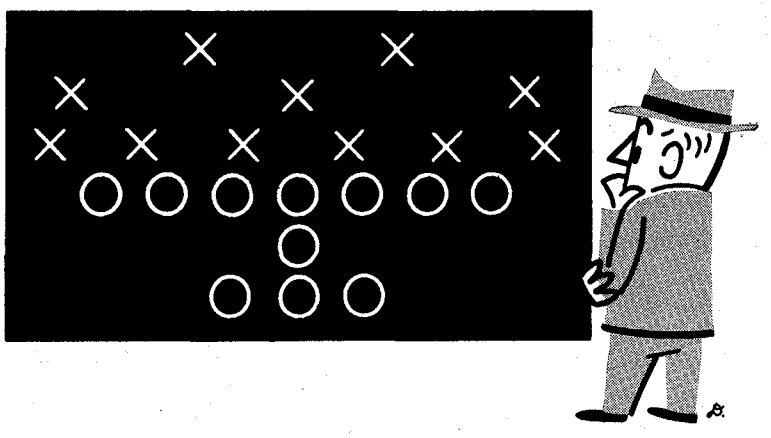
And she had come again. There had been no questions and very little talk. Sometimes she brought food. Sometimes she cooked what he brought. Their eyes met often and hastily looked away.

Once Trabus had stopped in his work quite suddenly and said, "I work at the sawmill." He meant it to say that was why he could only come on certain days. She had nodded in understanding.

The hours away from Chimney Top seemed lost after that, and Trabus began staying there at night. He dreamed quite long now, the dreams of youth. He wondered who she was, but dared not ask for fear the reality of having a name would somehow whisk her away.

And then there was the day when a flying chip from his ax had hit her on the temple. Quickly Trabus had covered the space between them. Awkwardly he brushed back her hair and touched the spot. They had both drawn back sharply, shocked, but their eyes had held and questioned and found answers. Trabus knew that after that the mountaintop would be no good any more with-

(Continued on Page 142)



Let's Play Quarterback

Here is a situation from a memorable 1940 game in which the quarterback's decision meant win or lose on the spot. Put yourself in his shoes and see what you would have done.

Boston College and Georgetown University, both unbeaten into November, are near the end of a bitter battle. Boston, leading 19–16, has the ball on its own eighteen-yard line. But the rampaging Georgetown forwards throw Boston back on its own nine in three plays. It is now fourth and nineteen yards to go. The clock shows time for several more plays—enough, perhaps, for Georgetown to score and win the game. What play would you call?

Richard Cohen

See Page 142 for answer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Just like the ravioli you'd enjoy at a fiesta in Italy"

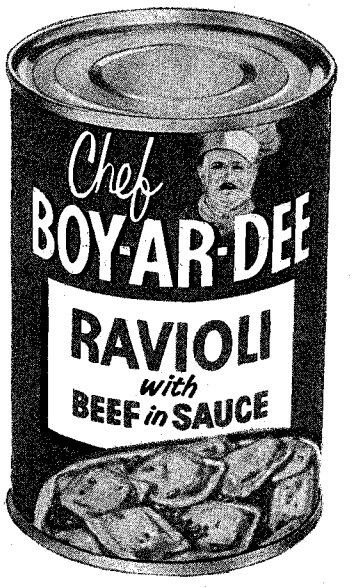
Ravioli *is* the traditional dish at many Italian fiestas. (It takes too long to make for everyday meals!)

You can serve this fiesta treat in minutes with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Ravioli . . . you detect the authentic Italian flavor in every bite!

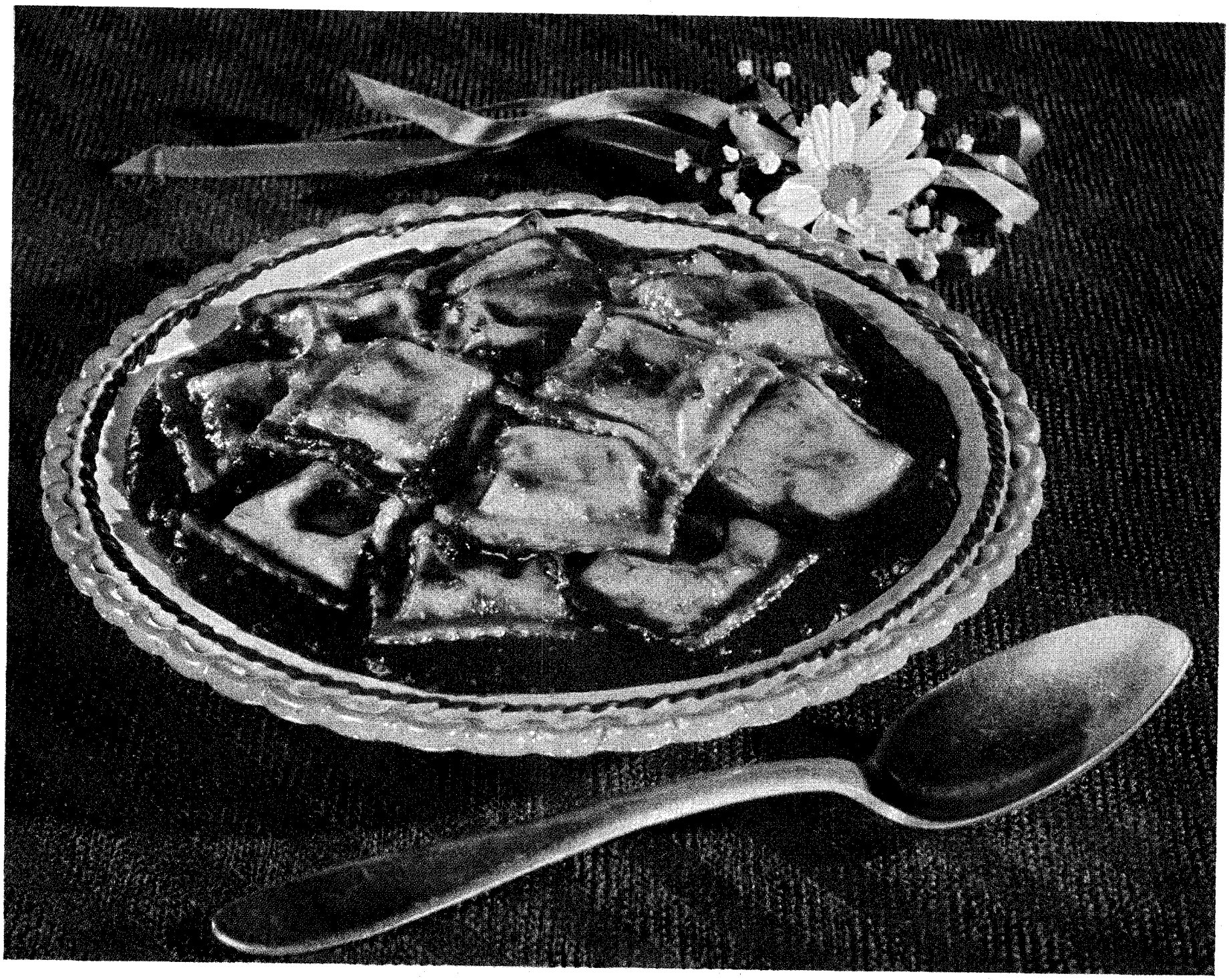
Tender macaroni pies filled with pure beef, simmered in a sauce of ripe red tomatoes, beef and rich beef stock — seasoned to perfection.

Chef Ravioli is perfect for lunch, supper, late-evening snacks. Ready to heat. Two servings per can—only about 14¢ a serving.

How about planning your own fiesta soon?



CHEF BOY-AR-DEE ®
Italian-style Ravioli



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel?
Live alone?
A 1-SLICE IS NICE!
If you're a single person, a traveler, or if space is a problem, this new 1-slice toaster is for you! It's made to order for your needs. And despite its small cost, you get all the advantages of "Toastmaster"* quality and dependability. A toast control dial gives you a choice of light, dark, or in-between toast. And every slice comes up perfect every time! See your dealer now!
$17.50
New
TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC
A-6 1-SLICE TOASTER
*TM Reg.

You Can Depend On
STRONGER Yet SAFER
ANACIN
to relieve
PAIN
Won't Upset The Stomach

Anacin® not only gives *stronger, faster* relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia—but is also *safer*. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved *no single drug* can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. *Buy Anacin Tablets today!* At all drug counters.

JOLLY TIME the FLUFFY TENDER POP CORN

(Continued from Page 140)

out the girl. Nor would anywhere else. But if she were with him, anywhere would be the mountaintop.

Was it a hundred years ago, or just last month, when she had asked, "Do you stay at night?"

At first he thought he hadn't heard her right and made no answer, but she had repeated the question, "Do you stay at night after you've brought a log up?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Come early tonight, and don't bring a log."

"All right."

So he had sat hunched in the doorway of his cabin that night, his thoughts in no way concerned about Wash Gibson, hoping that she would come, willing that she would not. And she had.

"Mr. Ledford, where were you that night?" the lawyer asked again.

Trabus was weary of repeating his answer. "I was on Chimney Top."

"How convenient. But you have no witnesses, Mr. Ledford."

No, he had no witnesses, other than those who were looking down from a higher plane.

Even had he known who she was and where to reach her, he would have preferred it thus. He might get out of this alive. Certainly he had not killed Wash Gibson. The trial might get put off. But so what? What did it matter? For she had come. She had come. Boldly and brazenly, she had come and sat within a few feet of him, waiting. And, stubbornly, Trabus had not moved from the doorway. His face had burned. His hands had been unsteady and his dream had died. Once he got up and started off, and she had said in a begging voice, "Don't go."

"Why did you have to come?" He turned on her blazingly.

She didn't answer, but she had stayed. Doggedly she had stayed. All night. Even though Trabus scorned her, feigning sleep, pulling Ratch close to his side.

A dog's bark punctuated the small stillness that followed the prosecutor's remark. Trabus sat forward, tense with listening. The judge took a drink of water. The lawyers shuffled some papers and someone in the courtroom was coughing.

Be still, Trabus wanted to shout. *Be still. It's her dog*. He heard the commotion in the hall and saw the dog come bounding in through the open doorway. The judge ordered the sheriff to remove him, but the boxer, spying Trabus, leaped the railing and happily put his forepaws in Trabus' lap and licked his hands. During the confusion of removing the big dog, no one saw the girl come in but Trabus. Briefly their eyes met and looked away.

The prosecutor started summing up. "In view of the fact that Wash Gibson's death was put at about eleven-thirty P.M., and near the pile of logs you claimed as your own, and that a witness has testified that Wash had been stealing what you claimed were your logs, and that the murder weapon was your ax, and you have no one to testify of your whereabouts that night, I suggest ——"

"I was with him." The girl had risen and come forward. "I was with him that night."

"Your honor, this is highly out of order," the prosecutor protested.

"Court will recess for five minutes," the judge ordered.

Trabus watched the lawyers go into a conference. Interest and tension were running high. People were whispering and pointing to the girl. Orn Hawn took a fit of coughing and tried to get past the door, but the deputy barred his way.

"Swear the girl in," the judge said, when the conference was over.

She tripped on the step and Trabus caught her. Again they pulled away quickly. He was surprised that the feeling had not diminished one iota.

She was Aldena Macey, from Valley View, over beyond Chimney Top. She worked in Staley's Stop-in there, she said. "And I was on Chimney Top the Sunday night Wash Gibson was killed. And he was there too." She pointed toward Trabus, but kept her eyes averted. Her cheeks burned and Trabus saw the throb at her throat. A titter rippled through the courtroom and the judge had to rap for order repeatedly.

"I thought there was going to be trouble at the sawmill that night, and I was afraid for him." Again she pointed toward Trabus. "And I went to the mountain that night to keep him there."

The judge rapped for order again, and threatened to clear the room.

She had spoken haltingly, for she was still out of breath. Trabus wished the humming in his ears and the beating in his chest would stop. Too suddenly he had been snatched up from the troublous valley and placed on the clean, unsullied mountain, and the trip had left him dizzy.

"Miss Macey," Trabus' lawyer was questioning first, "what led you to think there would be trouble at the sawmill that night?"

"Two men were at the Stop-in the Saturday night before. They were drinking and quarreling. One of them said he was going straight to old man Oxly and tell him who was grandmawing his timber, and the other one said if he did, he'd have a word or two to say to the old man about the crooked bookkeeping that had been going on for years, and while they were on the subject, he thought it was about time he got cut in on some of the easy bookkeeping money, and would be around to the sawmill the next night for his share. This started a fight and Mr. Staley put them out. But I heard one of them say, 'Just come on 'round. I'll be waitin' for you.'"

"Miss Macey, do you see either one of these men here?"

"Yes, sir. That's one of them there." She pointed to Orn Hawn.

"It's a lie!" Orn was on his feet, white and shaking. "How come someone can just come here at the last minute like this when it's almost over? This is a frame-up."

Trabus sat like one in a trance, watching the courtroom drama. He saw the deputy seat himself by Orn. He heard further snatches of the girl's testimony.

"I would have come sooner, but I didn't know it was him being accused—I did not know his name—saw his picture in the paper this morning. I thought he did not come back to the mountain because he was mad at me for coming that night, for he did not know why. We did nothing wrong."

Look at me, Trabus pleaded. He willed with all his might that she would look at him, just once, but she would not, and sat straight in her chair, eyes bright as a bird's. Like a crippled sparrow, Trabus thought. And she had wounded herself for him, for would these vultures not think the worst?

He felt a subtle change creep over the courtroom. It was as soft and soundless as the mountain mists rising heavenward. It was in the shy smile he got from Mrs. Conran. It was in the voice of the prosecutor. No longer was he so loud and self-assured. It was in the manner of the judge when he cautioned the jury, ". . . if there remains any reasonable doubt ——" Even the rays of the westering sun seemed to fall more softly.

"Not guilty!" The words went forth from the jury foreman and Trabus lifted haggard eyes to him. *Thank you*, he said. But there was another trial now. A much more important trial awaiting him. Suppose she had just felt duty-bound to come and testify, and that was all? Suppose that was all she had felt that night? Or suppose she had tried him since that last meeting and found him wanting?

Ignoring the press of the crowd, he made his way to her and stood over her, trying to think what he should say.

"That night you came, I did not know ——" he began. He licked dry lips and began again. Never, perhaps, would any words he ever chose be as important as the ones he must call forth now. He saw that the crowd was moving away, leaving them alone. And he blessed them for it. *People*, he thought, *they're good.*

"Aldena, I'm just a man, and man's way is bumbling sometimes. We have no way of knowing the truth right off like."

"It's all right, Trabus Ledford. It would have spoiled our mountaintop if you hadn't got mad at me for coming like I did."

"Shall we go?" he asked softly, emphasizing the "we," reaching for her hand, remembering the time she had said "us." Funny how two such little words could mean so much.

They formed an aisle for him and Aldena and the dog outside the courthouse door—Ace Hazelton, Cutter Ames, all the men from the sawmill, Mrs. Conran, Mrs. Rhemly. There were whispers running through the crowd. "They've arrested Orn Hawn."

"We'll tend to that later," someone said, and stepped forward. "My name's Hargens, Ledford. That's my property on Chimney Top. If you've still a hankering for it, though I don't know why, way up there, come round and see me. We might fix up a little trade. I need some timber cleared out."

"Thanks, Mr. Hargens." Trabus gripped his hand and felt the sensation new and to his liking.

"Trabus"—Mrs. Conran stepped forward, wiping her eyes—"I have some of your mother's things, you know. I'd like you to have them."

"Ledford, good luck, boy," Ace Hazelton said. "Come round to see us."

There was that word again, "us." He repeated it softly and wonderingly. A good warm feeling spread all over his body.

"Trabus," Aldena said as they came to the end of the line, "shouldn't you ask them to come see you?"

He turned and waved. "You all come to see"—he looked down at Aldena and smiled—"us!" he shouted.

He straightened his broad shoulders, the wind whipped through his hair, and a softness no one had ever seen before came into his eyes.

THE END

Answer to

Let's Play Quarterback

(Page 140)

As 35,000 fans watched, bug-eyed, Boston's All-America quarterback Charlie O'Rourke took the pass from center and ran for his own goal line. Once in the end zone, he scooted back and forth from one sideline to the other, shaking off desperate Georgetown tacklers. He was finally brought down for a two-point safety. But he used up so much time that Georgetown managed only one play afterward. Final score: Boston College 19, Georgetown 18.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That Susceptible Age (Continued from Page 23)

"Well, you're wrong! We've been married eighteen years. Do you think I enjoy hurting you?"

"You haven't hurt me yet," she said dryly. "And don't expect me to give up without a fight." She thought a moment. "It's been ages since we had an evening to ourselves. I think I'll put that dress on the charge account. Sandra can sleep over at Nancy's tomorrow night, and I'll bribe someone to take Tim to the ball game. I think his parents' happiness is more important than a night's sleep. I'll have Georgia make us a raspberry shortcake, and never mind that you aren't supposed to eat rich desserts. How about it? We'll have the place to ourselves and we can really talk."

"I wish I could," Richard said, "but I scheduled a reading for tomorrow night at seven-thirty. I'll have to pick up a sandwich on the way over."

Under the circumstances, he thought he'd better suppress the fact that he had chosen this unlikely hour so he would have an excuse to take Patricia to dinner. It made him feel guilty.

"How about picking me up at the office and we'll go together?" he suggested, and for a moment he almost hoped she'd say yes.

"I'd poison the atmosphere," she said regretfully. "I don't trust my judgment since everybody else was so wild about Hearts on Fire. Will Miss Marsden be there?"

"Probably. Sure, I suppose so."

"Will you try to imagine how she'd look with her hair in curlers, Rich? And don't do anything rash till you see me in that dress."

She glanced at him out of the corners of her eyes, smiling faintly. It was clear that she thought she could handle him, as she always had. She didn't realize that this was different. He tried again.

"Don't take it so lightly, Ruth! It's serious!"

"I know it is, Rich," she said. "Mother Nature's sending you a message that it's time to slow down."

He couldn't help himself; he gave an angry, embarrassed laugh. And there was nothing to laugh about. At least Ruth couldn't claim that he hadn't tried to tell her.

As Ruth had predicted, he felt terrible in the morning. When he reached the office, he made an effort to imagine his secretary with her hair in curlers, but without success. Today she was wearing a velvet skirt and a striped blouse, and she looked like the balance sheet on Guys and Dolls. He spent a happy, relaxed day. Patricia took shorthand fluently, but she always had trouble reading it later, so Richard had gradually cut out his unnecessary correspondence and begun typing the rest himself. At the end of the afternoon they left the office together and had *smörgåsbord* at a Swedish restaurant. Patricia, who had an enormous appetite for one so small, returned to the great circular table for seconds.

"Patricia," Richard said carefully, after she had cleaned her plate, "there's something important I want to tell you." He wet his lips and swallowed. "I love you."

"Can you speak a little louder, Richard? There's so much racket in here."

"I love you," he said.

"Why, bless your heart," she said. "I love you too."

The night before, his wife had patted his hand, and now Patricia did the same. It was an infuriating gesture.

"But you don't understand," he said, with a terrible sinking feeling. "I really mean it."

"So do I," she said cheerfully. "When I hear about the people some of my friends work for, I count my blessings. There's something about show business—every man in it seems to think he's irresistible. But when I hear your buzz, I know I can walk into your office without getting ready to dodge, and I appreciate it. How many girls have a boss who's happily married and who types his own letters? . . . What's the matter, darling?"

Richard had taken a swallow of water which went down the wrong way. He allowed her to pound him between the shoulders until he stopped coughing.

"Patricia, darling," he said desperately. The drums began pounding in his head, and he took hold of the table edge so hard that his knuckles turned white. "This isn't just theatrical talk. I really love you."

She shook her head. "Darling, you know you don't. Drink some coffee. There's a perfectly logical explanation for this. I'm always on my best behavior with you because you're the man who signs my salary checks. But you ought to see me in the morning before I drink that first cup of coffee. I look like the wrath of God, darling. My disposition is terrible. I'd disillusion you in a hurry."

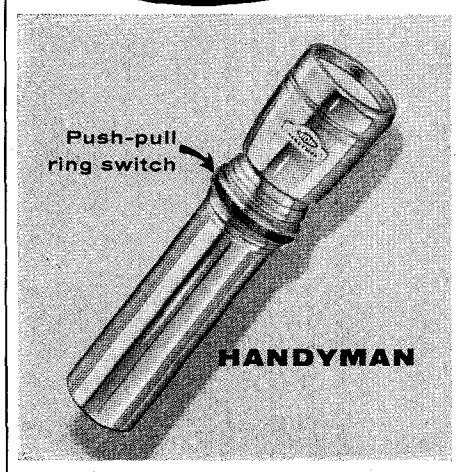
"You and my wife must read the same magazine," Richard said bitterly. "Just one question. What about the other night?"

She knew what he was talking about, and avoided his eye. The final changes in Hearts on Fire had cost a lot of money, and the producer had needed another thirty thousand to bring the show in from out of town. They had staged a run-through in costume for Patricia's uncle, a dress manufacturer who could occasionally be talked into risking some money in the theater, going for the capital gain. He was dubious, but in the end he wrote a check. The party adjourned to a

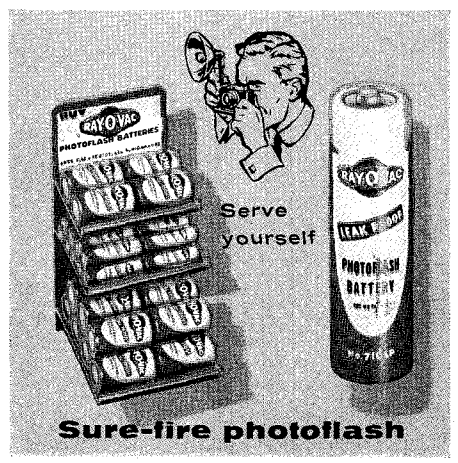
Wintertime is Ray-O-Vac

FLASHLIGHT TIME!

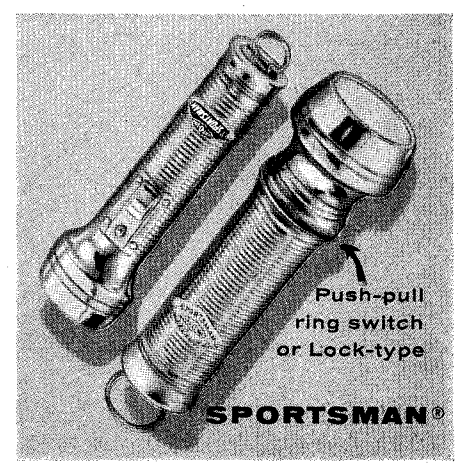
Winter is coming . . . gets dark earlier . . . stays dark longer. For safety and convenience, make sure you have a dependable portable light always at hand . . . one of these fine new Ray-O-Vac's. Your dealer has a complete selection now.



New, different!—Ray-O-Vac's exclusive push-pull ring switch for fast, easy action. Sharp, bright spot. Polished chrome. Three sizes. **$1.75—$2.25**

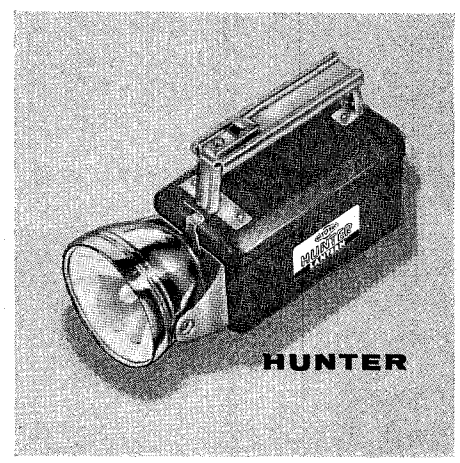


Available for first time—sealed-in-steel protection for Penlight Photoflash batteries—more amperage, greater capacity. At all film counters. **15¢, 20¢**

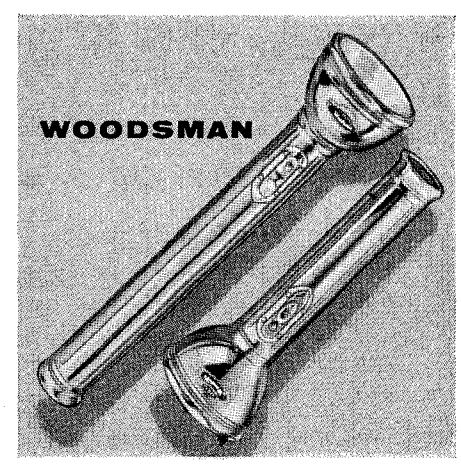


Knurled for good grip. Ring hanger. 3 sizes have 3-position, lock-type switch with signal button; push-pull ring switch optional on 2-cell. **$1.85—$2.35**

Unbreakable lucite lens. 3-inch reflector throws wide spot. Adjustable elastic headband, convenient line switch. Waterproof battery pouch. **$2.98**



Versatile! Carry, hang up, or set on end. Swivel head. Shines over a mile. 3-position switch, signal button. Use lantern or flashlight batteries. **$4.95**



Pierce blackest night with 3500- to 4000-foot beam. 3-cell or 5-cell power. Ring hanger, removable end cap. 3-position switch, signal button. **$2.95, $3.95**

How about "*sealed-in-steel*" batteries?

King-Size Power 25¢
Polyethylene protected.

Regular Power 15¢
Billions sold.

Both fit all standard flashlights. Both are guaranteed against corroding your flashlight.

RAY-O-VAC TRADE MARK

Only Ray-O-Vac is fully sealed-in-steel. A new flashlight and batteries are yours if corrosion occurs.

© 1955 by Ray-O-Vac Company, Madison, Wis. Ray-O-Vac Canada, Ltd., Winnipeg

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

restaurant. There was a feeling of prosperity in the air. Emmet MacManus, who had been known to be rude to prospective backers, was unusually charming. Two writers who had been hired to tinker with the book lived up to their reputation as humorists, pausing just short of giving offense, which was not always the case with these two.

Patricia was having a wonderful time, and the look on her face made everyone else feel like celebrating. They were professionals, slightly cynical about the things they did, though they did them extremely well, and the qualities she brought to the table had not been present in their work for a long time. They felt youthful and exuberant; anything seemed possible that night. Richard took her home, and when the taxi stopped, she leaned forward and kissed him gratefully on the lips. Richard was frequently kissed in the line of duty by actresses who used a casual kiss on the cheekbone or in the adjacent air as their ordinary form of salute. He knew the difference between those kisses and this.

Now Patricia nervously played with the salt. "I know, Richard. But try to understand. I may have had one or two drinks too many. I've never had a nicer evening, and I was tingling all over about getting the money out of Uncle Morton. I was so grateful to you for giving me a job where I could meet such wonderful people ——" She hesitated. "You haven't said anything to Mrs. Braman, have you?"

"I have, oddly enough."

"Oh, my goodness, Richard!"

"You don't need to worry. She didn't take it seriously either."

"Well, thank heaven for that. It won't last. It honestly won't. In a few weeks you'll look back at this and laugh."

He looked down at his clenched hands. He didn't feel like laughing at the moment.

"I suppose I can't blame you. I'm twenty years older than you. What kind of life ——"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "That's not it at all. I mean, you probably talked yourself into this because you wanted to prove something to yourself, and there I was, right across the desk, and I'm not actually cross-eyed or disfigured ——"

"You think Mother Nature was sending me a message?"

"Well, that's a crude way to put it, Richard. But I don't want you to get the idea that I hold your age against you, because I don't. On the contrary, I like older men." She put on her lipstick nervously, still refusing to meet his eye. "As a matter of fact, I've been having a few dates with Emmet, and we ——"

"Emmet MacManus?"

"Richard, now don't get excited. It's perfectly all right. I'm only trying to point out ——"

"Don't you know the man's reputation?" he demanded. "He has a matrimonial record as long as your arm."

"A lot of that's just his publicity, Richard, because of the kind of parts he plays in pictures. He's really very unspoiled. Last night when he called for me after that silly television show, there were two buttons off his shirt and I had to sew them on before we went out. He took me to the late show at the Paramount. We sat in the balcony and held hands all through the picture."

"One of his?"

"Well, yes, it was, actually, but we wanted to see the stage show. Afterward we had a soda and he walked me home. He didn't even try to kiss me good night."

"Two buttons off his shirt!" Richard said with disgust. "He probably twisted them off outside the door. Did he hit anybody in the drugstore?"

"Richard, that's unfair. Of course he didn't."

Richard collected himself. To run down his rival, he knew, would only make her more determined. At all costs, he had to remain calm and urbane.

"I'm probably completely wrong," he said calmly. "He may not be any more neurotic than anybody else. Now I think we'd better leave, dear. It's getting late."

He stood up, congratulating himself on his self-control under difficult circumstances

He hailed a taxi which took them to the apartment of a well-known playwright. After a brief exchange of shop talk, they settled down to listen to the playwright's new work. Richard had trouble keeping the characters straight in his mind, and their problems didn't seem nearly as complicated or as pressing as his own. He doubted that any married man had ever before fallen in love with his secretary without being able to convince either his wife or his secretary that it was serious. Ruth might not take it so lightly when he packed a bag and moved to the Princeton Club. He wasn't worried about MacManus. The actor's affections were notoriously fickle. It was only a matter of time before his eye lighted on some other girl or before Patricia saw through his rather obvious act.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Braman?" the playwright asked.

"No, no," Richard said hastily. "Very good scene. Go on."

The play was a comedy, and the dramatist, for one, considered it amusing. Unable to restrain a chuckle, he looked up and found Richard regarding him stonily, his thoughts elsewhere. Toward the end, the reading was going badly.

Richard lived through the next day somehow, presenting an urbane front to Patricia and making no reference to their conversa-

Sectional by International with SYLMER* finished fabric

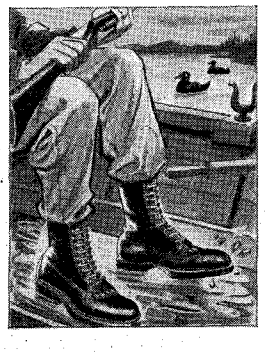
PICTURE OF A SECTIONAL LEADING A SHELTERED LIFE

It's true! Here's furniture that's beautifully shielded from life's hard knocks. SYLMER is the secret. SYLMER is the Dow Corning silicone finish that acts as an invisible slipcover, giving upholstery *built-in protection.* Liquid spots sponge right off without leaving a mark; even oily stains are more easily removed. And SYLMER enhances as it protects, makes fabric more luxurious, softer to the touch. All these advantages add up to upholstery that stays new-looking longer with less care. Look for the SYLMER tag on the furniture you buy.

Make the Dow Corning trademark your guide to more carefree living.
It stands for silicones properly applied and performance tested.

Textile Beauty Rain or Stains Can't Mar! Fabrics finished with Dow Corning silicones make apparel such as these *Chico* slacks more luxurious, softer to the touch, yet water-repellent, spot and stain resistant, less inclined to wrinkle.

Keeps the Life in Leather! SYLFLEX*, the Dow Corning silicone leather tannage, keeps water out, yet lets leather breathe. All kinds of shoes, including these Montgomery Ward outdoor boots made of Sylflex tanned leather stay cleaner, softer, more comfortable.



DOW CORNING Silicones

DOW CORNING CORPORATION
Midland, Michigan
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion at the Swedish restaurant. It took a lot of restraint and concentration.

He went home to change for the opening. He was putting cuff links in his shirt when Ruth came in from the dressing room in her new dress.

"How do you like it?" she said.

"Like what?" he said, looking up abstractedly. . . . "Why, it's charming, Ruth. Lovely. It becomes you."

She studied him. "So you're still mooning over Miss Marsden, are you? Well, give me time. This dress grows on you. Nervous?"

"About the show? Why? With all that high-priced talent, it can't miss."

"But you look terrible, Rich. If you aren't worrying about your children's future, I suppose you're worrying about Miss Marsden. I know how you feel, dear. I felt the same when I was in love with my eighth-grade teacher."

"Please," Richard said. "I wish you'd get it through your head that this is genuine."

"Did I say it wasn't? It was so serious with me that I didn't think I'd live to be promoted to the ninth grade. . . . Let me put those things in, Rich. I don't want to be late. I'm looking forward to seeing what the boys did with the book. Did you send flowers to the crucial people?"

"That's routine," he said. "Miss Marsden took care of it."

Ruth quickly worked the studs and cuff links into the proper holes. "Considering the difficulty she has with shorthand ——"

"As it happens," Richard said, "Miss Marsden is a very efficient secretary, in addition to having excellent judgment about the theater and an uncle with a tax problem."

After Ruth had tied his tie she came up swiftly on her toes and kissed him. He was on guard and didn't allow it to mean anything, but he felt himself flushing.

They had reservations at a restaurant near the theater. Ruth told him what the children had been up to during the day, and it was interesting, as usual. By the end of the meal, he was beginning to enjoy himself. He wondered if Ruth would have lunch with him occasionally after the divorce; probably she would, because as soon as he convinced her that this was no adolescent crush, he knew he could trust her to do the civilized thing.

The overture was already under way when they reached the theater. Richard saw his secretary with her uncle; she waved and made a good-luck sign. The overture clattered to an end and the curtain parted.

The writers had stayed up all night to write a new opening, but the lines were lost in the greetings being exchanged by late arrivals. Richard ignored the stage and concentrated on working out a strategy for ending Patricia's infatuation with Emmet MacManus. When the first act was over, Ruth gave him a pained look.

"You don't think they improved it?" he said, surprised.

His wife pinched her nose delicately between thumb and forefinger.

"Now that's going too far," he said. "Didn't you like the costumes?"

"Well, yes," she said. "The costumes."

The lobby was jammed with apparently hysterical people. The Bramans made their way toward fresh air. The currents in the crowd shifted, bringing them face to face with Patricia and her uncle.

"I thought it was rather well received," the backer said doubtfully. "Didn't you think so, Richard?"

Richard forced himself to be hearty. "I certainly did. It's going to run three years. . . . Ruth, I don't think you ever met Miss Marsden?"

Meanwhile, Ruth had been taking Patricia's measure. "It's nice to see you in the flesh at last," she said. "My husband's a fan of yours."

"I'm a fan of his," Patricia responded. "He's the best boss I ever had—the only one too. That dress is a dream, Mrs. Braman."

"I couldn't afford it," Ruth said, "and I'll be hearing from a collection agency unless this show's a hit. What do you think of it so far?"

"I don't like it," Patricia said. "I never did. But I think the public will like it. I think MacManus is marvelous," she added, glancing at Richard.

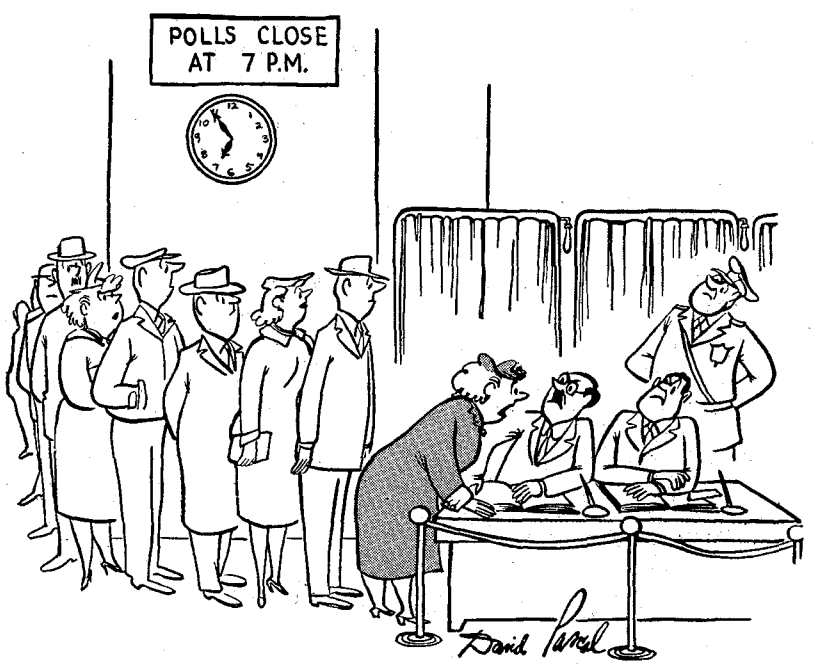
"You don't think his lines were a little bit cheap?" Ruth asked.

"I know what you mean, Mrs. Braman, and I couldn't agree with you more. But as Richard—Mr. Braman—just said, that's the kind of show that runs forever."

The buzzer sounded and they were carried apart. Back in her seat, Ruth whispered, "Maybe I've been taking this a little too casually, Rich. I was thinking of something blond and empty-headed. This girl seems quite clever."

"She does, doesn't she?" Richard said thoughtfully.

And at last, after a long lapse, his own brain began to work. What had captivated him first about Patricia had been her freshness and innocence. He had never stopped



"I know I voted this morning, but I've changed my mind."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SAY "Merry Christmas" THE TIMELY Helbros WAY...

ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY ACHIEVE NEW HEIGHTS IN THESE *Exciting New* LIFETIME JEWEL WATCHES *Created for Discriminating ...Fashionable America*

PRICES FROM $24.75 to $2500.00

Helbros THE WATCHWORD FOR VALUE AT FINE JEWELERS EVERYWHERE . . .

SANDRA. Breathtakingly beautiful! 50 glistening diamonds, exquisitely fashioned 14K white gold case.

SOUND-OFF. Clear sounding alarm watch worn right on your wrist . . . Waterproof*.

MARCY. Delicate beauty! Gracefully tailored case of gleaming 14K yellow gold.

ATLAS. Indicator shows reserve power! Self-winding watch for men of action.

ELEANOR. Modern . . . smart . . . efficient! The ultimate in feminine watchmaking luxury.

SCHOONER. A nautical masterpiece for men who love the sea . . . Waterproof.*

*When opened and closed by a competent watchmaker.

HELBROS WATCH CO., INC.
6 WEST 48th STREET • NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to think that those qualities rarely endure in the vicinity of Broadway and 48th. When she had urged him to put money into Hearts on Fire, she had been speaking as a cynical insider who thought the theatergoing public only appreciated vulgar sentiment and the broadest jokes. And even in the planning stage the show had been built around Emmet MacManus. Was it possible that Patricia, this young, inexperienced girl, had all along been plotting ——

He shook his head slowly and let out his breath in a soundless whistle. This had been close. The kindly angel who watches over fools and idiots must have had him under observation. If either Ruth or Patricia had taken him seriously he would have regretted it for the rest of his life.

He looked at Ruth in the semidarkness.

"Any time you want to leave ——" she whispered.

"I can't leave. How would it look?"

They sat it out, and after the applause and the cheering had subsided, they joined a happy crowd milling around backstage. Sections of the crowd soon began to break off, heading for a party being given by Patricia's uncle at his house in the East 80's. Richard and Ruth became separated and went in different cabs. The air was already milky when Richard arrived. After a moment he located Ruth. She had a champagne glass in her hand; the new dress was a huge success, it seemed—there were three men around her.

Richard had a good idea of what they had in mind, but he would put a stop to that in a hurry. He started forward, shaking off the people who wanted to congratulate him on steering his investors toward another hit. The going was heavy. He supposed that this was hardly the place to tell Ruth that he had just discovered, as he did periodically, that he was in love with his wife. That was the kind of information which should be passed on in private. Perhaps the next night they could send the kids to different destinations and have dinner alone. Steak, candles on the table, raspberry shortcake, an evening's conversation ——

His host came up, looking gloomy. "Did you notice Brookson? He left early, and he didn't look happy."

"That's fine," Richard said; adding hastily, "That's one of the first things the critics learn—to disguise their feelings. He works on a morning paper. We were running long because of the encores. He had to leave early to meet his deadline."

He tried to give his face a look of concern, but he was feeling too buoyant. An early closing of Hearts on Fire would wipe him out, but he would deserve it for depending on Patricia's judgment instead of his own. He accepted a glass of champagne from a passing tray. After very little of this type of wine, Richard was always filled with admiration for everyone he saw. The people around him might be somewhat insincere, but never mind, they were charming and clever, and he liked them all. He exchanged his empty glass for a full one and arrived in front of Ruth.

"Darling," he said, "I realize that you don't know me from Adam, but I admire your style and I'd like to ask for your hand in marriage. If you're not already married?"

"No, luckily I'm free and I accept your offer. Go easy on that fizz water, will you, dear? Tomorrow's another day."

But tomorrow was only a tiny, unimportant segment of the distant future. He thanked Ruth for accepting his proposal and wandered away. Meeting the hot-blooded Cuban who had played the feminine lead opposite MacManus, he addressed her as darling for the first time in their long association, and allowed her to kiss him warmly. Patricia walked by with Emmet MacManus. Richard was no man to harbor a grudge, and he followed her into the next room to tell her so.

"Miss Marsden," he said, "I realize that I am a stranger to you, but would you do me the honor of becoming my secretary for a limited time?"

"Richard, I might as well tell you," Patricia said. "I'm afraid we'll have to start breaking in a new girl. Emmet proposed to me on the way over, and not being entirely feeble-minded, I accepted."

"How are you, MacManus?" Richard said. "All your buttons sewed on, I see."

Patricia squeezed the actor's arm, looking up at him. It seemed odd to Richard that he had once thought he was in love with her and had hoped that someday she would squeeze his arm and look up at him like that.

"What did you say?" she said sharply.

"Nothing. I suppose I was talking to myself, as usual. Congratulations."

"Thanks, boss. I thought I heard you mention the word 'love.' I hope you aren't going back to that ridiculous ——"

"Of course not. But I was wondering. When you kept pushing me into Hearts on Fire and swindled your uncle out of those thirty thousand fish, was it because MacManus was starred in it?"

She laughed. "You wouldn't expect me to admit it if it was true, would you?"

"It's not important," Richard said. "I bear you no hard feelings, though I've really been through hell the last few weeks. I hope you'll be very happy and this one will last."

He leaned forward to place a fatherly kiss on her brow. It was going to be a kiss of renunciation, an expression of all the things that might have been if he hadn't recaptured his senses in time. But Patricia, who seemed to be getting more cynical by the minute, chose to misinterpret the look in his eye.

She retreated a step. "Richard! Mr. Braman! When you said those foolish things the other night, did you actually mean ——"

"I meant every word," Richard said. "And if you'd played your cards right, you could have had me instead of this aging Casanova. Hold still."

"Just a minute there, old man."

Richard resented the interruption. All he was trying to do was kiss his secretary good-by, which was an employer's privilege. But one word led to the next, and something set off Emmet's notorious temper. Richard heard a crash of breaking glass, and looked up from the floor at a group of curious people in the doorway. He came to his feet as Ruth pushed her way in and shut the door.

"What's going on here, Rich?" she said. "In words of one syllable."

"He called Emmet a ham," Patricia said.

Richard corrected her, "A would-be ham."

Ruth studied the scene with interest. "Richard Braman," she said, "I think it may be time for the honest truth. When you were telling me how you felt about Miss Marsden, were you serious?"

"Well, finally," Richard said. "Of course I was serious. But it was only because I hadn't seen her with her hair in curlers. I've been meaning to tell you all evening, but the crowd was too thick."

"Exactly when did you discover all this?" Ruth said. "When you found out about Miss Marsden and Emmet?"

"Yes, but that was only an indication. I'll explain. I ——"

"And you didn't want to be stuck without either a wife or a secretary, did you? So you backtracked in a hurry."

"That's not true!" Richard said indignantly.

"Then you had some champagne, which hit you the way it always does, and you thought you'd give it one more old Princeton try. Apparently you were doing all right until Emmet walked in. Well, I'm through, Rich. I wash my hands of you."

"Ruth, darling ——"

"And don't call me 'darling'! I've heard it too often tonight, and I don't like the word. I'll go to a hotel. Move your clothes out of the apartment by ten tomorrow or I'll put them in the incinerator. I'll have a lawyer send you a letter."

"Surely we can talk about this in a civilized way," Richard said. "After all ——"

Ruth's eyes narrowed. "Don't say that once more. I warn you. I'm not feeling too civilized right now, and I may have to hit you." To Richard's consternation, she had begun to cry. "And clean that lipstick off your face!"

Richard glanced at the mirror over the sideboard. When the Cuban had kissed him, she had left her mark, large, conspicuous, strategically placed.

"Ruth, darling! This isn't Patricia's lipstick! Look at it! It's a different shade altogether!"

But she was gone.

Patricia looked at Richard with loathing. "Really and truly, Richard. A wonderful wife like that, and you have to go around like an old goat!"

"Let me explain," he said feebly.

"You can break in the new girl by herself," Patricia said, "and God help her. I hope she's fast on her feet. Now I have to convince Mrs. Braman that I wasn't leading you on."

She went after Ruth, and Emmet followed, flexing his fist. Richard was left alone. Nobody bothered him until Patricia's uncle came in with the papers. One look at his face told Richard the news. He was a pauper with an upper-middle-class standard of living, but it didn't seem to matter.

He went home, and toward morning he actually slept a little. Somehow he had to persuade his wife that he loved her and couldn't get along without her. This would be difficult. Eighteen years' experience told him that when her jaw set and she got that look in her eye, she wasn't fooling. If he waited for her here, he would make it worse. She wouldn't talk to him. She wouldn't read a letter.

The children made their breakfast and left for school. As Richard went into the kitchen he had an idea. He broke two eggs into an ungreased frying pan and left the heat on high until the kitchen filled with black, acrid smoke. He permitted the coffee to boil over so the grounds fouled up the burner. He cut two oranges open on the wrong axis. Trying to get two decent slices of bread for toast, he ruined an entire loaf.

Then he left the apartment, which was lonely without Ruth, and went to the office, where it was lonely without Patricia. He answered the phone a few times, replying to people who wanted to sympathize with him on the astonishing reversal of his luck, and waited for Ruth. It took longer than he expected. By the time she arrived he had begun to worry.

"I got your message, Rich," she said.

"That mess in the kitchen," he said miserably. "I know it's awful. I guess I need someone to look after me."

She snorted. "I admit you took me in for a minute, especially with that loaf of bread. But there was a perfectly good loaf of sliced bread in the breadbox. The first thing you do when you get home tonight is clean up that kitchen."

He looked up cautiously. "Can't Georgia do it?"

"I've explained the situation to Georgia," she said. "You put your money into a show your secretary was sure would be a hit, and we'll have to dispense with a cook for the time being."

"But I can come home? You forgive me?"

"No, I don't forgive you! You'll watch your step from now on. I spent the night at Patricia's, and she persuaded me you were only acting your age. And when I read the notices, I decided you really did need a little help. I didn't come down here to make up with you. I came down to take your letters, if you want to send any."

"No," Richard said firmly. "I cannot permit my wife ——"

"Why not? I was your secretary when you married me, and a pretty good one, as I remember. My shorthand may be a little rusty, but that's nothing new around here."

She had begun to smile, and was looking at Richard the way all wives should look at their husbands and all secretaries should look at their employers—with admiration, slightly diluted by skepticism.

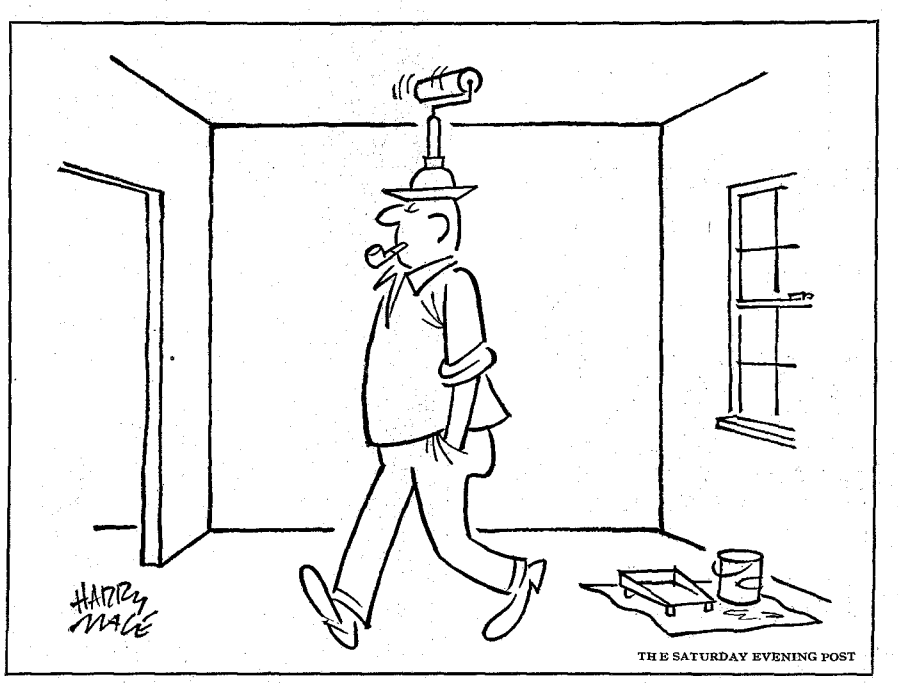
"With that worried look, do you know you're quite distinguished, Rich?"

Richard sighed. He might as well accept it; there were probably worse things in life.

He stood up. "I think I'll take my secretary to lunch. I have an understanding wife, and I don't think she'll mind."

Ruth came around the desk and kissed him. "She won't mind if she doesn't know about it, dear. But if you ever get money enough to hire another secretary, I'm going to pick her out. This thing gave me a scare. I'll find a nice motherly woman with bifocals, too shy to give you any advice about plays."

And, as they went out, her hand on his arm, she added, "But there'll be one compensation—you won't have to type your own letters." THE END



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE JOB-PROVED

Smith-Corona *ELECTRIC*

with the most efficient keyboard ever designed!

HERE is the finest of *all* electrics . . . proved on the job in all 48 states. Operators are enthusiastic about its *exclusive* Keyboard Slope, scientifically sloped to fit natural finger movement. And more of the operating controls are located in the keyboard area than on any other typewriter!

It is the *fastest* electric ever built with a tireless, effortless touch. Its *write* is beautiful, sharp, even and distinctive. You enjoy maximum speed with less fatigue.

Phone today for a revealing ten minute demonstration of this beautiful typewriter, already job-proved for efficiency by American business.

NEW! SMITH-CORONA
CARBON-RIBBON ELECTRIC!

. . . for the finest in executive correspondence see this Dual-Purpose machine demonstrated.

SMITH-CORONA INC SYRACUSE 1 N Y BRANCH OFFICES OR FULL LINE DEALERS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Golden Journey (Continued from Page 50)

ordered her to keep up what she called her horseback riding once a day. This evening Paul had set her on the horse, secured the straps on her feet and was about to turn on the motor, when Kirkland's voice came with some urgency.

"Can you come to the phone a minute, Paul, at once? It's important."

"Wait, will you, Anne, and I'll see what he wants?" Anne sat patiently for some minutes. Then, as Paul did not return, she looked toward the motor switch on the wall a little to the side and behind her. She waited a little longer, then slowly reached back toward the switch. As she did so, she lost balance and her body fell over the side of the horse, her feet still pinioned.

Her first cries were unheard. Then suddenly there was the sound of frantic running steps. Paul and her father and Davy reached the room almost at once. Paul raised her, his face quite white. He loosed the straps and carried her to her bed. Kirkland was already calling the doctor, while Davy rushed for a stimulant.

When the doctor came, he was grave and careful. He ordered a strong sedative for later and suggested that someone keep an eye on her all night. Outside the bedroom, with Paul and Kirkland, he was very candid. It had been a nasty shock, coupled with strain. It might induce premature labor. No one could tell. Keep her in bed for a day or two, continue the prescription he was leaving, and hope for the best. He would be in in the morning, but call him and the ambulance at once, upon signs of trouble. Miss Davis would know the symptoms.

"And look here," he said, turning to Kirkland; "you're shaking all over, man. Brace up. I think there's a good chance all will be well. But you've got to calm down. Take yourself a good hooker now—and I think by the look of you, young man, you could do with one yourself—and" to Kirkland, "I'll give you a little something to make you sleep tonight."

"Not to me, you won't!" Kirkland said violently. "I intend to stay up, so I'll know exactly what's happening!"

Paul left them to go back to Anne, but Kirkland continued down the stairs with Doctor Leyton. At the front door Kirkland faced the doctor, his face tense.

"We have gone over this before, I know, but now, when her—when her time may be near, I must ask again for your promise that you will not in any way shorten her labor." His face twitched. "You know what I mean. Hertzog said that it was the extremity of pain which made that other girl he told me about get up on her feet without knowing she did it. The doctors have all agreed that Anne's paralysis could come from a hysteric block in the brain caused by the shock. So, there is, you see ——"

The doctor stopped him gently. "I know all that, Mr. Kirkland. We will do everything you have suggested, up to the point of harming her or the child."

Kirkland's voice came in a hoarse whisper, "I would even sacrifice the child."

"You must remember," the doctor said sternly, "that it is not your child. Your daughter and her husband, I think, would not share that feeling." Then his eyes narrowed as he studied the man before him. "There is something I wish you would do. Go to see your own doctor tomorrow! Have him check you over. You're running under pretty high pressure, I think."

Kirkland made a gesture of annoyance. "Nonsense!" he said. "I've never been sick in my life! I haven't seen a doctor for twenty years! And, of course, I'm anxious now. Who wouldn't be? But I'll tell you one thing. I'm as sure as I'm standing here that after the child is born, Anne will walk again. Hertzog said the cases seemed practically parallel—hers and this other girl's. He's so interested he agreed at once to come over when I first called him. If he hadn't been pretty confident in his own mind of the outcome, do you think he'd have done that?"

The doctor shook hands kindly. "We'll do everything we can, and we will all hope. Now I must go, and you try to relax. I've never lost a grandfather yet, so don't let me down.

Kirkland smiled vaguely at the doctor's attempt at humor, and then hurried back upstairs.

"I'll be across the hall," he told Paul in a whisper. "Are you staying up all night too?"

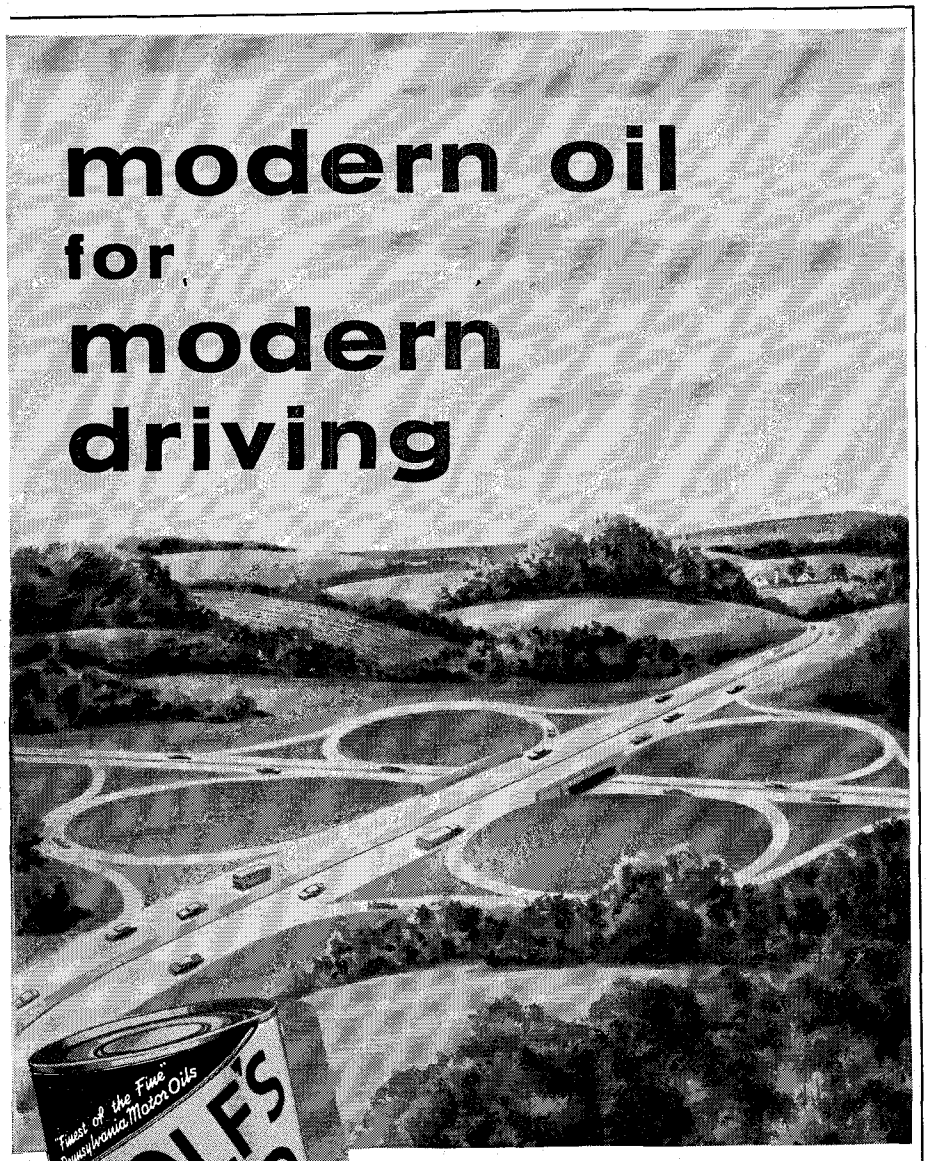
Paul nodded.

"Then call me instantly, if there is any—anything alarming. Of course, I'll look in from time to time." . . .

The next morning Anne awoke after a twelve hours' sleep, refreshed, normal and in fine spirits. In her most becoming negligee she ate her breakfast in bed and surveyed the haggard faces around her.

"I never heard of anything so preposterous," she kept saying. "Davy was keeping an eye on me. So why you two blessed, darling idiots should have sat up all night, too, is clearly beyond me. If I didn't love you so much, I'd be very severe with you. Now you've both got to get some rest."

After four days had safely passed, the doctor confirmed Anne's own appraisal of herself. The accident had done no harm. All would proceed according to schedule, and the baby would be born sometime between the middle and the end of July. The Saturday trips to the mountains, though, had better stop. So Anne once more spent the days under the rowan tree in the garden, trying to learn contentment; to practice, even through the occasional dark inner floods of bitterness, acceptance of her lot. For she was all unaware of the hope that hovered about her like an aura.



SMOOTH, safe highway . . . smooth powerful engine . . . crankcase filled with rich, tough WOLF'S HEAD. This is motoring at its best!

On expressways or in city traffic, your car will run smoother, quieter—deliver maximum power—when you use WOLF'S HEAD.

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA
Long lasting, full bodied . . . made from nature's finest crude oil.

SPECIALLY REFINED
Can't break down, even in toughest operating conditions.

SCIENTIFICALLY FORTIFIED
Cleans as it lubricates. Protects fully against sludge, rusting, corrosive acids.

It pays to be particular about your oil. Insist on WOLF'S HEAD. Your engine will stay clean and completely protected every mile between changes. And you'll use less oil!

WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO., INC.
OIL CITY, PA.
New York Office: Glendale 27, N.Y.

100% Pure Pennsylvania Scientifically Fortified — Member, Penna. Grade Crude Oil Association

FREE!
Write for "Guide to the Weather" Folder. Tells how to be your own expert weather forecaster.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Don't tell her I'm here—I'll announce myself."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paul's campaign was going, he felt superstitiously at times, almost too well. His opponent, Richard Kent, was an older and wealthy man, a strong adherent of his own party and sound political timber. But he was not an inspired speaker, and he was a conventional urbanite. Meanwhile there was noticeable evidence of Paul's growing popularity in the rural areas of his district, one large Grange meeting he was asked to address being made up of both political parties. Tentatively at first, but more surely as he went on, he put forth his own sound, conservative views on agricultural policy; he spoke eloquently of the water resource question, and always, everywhere in the country, he gave proof at once that he was farm-bred himself. Kirkland, who had feelers out in all directions, learned of all this without Paul's telling him. He was enthusiastic about the whole campaign. In the urban sections, too, there was growing confidence among the leaders that Paul's election was assured.

"I tell you, Paul," Kirkland said one evening when they were having a nightcap downstairs alone, "it's going to be a walk-over. And, my boy, it will be the greatest victory, to me, of my whole life. Political, I mean," he added. "I never confessed before to a living soul that I would have liked to hold office myself, but I knew from the outset I was the wrong type. So I've had my satisfaction working behind the scenes. But to give you a leg up, and I mean up, will be even better than doing it personally."

Paul was deeply touched by this wholly unexpected admission of Kirkland's. So he would have liked to sit in the governor's chair himself! He, too, must have had those fleeting visions of the still higher seats of the mighty which occasionally crossed Paul's own mind, until he banished them with something like embarrassment of the soul. He felt closer to Kirkland than he had ever done before; he forgot, in the glow of the moment, his dark suspicions; impulsively he reached over and grasped the older man's hand.

"We'll work it together," he said exuberantly. "I owe everything to you. Now I'll try to do my best to make our joint dreams come true. And," he added, seeing Kirkland's face light with rare pleasure, "when we're at it, why not make the sky the limit?"

"So you've thought ahead too," Kirkland said jubilantly. "It's just between us for the present and for some time to come. But, my boy, it's all more possible than you could guess. These things are often planned by somebody a long, long way back. There's likely to be a man working, building up, pulling the strings, bringing events to pass for years before the big public figure emerges. Well, I'm that man. And you're going to be that public figure! It's a deal. Let's have another drink on it."

They had several, as a matter of fact, but at last they went back to the library, both in high spirits, to talk again about the last arrangements for the coming birth. In their present state everything was bathed in a roseate mist. All success was sure, all miracles not only possible but imminent.

They finally talked, not too coherently, over a final drink, about Doctor Hertzog's coming. The uncertainty of the time presented the gravest problem, but Kirkland confessed now what he had done. He had offered Hertzog a month's vacation in this country for himself and his wife with all expenses paid and a fee besides.

"But we still may not hit the right time for him to be here, even at that," Paul objected. "They say babies can be two weeks or more late, as well as early."

Kirkland nodded wisely. "Not this one. This one will be right on time. Hertzog will be here. Everything's going to be all right! You know, Paul, I feel good tonight. Relaxed, like the doctor said. I feel fine! Everything's going to come out just the way I've planned it. I think if I go on up to bed now—I believe if I go to bed now I can sleep. Wonderful evening, Paul. G'night."

He rose carefully, balanced a moment and then went stiffly toward the stairs. Paul decided, upon getting up, that he needed some black coffee badly, and went on back to the kitchen to make it. When he opened the door of Anne's room softly, a little later, he found her sitting up in bed, wide awake.

"Wherever have you been?" she asked.

"Downstairs with your father, having, I'm ashamed to say, a few nightcaps too many. I hate to admit it, darling, for I'm pretty careful about that sort of thing. I had it instilled into me from sixteen on. But somehow, I'm glad this happened, for we had a great talk. I really never felt so close to your father before. Only now I have to be careful how I e-nunci-ate."

Anne leaned forward. "It all sounds queer to me, for Jimmy never takes too much. What on earth did you talk about?"

"Oh, it was politics first. Anne, what do you think? Jimmy always wanted to hold office himself, but he felt he wasn't the type. He can't make a speech to save his soul, you know. Well, he decided just to pull the wires then, run things from behind, the way he's done. But it was a rev-el-ation somehow that he'd had all these other ambitions and no one ever knew. Till tonight."

"Dear Jimmy!"

"And now, you see, he's planning to live it all vi-vacariously if I should get ahead and—and go places."

"I suppose," Anne said quizzically, "that he's already decided what year you'd better run for President!"

A single insurance policy now gives you all the coverage that previously required four separate contracts and saves you up to 25% in premium costs.

Employers' four-in-one HOMEOWNERS POLICY* protects you against fire damage to home or personal property . . . theft at home or away . . . loss from storm, smoke, explosion, malicious mischief and a long list of other hazards . . . and Personal Liability insurance up to $10,000 that covers you in case law suits should arise from injuries or property damage at home and away. These coverages are basic, but can be broadened to cover loss of personal property from almost any type of contingency.

Talk to your local insurance broker or your Employers' agent — "The Man With The Plan". He'll be glad to analyze your particular requirements and work out a plan that will protect you without overburdening your budget. Look for his sign or write us for his name.

Homeowners Policy not yet available in every state. Ask our agent or your broker. A deductible may apply on certain coverages in some states.

ON HIS WAY TO SERVE YOU — Your nearby Employers' Group agent — "The Man With The Plan" — displays this sign. It is the symbol of the most expert and helpful insurance service you can find. Call him in — for Fire, Casualty and Marine Insurance, as well as Fidelity and Surety Bonds.

THE Employers' Group
INSURANCE EG COMPANIES
110 MILK STREET, BOSTON 7, MASSACHUSETTS

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORP. LTD. • THE EMPLOYERS' FIRE INSURANCE CO. • AMERICAN EMPLOYERS' INSURANCE CO. • THE HALIFAX INSURANCE CO. OF MASS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paul laughed. "You're psychic all right, but I doubt if he has the year picked out. After politics, we went on to something much more important. Give you one guess."

"The baby?"

"You and the baby. And how it had all came about, and all your father had thought of at first and planned, and all I had thought and planned, and the re-capitulation of the whole story. Say, I still feel pretty fuzzy. I'm truly ashamed. Would you rather I kept my in-ebriety in the dressing room tonight?"

Anne laughed. "Heavens, no! You do sound funny in spots, but since neither you nor Jimmy is given to this sort of thing, I guess I can forgive you both. I wish I'd heard the talk, though. It really must have been good if it had this effect on the two of you."

When all was dark and quiet, Anne spoke again, thoughtfully: "What did you mean about all Jimmy had planned for me and all you had planned too?"

But Paul was already asleep, and in the brightness of the new day she forgot the words entirely.

Kirkland's prophecy was correct in several particulars at least. Exactly on the fifteenth of July, Doctor Hertzog and his wife arrived in the country. When they reached the city, Kirkland was at the airport to greet them and to drive them to their hotel. The meeting was warm between the two men, though when they were finally alone for a few minutes, Hertzog spoke anxiously.

"I hope I have not in any way given you a feeling of assurance about the outcome of all this," he said. "I warned you at the very beginning. Indeed I have been ashamed in my conscience that I ever told you what I did, and yet ——"

"Yes?"

The doctor smiled. "It is natural for all to hope. I do, myself, having once seen this thing happen. But only a hope as a man, mind you. Nothing as a doctor. Nothing. You understand?"

"Perfectly. Now for some details. I have not told Anne that I sent for you. I would like her to feel your being here is mere coincidence, and that I've casually asked you out to see her."

"Very well."

"You have met the obstetrician, Doctor Leyton, over the telephone, but I'll arrange to have you get together at once. I have told him I do not wish her labor shortened."

"You are a brave man," the doctor said. "For the possible chance of her ultimate good, you are willing to go through hell with her. A strong man. I salute you. Tell your daughter I have come over to study some American methods and will give myself the pleasure of calling upon her."

Kirkland told Anne at dinner that night, keeping his voice carefully light, "Oh, by the way, who do you suppose is in town? Doctor Hertzog. You remember? He's over to study something or other and wants to come out to see you. His wife's with him."

Anne stopped eating and stared at her father. "Jimmy," she said, "you may be able to play poker with men. I don't know. But you can't with me. Guilt is written all over you. You sent for him. Now, just to save time, confess it."

"What in the world makes you think such a thing?" Kirkland exploded.

"Because it's true," Anne said calmly. "Only why? That's what bothers me. Why, Jimmy? Is anything wrong that I haven't been told about?"

"No, no!" Kirkland shouted. "I never could keep anything from you. It was my own idea. Leyton had absolutely nothing to do with it. He thought it was crazy. I liked Hertzog. He was interested in your case. He's had so much experience along every line. He told me about another girl just like you who had a fine baby. He helped attend her. I just thought we might as well have him over ——"

His voice trailed off and Anne laughed across at him. "Isn't he too silly, Paul? But he's sweet, just the same. . . . I'll warrant, Jimmy, you would have had the queen's own obstetrician, too, if you could have wangled it. But aside from the foolishness of the whole business, I'll be glad to see Doctor Hertzog. I liked him so much." A slight shadow fell, but she brushed it aside. "We can talk more now than the last time. I'll call tomorrow and ask them both to dinner. How would that be?"

But there was not time for that. It was that very night that Anne woke suddenly from her first sleep, sat up in bed and snapped on the light. Her face was white with pain. She waited for a little and then woke Paul.

"I think this is it," she said. "Will you call Davy and—and do the things that have to be ——" She could not finish the sentence.

Paul sprang up, clutched his robe, called Davy and Kirkland, and then dressed with furious haste. For ten minutes the telephones were busy; in twenty Anne was ready to go; in a half hour the ambulance was at the door, for it had been agreed that means of transportation would be easier under the circumstances.

Paul carried her down in his strong arms, holding her face close to his own. "Courage, darling, courage."

"It's all right," she smiled, though there was a sharp catch in her breath. "It's just a little more than I expected—at the start!"

Hackett, in an ancient house gown, his face gray with concern, opened the front door for them and stood on the steps muttering, "Good luck, Miss Anne! Good luck, my dear!" until the ambulance had moved off and Paul's car, with Kirkland beside him, had followed it.

There had been a short dispute a little while earlier about Kirkland's going along.

"I'm going," Kirkland said between his teeth, that seemed inclined to chatter. "I'm going and I'm staying—till it's over, and hell can't stop me." So they rode together through the warm July darkness, each praying in his own way.

As Anne had told Paul on their honeymoon, the doctor had assured her there was no reason why she should not bear children like any other woman. What he deemed unnecessary to tell her, but what both he and Doctor Hertzog had explained to her menfolk, was that because of her enforced inactivity during the whole period of pregnancy, the birth itself might be a very difficult one. It was this fact, coupled with the decision to reserve any alleviation to the last possible moment, that made the faces of the two men now white and tense, even at the beginning of their vigil.

They sat in a small, empty room of the great hospital on the floor below the labor and delivery rooms, feeling the vast, impersonal atmosphere penetrating every nook and corner.

"Ghastly place, isn't it?" Kirkland managed to bring out after a time.

"Not too cheerful," Paul agreed.

"Who was the she-devil that put us in here? The one that wouldn't let me finish my sentence?"

"I don't know," Paul said, smiling in spite of himself. "Some sort of floor superintendent, I suppose. I gather we're lucky to be allowed to stay in here. Special dispensation."

"I'd like to see them put us out. How will we know how things are going?"

"Doctor Hertzog said he would look in on us at intervals and report. He said there would be nothing to say for some hours."

"Hours?" Kirkland barked hoarsely. "How long—that's one thing I forgot to ask about. Did they tell you? I mean give you any idea?"

Paul swallowed hard. "Oh, they never can be sure. Every case is different. The fact that Anne started out with such severe pain may mean it won't last so long."

Kirkland groaned and began to move about nervously. Paul felt he would give all he possessed to be left quietly alone to face his ordeal in his own fashion. At least he could grit his teeth and sit still. He wondered if he would have to endure the other man's furious restlessness for the whole time. His own hands gripped each other hard. Doctor Leyton had told him that fifteen to eighteen hours of labor was normal for a first child.

"I can't even remember now how long I waited when Anne herself was being born," Kirkland said later on. "That shows what time will do to you. How could I forget that?" he demanded.

"Do sit down, Jimmy. We've got to hold on to ourselves. We can't expect Anne to have all the courage, can we?"

"If it was an ordinary birth, if nothing more was hanging in the balance —— How can you sit there like a stone image? How can you preach courage to me? Don't you know what may happen now? Don't you care? Sometimes I think you don't feel the suspense of it at all. At any minute now she may get up—she may walk! I've told them to come down and tell us at the first sign. Well, say you expect it, you believe it! We've got to, I tell you! What time is it?"

"It's two o'clock."

"Good God, is that all?"

Then they waited on. The dawn broke with a hot, misty sun rising from the clouds of night; then the clear early day and the rattle of the street noises. They both jumped as Doctor Hertzog's stocky figure appeared at the door. He motioned them back.

"Nothing actually to report, but I had a wish to see you and tell you to rest a little and have some food." He smiled into their dull, drawn faces.

"How—how is she?" Kirkland's lips were stiff on the words.

"She is still, of course, in labor."

"Is it—very hard?"

"Labor is always hard," he said noncommittally.

"There has been no—she has not moved?"

The doctor shook his head. "We are watching closely for the least sign. As I told you ——"

Kirkland broke in. "I know—I know, but I'm still sure it will happen. Is Leyton with her now?"

"Yes. When I go back, he will leave temporarily, but will be in his office on instant call. I will stay all the time and we have an excellent nurse who understands the whole situation." He paused and looked carefully at Kirkland. "Would you not be willing to go home and rest for a little? Stay there till toward evening, say?"

"Evening!" Kirkland gasped.

"We agree the child cannot be born before sometime this coming night. Won't you rest a little in between?"

"No!" Kirkland shouted. "How can I rest? Is Anne resting? I've got to be here!"

The doctor did not reply to that, but looked at Paul.

"There is a little coffee shop on the first floor, I'm told, which opens early. Won't you both go down and have something to eat? Take a little turn in the air too? It will be good for you."

"We'll do that," Paul said, and followed the doctor out into the hall.

"You can tell me the truth," he said in a low tone.

Doctor Hertzog watched the young man's haggard face. "It is all not unique. Other women I have seen suffering as much."

"But in other cases you would give them something—something to help?"

The doctor nodded.

Paul felt a frenzy overcoming him. "I can't let her be tortured, doctor, even for this chance! Can't you see? I can't allow it! She's my wife! I have the right to decide!"

Doctor Hertzog looked at him steadily. "I agree with Mr. Kirkland. This chance we must take. We play for high stakes. But one thing I tell you. When we see she can endure no longer, we shall give her medication at once. We will watch her every moment. I can

(Continued on Page 152)

The Perfect Squelch

The "queen bee" of the secretarial staff was a prodigiously overbearing and scheming woman who obviously intended to become office manager by fair means or foul. She went to extremes to impress the executives with her skill, and also with her rather superabundant charms. And she made it plain that she regarded the elderly, male office manager, due to retire in a year, as a hopeless old dodo.

One day, in his presence, she began lecturing one of the younger girls on how to get ahead in the world. "Now, in my case," she said, "I have allotted myself certain periods of time to reach certain positions. In a way, my career has been like running a race."

"How interesting," the office manager murmured. "And which lap are you going to be on next?"

Dorothy Liatas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR A HEARTY "FRONTIER" BREAKFAST

YOUR TASTE TELEGRAPHS... THIS IS IT!

TELEGRAM

LITTLE POCAHONTAS
(AND MRS. POCAHONTAS)
AT YOUR HOUSE

WIG-WAG YOUR MOM QUICK, LITTLE PRINCESS. YOU NEVER TASTED WAFFLES SO GOOD. YOU LOVE RICH MAPLE-Y KARO SYRUP FOR A HEARTY "FRONTIER" BREAKFAST. YOU WANT MORE WAFFLES AND MORE KARO REPEAT. ONLY KARO.

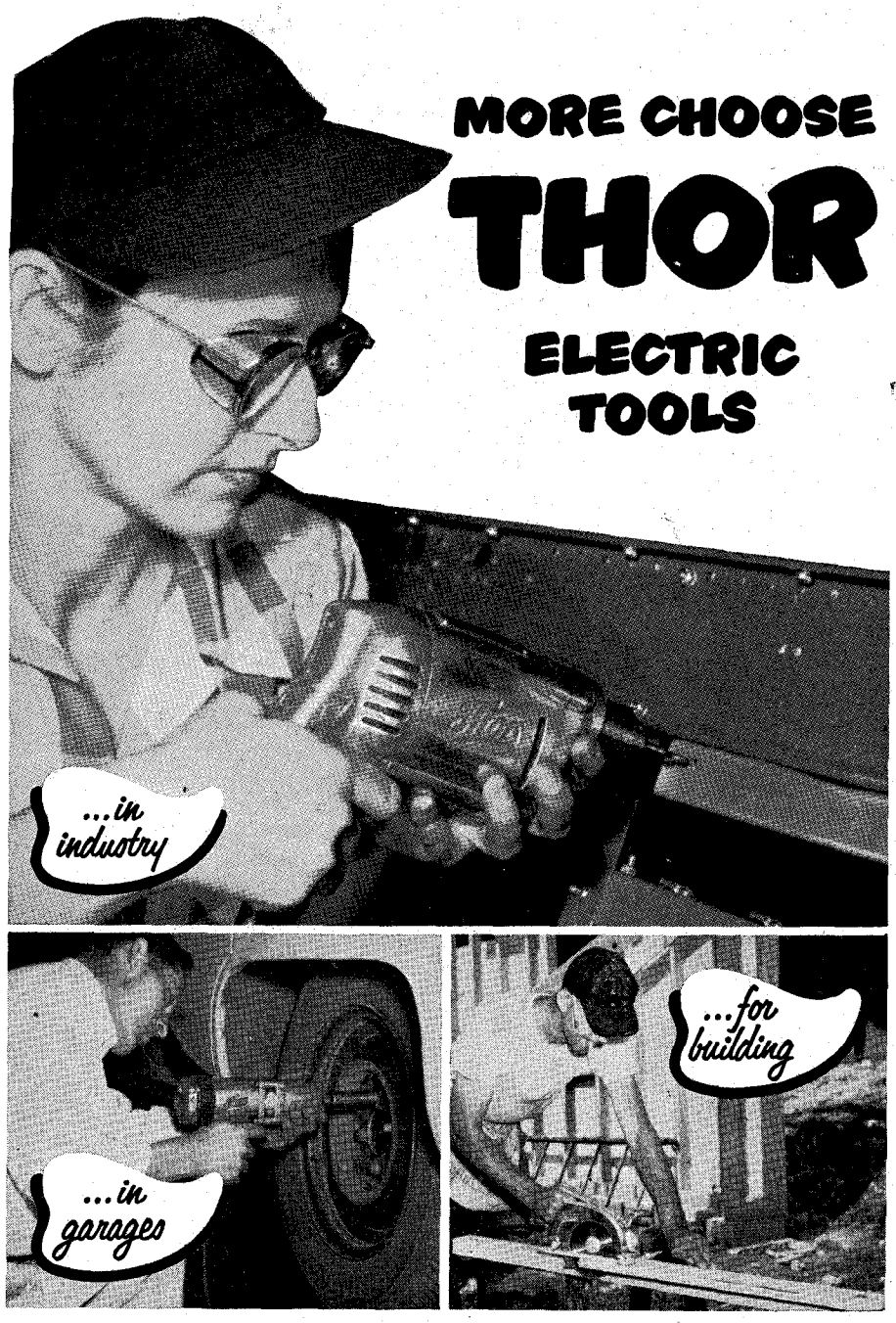
AMERICA'S BEST LIKED SYRUP

For good eating, take your choice of these 3 delicious Karo syrups:

- **DARK** (blue label) ...rich, full-bodied
- **LIGHT** (red label) ...mildly sweet
- **WAFFLE SYRUP** ...maple-y

Produced by Corn Products Refining Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Thor tools are used to build the automobile you drive . . . the refrigerator you use . . . the elevator you ride. These and thousands more are the products of factories that Thor has been tooling since 1893. Thor tools meet the quality standards of these industries for power—and ruggedness. That's why more choose *Thor* electric tools everywhere—factories, garages, building and road projects . . . yes, and in the bustling "do-it-yourself" market. Write for catalog and the name of your Thor dealer. Thor Power Tool Company, Aurora, Illinois.

Thor PORTABLE POWER TOOLS

AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE · HOME WORKSHOP · CONTRACTORS · GENERAL INDUSTRY

BALANCERS • CLAY DIGGERS • DRILLS AND DRILL KITS • GRINDERS • HAMMERS • HOISTS • IMPACT WRENCHES • JUMBOS • NUT SETTERS • PAVING BREAKERS • PIN DRIVERS • POLISHERS • SUMP PUMPS ROCK DRILLS • SANDERS • SAND RAMMERS • SAWS • SCREWDRIVERS • VALVE SEAT GRINDERS • SINKER LEGS • STOPERS • TAMPERS • VALVE REFACERS • VIBRATORS • WAGON DRILLS • ACCESSORIES

THOR POWER TOOL COMPANY • AURORA, ILLINOIS

(Continued from Page 150)

promise you she will not be permanently harmed by this. I will," he added, a great kindness suffusing his face—"I will do to her as to my own child, no? Be brave now. Your part is hard, but not the most hard."

They wrung each other's hands. "Give her my love," Paul said. Then, in a moment, he caught up with the older man at the elevator.

"Could you order something for Mr. Kirkland to make him relax a little? It's getting on my nerves, watching him. I'm afraid he'll crack under this."

"Of course. Of course. I should have thought." He led the way back to the desk, and spoke to the nurse there before he hurried off.

Breakfast in the crowded little shop, a turn on the front pavement and back to the small waiting room. With complete control of the situation, a bright young thing in white presented Kirkland with a tablet, smiled with complete indifference at his violent opposition, placed it on his tongue, held a glass of water to his lips, and was gone before he could speak. It had its effect soon. He leaned his head against the back of the chair and slept, exhausted. Paul now had a chance to be quiet. He tried to read, but the words conveyed no meaning. He paced the floor, he prayed, he dozed; he went softly out and down to the street. Here, for two hours, he walked under the hot July sun.

There was no further report until after lunch; then Doctor Hertzog appeared again, once more giving a sign that there was no real news. He himself looked very weary.

"Things are going along. It is very slow, as it usually is with a first child. Be patient. Try not to suffer too much yourselves," the doctor said. "Fix your minds upon something pleasant"—he smiled—"as upon the child, for example."

Paul followed him outside again. He did not know that his grip on Doctor Hertzog's arm was painful.

"Give her something!" he said. "She can't go on like this! You said yourself it's worse for her than for a normal girl. I order you!"

The doctor's eyes behind his spectacles were compassionate, but unyielding.

"I shall do so when I know it is necessary, and not before. I am used to responsibility, Mr. Devereux. I take it now. I do to her as to my own daughter. Control yourself. You must not be less brave than your wife."

He turned abruptly and hurried away. Paul went back to the room to find Kirkland still groggy.

"They must be giving me some kind of dope. You can't trust them in a hospital." He leaned his head back, then started up. "Don't let me sleep long. Any time now ——" His eyes dropped heavily.

The afternoon was endless, the heat intolerable. Paul felt as though he himself had died a thousand deaths. As though he also were under an opiate, his thoughts grew dull and confused. Kirkland slept on.

At five he saw a nurse pause outside the door and motion to him. His heart all but stopped as he hurried to meet her. She handed him a note, smiled and disappeared. He opened it with a shaking hand. It was from Hertzog.

Doctor Leyton and I agree that medication must now be given. Her suffering will be greatly eased or nonexistent from this point on. But what we hoped would happen will not now occur. I will explain this to her father when I have the birth itself to report. It is better so—the good news with the bad.

Paul read it once and again, then went back to the room and stood by the window, staring blindly out at the street. The ghastly tension in himself as he had felt torn with Anne's suffering was released. Only the weariness now engulfed him. He stood there, filled with a dull despair, for a long time; then he sank into his own chair and slept.

He woke at six o'clock with the supper sounds in the hall. Kirkland was still asleep. He looked old and worn and, for once, weak. Paul slipped out and down to the street for a turn in the air. He did not want to be away long, so he brought some food up from the coffee shop and ate what little he could in the room. He hoped Kirkland would sleep on until the final word came. A tremendous excitement within him now superseded every other thought. The child! His and Anne's! Would the word come now before midnight? Before dawn?

It came at eight o'clock. The two doctors arrived together, Doctor Leyton still casually fit and cheerful, Doctor Hertzog haggard, but beaming too.

"You have a fine, healthy boy, Mr. Devereux. And your wife will be all right too. She's still asleep."

Kirkland started up at the voices. His eyes took in the smiling doctors. "It's happened?" he said. "She has walked?"

Doctor Hertzog put an arm about his shoulders.

"Not that, my friend, but listen to our news. Your daughter has been safely delivered of a son. You are now a grandfather! Is that not cause for rejoicing now? You must believe so."

Kirkland stood as though frozen. "The child is born and she never moved?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Then," Kirkland said with a sharp, bitter emphasis, "there is no more hope. She will never walk again."

Hertzog made a motion for the other two men to leave the room. "I will talk with him alone," he said, adding, before Paul could speak, "and go with him back to his home."

Once in the hall, Doctor Leyton slapped Paul's back. "Well, your young man gave us all plenty of trouble, but what a beauty he turned out to be. Eight pounds and a half! Now, come along and have a look at him, and then you can go into your wife's room and wait till she wakes up. Like to be the first to tell her the news, eh?"

And suddenly Paul felt all weariness leave him, and all disappointments. He was no longer even a creature of earth. His feet were winged; his head touched heaven. He talked wildly to Doctor Leyton, who somehow seemed to understand; he said strange, foolish things to the nurse who showed him the baby, and she, too, did not act in any way startled. He tiptoed at last into Anne's room, took one look at the dear white face on the pillow; then burying his own in his hands, he wept for the pain, the relief, the unspeakable joy of it; and the nurse there did not seem surprised either.

An hour passed, and another, before Anne's eyelids slowly opened. He bent over her.

"Darling," he whispered huskily, "can you understand me? It's a boy! We have a beautiful little son!"

Her eyes grew wide with wonder and joy. She could not speak, but she understood.

And now, more than ever before, happiness filled to overflowing the big house on the West Hill. All paths led to the nursery next to Anne's room as to a shrine, and the small creature there grew more beautifully engaging week by week. Anne herself bloomed in her motherhood, "remembering," as Doctor Hertzog had quoted to Paul, "no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world." Mrs. Catherby came over each day, in spite of all advice to the contrary, insisting that the sight of her great-grandson put new life in her; and Paul understood, for he himself felt within him an upsurge of strength, as though in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the thews and sinews, as in heart, he was now invincible.

There was only one unexpected cloud. Anne spoke of it anxiously to Paul one evening as they sat together in the nursery.

"Whatever can be the matter with Jimmy?" she asked. "I thought he would be beside himself with pride and delight and, you know, he really isn't. He comes in and tries to make noises like a grandfather, but they don't ring true at all. Have you noticed? Do you know what's wrong?"

Paul thought. There was no point now in keeping the facts from her. Very gently he told her the story, while Anne listened in amazement.

"So, you see," Paul ended, "he is still feeling that particular disappointment. Just give him a little time, dear, and he'll be as excited over the baby as anyone."

Anne's eyes were wild with incredulity. "He believed I would get up—on my feet?"

"Yes. He made himself believe it."

"And Doctor Hertzog actually felt there was a chance?"

"Not a strong one, but still a possibility."

"And you?"

Paul hesitated. "I tried not to think much about it, but, of course, I hoped—for your sake."

"And no one told me! I might have had the joy of hoping too." Her voice was piteous.

"But, you see, dearest, we couldn't tell you. We didn't dare. Your knowing might have destroyed the chance!"

"I'm not so sure," she said slowly, "if I'd known, I might really have tried. No, I see what you mean. Only an unconscious reaction would have succeeded." She drew a long, quavering sigh. "But I understand now about Jimmy. He cared more about my walking than about the baby." She looked up, meeting Paul's eyes. "You didn't feel so disappointed—afterward?"

"I never even thought of it then," he assured her honestly. "I was too happy."

"I'm glad for that. It makes it all more bearable. But the whole thought that there really was even a grain of hope for me has shaken me a little. And poor Jimmy! Why he would be thinking of this, then, all the months before! And this was why he had Doctor Hertzog over! Oh, I see it all now, and his ghastly disappointment! Paul, when did he first tell you about it?"

Paul hedged carefully. "When we got back from our honeymoon he told me how eager he was for you to have a child, and why."

Anne accepted this. "Well, knowing Jimmy as I do, this explains everything, even to his looking ill now. It's the reaction from all the strain. I believe, though, I'll get a doctor in somehow to give him a checkup. I'm sure he hasn't had one in years. Yes, I'll do that."

She was very quiet the rest of the evening, and Paul's heart ached for her. He wished bitterly he had never told her of the hope at all. He felt now that it had been a cruel thing to do, even though all he had wished to do was to explain Kirkland's lack of enthusiasm over the baby. He tried his best now to divert her, but after they had gone to bed, she wept wildly, hysterically against his breast, and not all the outpouring of his love could calm her.

"I have to give way sometimes!" she sobbed. "I try to hold it all in, deep, and I'm really happy! It's only now, to think there was a chance ——"

At last Paul got up and went into the nursery. He lifted the sleeping baby, carried it into their room and laid the warm, sweet little body in her arms. Then he knelt beside them, his grasp encircling them both.

"You have us, darling. We'll try always, always to make up to you for—the other."

She held the child close for a time, her cheek against the downy head, and then, when Paul was again next to her, she lay quietly listening to the tenderness of his voice. But she did not speak again. There were only the quivering, broken breaths, until at last she fell asleep. But Paul lay awake until the first pale light came flooding through the dark. He knew now what high fortitude, what resolute valor lay behind the daily brightness of her smiles, which he had taken for granted. He knew, and his spirit bowed before it. . . .

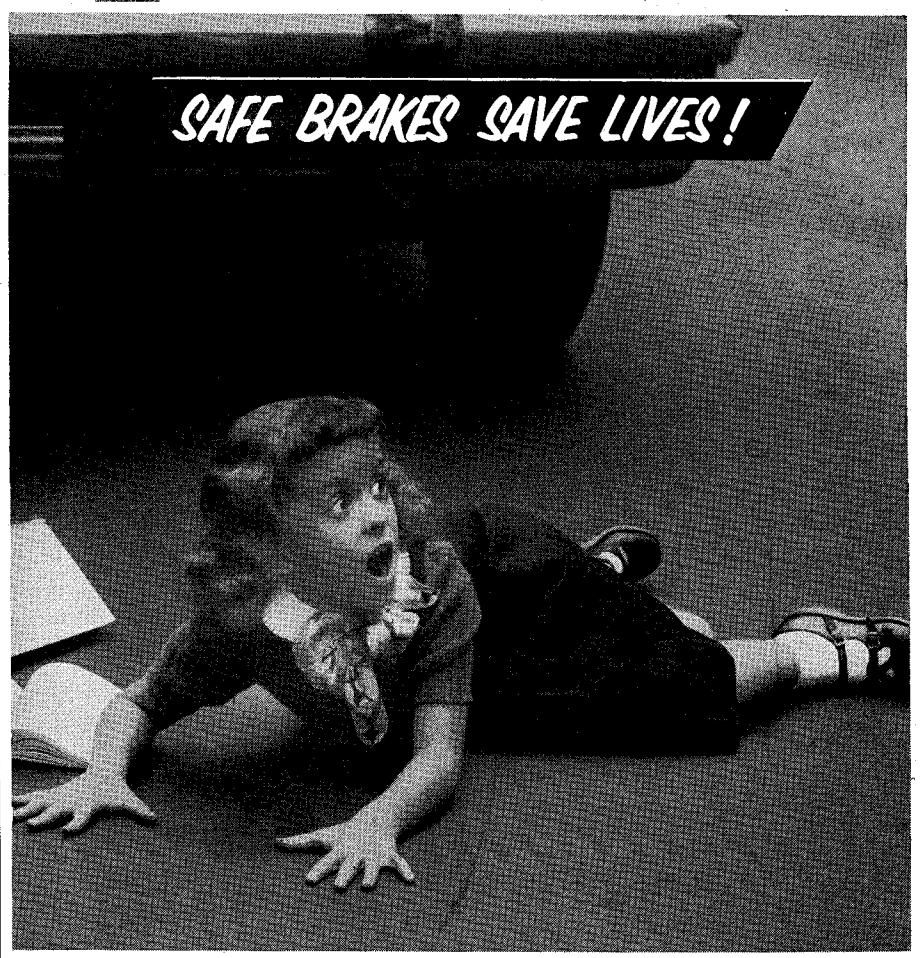
It was some weeks before a connection could be effected between Kirkland and a doctor, for at the first suggestion of such a thing from Anne, he had shied violently from it.

"I'm as fit as a fiddle! Nothing wrong with me. Just because the house is now lousy with doctors is no reason why I should get mixed up with them! And all this pediatrics business for the little fellow is nonsense, I think. Keep a baby comforta-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"See what I mean?"

Have YOU had your automobile brake system checked lately?



For safety's sake--be sure your brake system is always filled with genuine

WAGNER LOCKHEED BRAKE FLUID

...there's none better...none safer

Tragedy strikes without warning! In 1954, over 560 youngsters under the age of 15 were killed or injured *every day* in motor vehicle accidents. Safer brakes could cut down this senseless slaughter.

Do your part! Have your brake system checked at least every six months. You may need only a few ounces of brake fluid to restore top brake efficiency. If so, specify WAGNER LOCKHEED . . . AMERICA'S LEADING BRAND OF BRAKE FLUID. Its chemically balanced formula assures perfect functioning in all seasons and under all driving conditions. It surpasses specifications of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

If inspection discloses that brake system parts are worn, have them replaced with genuine WAGNER LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS. And if new lining is required, specify that WAGNER CoMaX BRAKE LINING be used. You can depend upon WAGNER QUALITY because Wagner Products are used as original equipment by automobile, truck, bus, and trailer manufacturers.

LOOK FOR THE WAGNER SIGN. It identifies the shops who use Wagner Brake Products. You can get brake service where Wagner Products are used in your neighborhood. For information, write Wagner Electric Corporation, 6400 Plymouth Ave., St. Louis 14, Mo., U. S. A. (In Canada: Wagner Brake Company Ltd., Toronto)

FRANCHISED Wagner Lockheed BRAKE PRODUCTS DEALER

EST. 1891

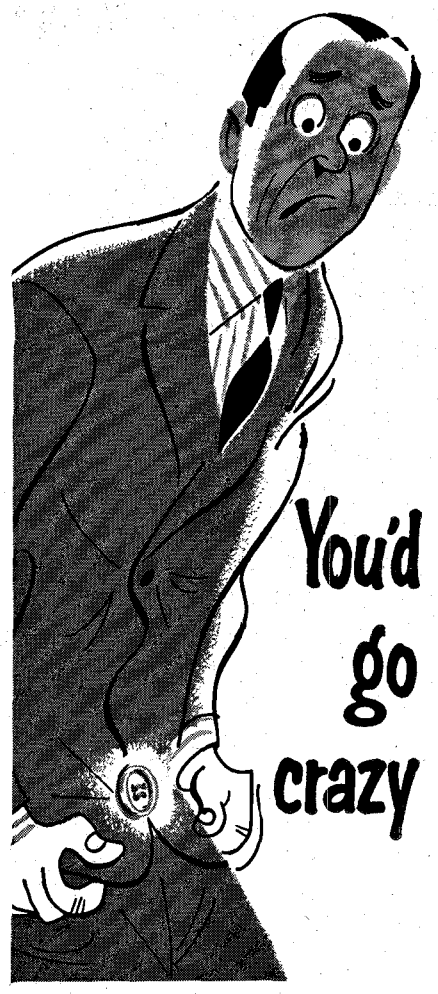
Wagner®

the best known name in brake service

LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS and FLUID . . . NoRoL . . . CoMaX BRAKE LINING . . .
AIR BRAKES . . . TACHOGRAPHS . . . AIR HORNS . . . ELECTRIC MOTORS . . . TRANSFORMERS . . . INDUSTRIAL BRAKES

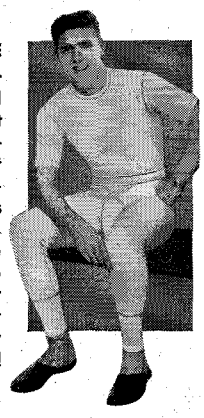
C55-2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



if the bottom of your coat was buttoned up this way. But, of course, it isn't. It's left open so it spreads when you sit down, gets out of your way. And when you walk or run, it moves right with you.

But what about your undershirt? If you're wearing an ordinary undershirt, it's closed at the bottom, just like that buttoned coat. It creeps and crawls up when you move. But not with HEALTHKNIT KUT-UPS. Only KUT-UPS has the Patented Vee in front that lets the undershirt spread like your coat. It never crawls up or binds. Try 'em. You'll agree that HEALTHKNIT KUT-UPS are the most comfortable undershirts ever made! Choice of winter weight (shown), or athletic style.



HEALTHKNIT MacDEE

Ankle length for winter warmth, or Briefs and mid-lengths. All perfect with Kut-Ups. You'll enjoy the he-man comfort only MacDee with patented Kris-Kros Tapes *can give you. You see,* the tapes work with the full elastic waistband to give you just the right support you need—not too much—just right. Try 'em and see for yourself!

Healthknit ®

UNDERWEAR
SLEEPWEAR • SPORTSWEAR
Boys' sizes, too

Standard Knitting Mills, Inc., Knoxville 3, Tennessee
Licensee for Canada—S. Lennard & Sons, Ltd., Dundas, Ont.

ble, give it plenty to eat and then let it alone. That's my theory, but, of course, the modern way of doing ——"

"Now, Jimmy, don't get yourself worked up. Just come and have a look at your grandson. Isn't he wonderful? Aren't you thrilled over him? Don't you want to hold him?"

"Not till he's a little bigger—and of course I'm thrilled. Why wouldn't I be? Fine child. Good head. . . . Well, I must get along to the office. Good-by."

He stopped and kissed Anne and patted the baby. At the door he looked back wistfully.

"You're pretty—proud, Mouchie?"

"Proud!" Anne laughed back at him. "I feel as though the whole business of having a baby was my own private invention! As proud as that, sir! Now please don't work too hard, Jimmy. Come home early and have something cool to drink and meet the worshipers. They're still coming."

And they were. Those of Anne's friends and many of her mother's who were still in town or near it came with votive offerings to see the baby and rejoice with Anne, their normal interest quickened by the unusual circumstances. So her sitting room was likely to be gay from five o'clock on, with Paul's friends adding to its liveliness.

It was the last week of August when Anne manipulated events so that, on pretext of a slight cold, she had her own physician at the house when Kirkland came home from the office.

"Just tell him, Doctor Scott, that you find I am worrying about him, and for my sake you will go through the motions of checking him. I doubt myself whether there is anything really wrong, but my husband and I have been a little anxious lately."

The ruse worked. As always the love for his child overcame all else. He submitted to the examination in his own room, with poor grace, complaining loudly that a man couldn't call his life his own when women got ideas, but yet he submitted. The doctor took a long time; then he stood off a little, surveying the man before him.

"I think," he said, "that you're used to giving and getting straight talk, aren't you?"

"I hope so. What do you mean?"

"I mean you're not in good shape. You've got a very high blood pressure, and it's lucky we caught it now, before it does any more harm to your heart. We can bring it down, if you'll co-operate. But you've got to slow up."

"Now listen, doctor ——"

"You listen to me. I'm not fooling about this. You've got to rest every day for two hours, eat the diet I prescribe and take the medicine I'll give you. And you must not, for any reason whatever, allow yourself to become excited. Is that clear?"

"Clear as mud. I don't intend to ——"

"If you don't," the doctor said, looking him in the eye, "I won't answer for the consequences. I'm giving it to you straight and I think that you are smart enough to take it."

"Well, well," Kirkland said, looking abashed as well as stricken. "Well, well, go ahead then. Fix me up."

"And you'll do your part?"

"Oh, I suppose. I'll have to, I guess, for Anne's sake."

"Right! That's the spirit. Suppose you drop in at my office tomorrow for a few tests, and then I'll have the directions all ready for you. And don't worry about yourself! Just do what you're told and we'll make a new man of you."

"No need to bother Anne about all this, is there? She's still nursing the baby, and I won't have her upset."

"I'll have to report to her, since she arranged the interview."

"Well, tone it down then. I want your word on that."

The doctor hesitated. "If you give me yours that you'll follow my directions to the letter."

Kirkland groaned. "I'm mad as the devil, you know, at finding there's anything at all the matter with me. But—I give you my word."

"Good. I'll have my nurse phone your office tomorrow morning and give you an appointment. Remember, ease up on everything, and keep calm."

Kirkland was as good as his promise. He took his medicine, he followed his diet, he came home early each afternoon and lay down till the dinner hour. Hackett kept an eagle eye on him, Anne fussed over him tenderly, and Paul noted his improved looks and congratulated him. He even himself admitted grudgingly that he was feeling better.

As September enfolded the city and the countryside, it was decided that the baby was old enough for weekends in the mountains. Anne was happy over going, admitting now how much she had missed the camp during the late summer. Davy and Hackett drove up one day to install some nursery equipment there, and on Friday, Anne and Paul were to follow with the baby, with Kirkland coming on Saturday, since he wished to supervise some fall planting on the grounds before leaving. However, the plans changed suddenly at the last moment. Paul was unexpectedly asked to speak at a Saturday-night dinner. Since he already had contracted a cold, he decided to stay home and nurse it till then. Seeing Anne's disappointment, Kirkland canceled the tree planting and went off with her on Friday in the late afternoon.

"I'll be up Sunday," Paul promised. "I guess it's as well for me to keep this wretched head away from you all till then. Be careful now. Good-by."

He watched them wistfully as they drove off, but there was nothing to do but work during the evening on his speech and doctor his cold.

About nine o'clock he wanted a book he had noticed on the desk of Kirkland's study. He hurried down, found it and was about to leave when the phone rang. He picked up the receiver.

"Yes?" he said huskily, not realizing this was not only Kirkland's habitual way of answering, but that his own throaty voice sounded, now, much like that of his father-in-law.

"Listen, chief, we've run into something with C. Those men of his we bonded have skipped, and their bonds are going to be forfeit, and C says ——"

It was Arno talking very fast, but at this point Paul broke in. "This isn't the chief, Arno. He left unexpectedly for the mountains. Be back Sunday night. Devereux speaking," he added.

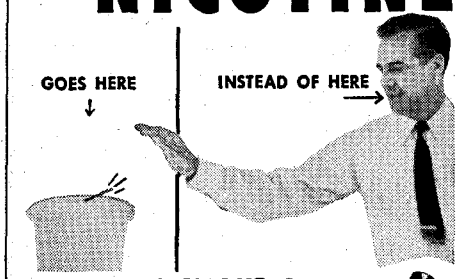
He could feel the shock over the wire. Then Arno's voice came, cool and casual. "Forget it!" he said, and hung up.

It was Paul this time who paused at the foot of the beauteous stairway as though he had not strength to climb it. All the glad power he had felt within him these last weeks because of his fatherhood seemed to depart from him. He felt weak. All the straws of suspicion that the wind had borne to him before were as nothing compared to this crushing, unequivocal blow. For now there was no doubt. With his own ears he had heard the truth from Arno. There was a definite link between Kirkland, the state boss, and the numbers racketeer and his kingdom of corruption. This was more than the machinations of ordinary political intrigue; this was alliance with the lowest form of evil; this was partnership with the devil.

He finally climbed the stairs, but he did not sleep till dawn.

TO BE CONTINUED

TRAPPED NICOTINE



WHEN YOU SMOKE A
MEDICO
TRADE MARK
FILTER PIPE

Nicotine, tars, bitter juices and flakes trapped by Medico's scientific filter never reach your mouth! You throw away all the impurities that Medico's filter traps. Insert a fresh filter and your Medico smokes cooler, cleaner, drier, sweeter. That's why Medico is America's fastest selling pipe! Choose a Medico Filter Pipe today.

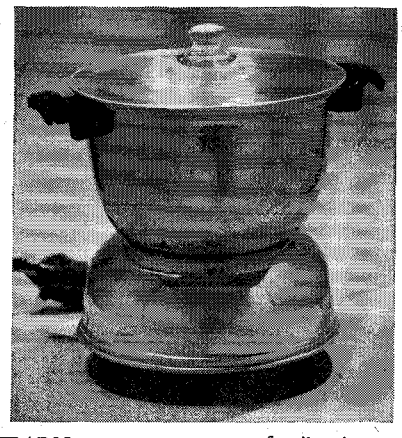
MEDICO Crest
$3.50
Other Medico Filter Pipes
$1.50 to $12.50
Prices higher outside U. S. A.

When filter is discolored, replace with a fresh one—10 for 10¢

For Catalog 14, write MEDICO, 18 E. 54th St. N. Y. 22

GRAVY MASTER sign of good gravy

CORN POPPER



EARN your own 3 quart family size corn popper. Popping kettle and hot plate base are heavy gauge spun aluminum. Both cord and base are UL approved. This wonderful set can be yours for only two 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10 each or three 2-year *Ladies' Home Journal* subscriptions at $6 each, or four 1-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $5 each.

All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full advertised prices. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. Offer good in Continental U. S. only, until March 31, 1956. Sorry, no corn popper sets may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
253 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

JOLLY TIME POP CORN NEVER FAILS TO POP! POPS FLUFFY-TENDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We Licked the Veteran Problem

(Continued from Page 30)

As I related last week, the great majority of World War II veterans have achieved reasonable security in the past decade. But Aaron isn't one of them. Permanently handicapped by his war wound, Aaron needs his disability compensation of $194 a month, fifteen dollars of which is allocated by the VA for his recently widowed mother to make both ends meet. There are 3,500,000 Americans who, like Aaron Wegweiser, are getting payments from the Government for services and sacrifices in past wars, and now they are facing the bleak possibility of losing all or a substantial part of that support.

Now the grinding burden we willingly assumed ten years ago to resolve the veteran problem is rubbing sore spots in the national economy. Then the emotional and economic tensions threatening the country were relieved by the GI Bill of Rights, a remarkable program that expedited the rehabilitation and readjustment of returning servicemen. That crisis was averted by a convulsive outlay of $15,500,000,000, but there is no end in sight of the staggering expense. The $4,400,000,000 we are spending this year on veterans' benefits—the third largest item in the Federal budget after defense and interest on the public debt—is a fraction of the annual bill in the foreseeable future. You can show Aaron Wegweiser figures proving that costs must be reduced to safeguard the country's stability, but you can't expect him to look at them objectively.

"I get a cold sweat when I read that pensions may be cut," he says. "I'd have no worries if that shell hadn't fouled up my chances of getting a decent job. The hand doesn't bother me too much, although I can't tell the shape of any object I touch in the dark." He describes his physical limitations self-consciously, as though he feels obliged to apologize for them. "The noise in my ears is the thing that gets me down because there's never any relief from it. I can't hear a phone ring. The same sound is inside my head all the time. It gets terribly loud whenever I stay up after eleven o'clock at night, and it gives me such bad headaches that I've got to take time off from work on the average of one day a week."

Aaron is not lacking in ambition and effort, Lord knows. The same week he was separated from the Army he married Beatrice Fleischmann and went back to his old job in a machine shop. The racket in the place was bad for his head and forced him to quit. He worked as an apprentice cake baker, but the night hours intensified the piercing ringing in his ears. He passed a Civil Service examination for a United States customs guard, only to be told there were no vacancies. An aptitude test arranged by the VA indicated he had definite talent for machine designing, a lucrative field. Aaron enrolled for a course under the GI Bill, but he had to drop it. His numb hand couldn't control the delicate drafting instruments.

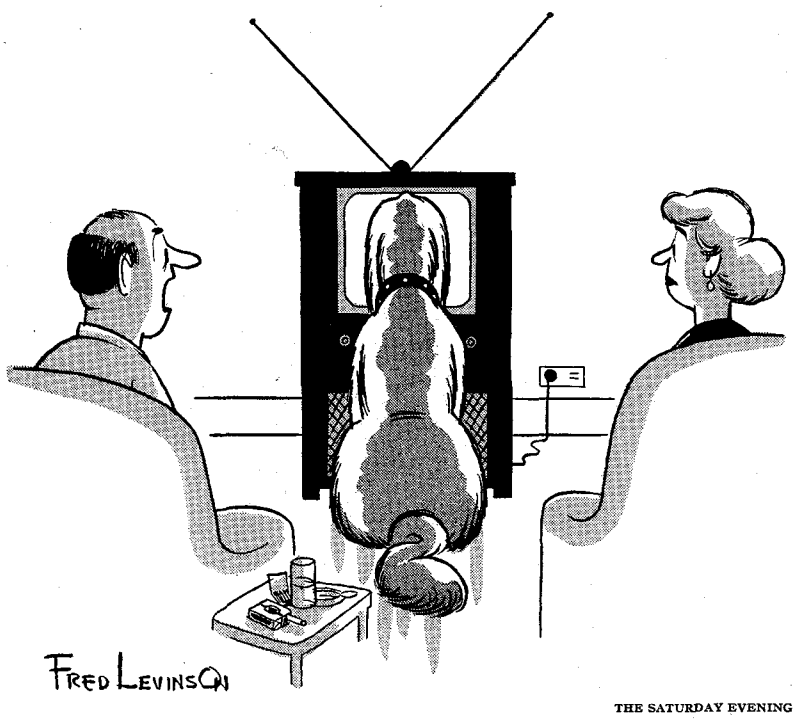
By that time Aaron's first baby was on the way. His folks and in-laws scraped together their savings and opened a delicatessen for him. He knew nothing about the business and went broke in eight months. His throbbing head could take only a week of a twelve-hour hitch driving a laundry truck. Aaron and his wife scrimped on food for two years to pay off the debt on the store while he was making thirty dollars a week as a clerk in a five-and-ten.

In 1948, after seven abortive starts, Aaron was placed by the VA in his present job, selling parts in an automobile agency at sixty-five dollars a week. He has not received a raise in seven years and he sees little chance of future advancement. The prop that sustains his morale is his disability compensation.

"I know I should try to get a better job, but I'm afraid to make a change because another employer won't be so considerate about the time I lose from work," Aaron says. "Don't think I'm talking like a big patriot to get a write-up, but I loved the Army. I was scared green in combat, but all the rest was a wonderful experience. I felt I was carrying out the part I was put on earth to do as a man. I have that feeling about my children, but to keep it I've got to be able to provide for them.

"My big fear is that my disability rating will be lowered if the VA calls me for a medical exam, because I look as healthy as a horse."

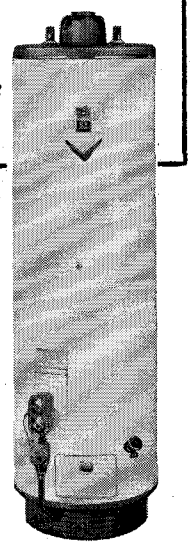
During the coming year, all of us will have to take a long, reflective look at our consciences and pocketbooks in weighing the nation's responsibility to our own 3,500,000 people who have been victimized by war. It is an enormously difficult prob-



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What's on after 'Lassie'?"

"All right! All right! I'll get you a new automatic Gas water-heater!"



Wonder what she would have done if he hadn't fallen for the gag. Probably bought a new Gas water-heater herself out of the egg money. (They cost less to buy, install and use, are 3 times faster than any other kind run by an all-automatic fuel.) For a choice of fine makes—and plenty of hot water for *your* home—see your Gas company, master plumber or Gas appliance dealer. Shown is a **DAY AND NIGHT JETGLAS** glass-lined water-heater.

ONLY Gas AUTOMATIC WATER-HEATERS GIVE YOU HOT WATER 3 TIMES FASTER

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

New Vicks Wonder-Drug Spray Lets You Breathe Almost As If Your Head Cold Had Gone

- **Clears Worst Distress for Hours!**
- **Helps Fight Germ-Infection.**
- **New Clinic-Style Package Works Like Doctor's Atomizer to Spread Medication.**

Relieve head-cold distress of blocked, runny nose, stuffy head—with Vicks' new wonder-drug nasal spray, Medi-Mist. Squeeze the new Clinic-Style Atomizer up each nostril as directed. Feel swollen membranes start to shrink in seconds. Breathe again for hours—*almost as if your cold had gone!* Helps fight germ-infection with exclusive new wonder-drug combination, Cetamium and gramicidin—plus antihistamine. Won't sting—children use it gladly. By makers of famous Vicks VapoRub.

New VICKS Medi-Mist NASAL SPRAY

HAUL IT YOURSELF!

Save Over Half the Cost!

RENT A HERTZ TRUCK

It's as easy to drive as your own car. You need only a driver's license and proper identification.

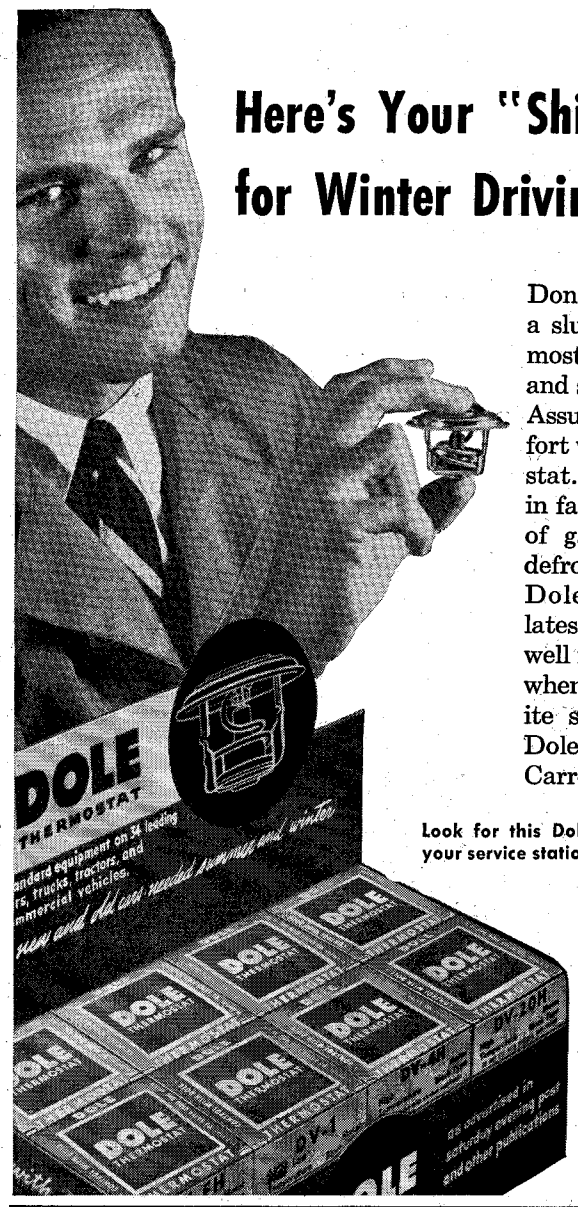
Fords or other fine trucks are available for business or personal use, in any size or model, for an hour, day or longer. Low rental rate includes gasoline, oil, insurance . . . everything but the driver!

Look under "H" in your telephone directory for your nearest Hertz office.

HERTZ *Truck Rental* **SYSTEM**

At all stationers—or write for free sample.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



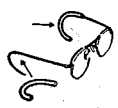
Here's Your "Shiver Chaser" for Winter Driving Comfort!

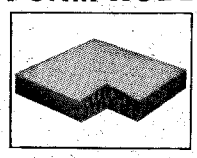
Don't get caught this winter with a sluggish, dirty, worn-out thermostat that starves your heater and sends chills down your spine! Assure toasty-warm driving comfort with a modern Dole Thermostat. You'll get a big bonus, too, in fast motor warm-ups—savings of gas and oil—better working defrosters for clear, *safe* driving. Dole Thermostats bring you latest advantages—work equally well in new or old cars. Get yours when you winterize at your favorite station or repair shop. The Dole Valve Company, 1901 W. Carroll Ave., Chicago 12, Illinois.

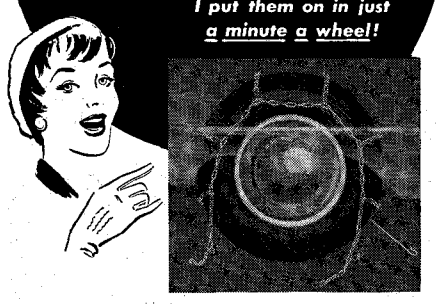
Look for this Dole Thermostat display at your service station, repair shop or garage

DOLE
automobile
THERMOSTATS

Original Equipment on 13 Leading Cars

STOP EAR DISCOMFORT
from metal eye-glass cables with *Morris*
FITS-ALL PLASTIC COVERS

Comfortable patented Fits-All Covers slip on cables, relieve irritation, pressure and "bite". Low cost, attractive. Ask your optometrist or optician for Fits-All. Manufactured by
J. I. Morris Co. Southbridge, Mass.

FOAM RUBBER 50% Discount

FURNITURE CUSHIONS
Factory Seconds
Do-It-Yourself. Replace old Sofa & Chair Cushions with comfortable FOAM RUBBER at ½ price.
For complete listings of Furniture Cushions, Cored and Solid FOAM RUBBER, send for free catalog.
PERMA-FOAM 429 Central Ave., Dept. S East Orange, N. J.

My "KWIK-ON" TIRE CHAINS are really CHAIN LIGHTNING
I put them on in just a minute a wheel!

- No hard-to-fasten lock in back of wheel!
- No jacking or moving car!
- No dirty-work — plastic sleeve protectors with each set!

Get your Campbell "KWIK-ON" Tire Chains—today!

CAMPBELL
KWIK-ON
TIRE CHAINS
Campbell Chain Company, York, Pa.
Makers of famous Lug-Reinforced tire chains

Planning a Holiday Wedding?

Bride-to-Be

America's *newest bridal* magazine
The sparkling new Winter Issue is now at your newsstand

In it you will find all the help you need to plan your winter wedding . . . or your holiday wedding.

Here you will find fashions for you and your home, with a guide to your nearest store.

Here are trousseau fashions for a Northern honeymoon or a Southern honeymoon.

Here are wedding etiquette and reception suggestions.

Here are tips for the selection of gifts—china, silverware, linen.

Here are helps for a complete home and a happy marriage.

Bride-to-Be
is beautifully illustrated with many color pictures. It is issued in sectional editions so you can shop at the store nearest you.

Everything you must know is in

Bride-to-Be

Now at your newsstand, or send $1.00 to
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
Box 1198—Dept. F Philadelphia 5, Pa.

lem, complicated by a conflict between moral obligations and hard, practical considerations. What we owe veterans must, after all, be controlled by how much we can afford to pay. In the last forty years conscience has prevailed over pocketbook. But the time is rapidly approaching when the mounting cost of veterans' benefits will impose an impossible strain on the budget.

Every country recognizes a continuing obligation to citizens who suffer physical and financial hardships stemming from military service. None fulfills it more generously than the United States. Men disabled in war get tax-exempt compensation allowances ranging from $17 to $420 a month. Widows and incapacitated children who survive disabled veterans receive pensions throughout their lifetimes. Men who leave the armed forces without a scratch and later are permanently and totally disabled by ailments entirely unrelated to wartime service are eligible at the age of sixty-five for pensions averaging seventy dollars a month if their incomes are less than $2700 a year with dependents or $1400 without dependents. Although preference is given for service-connected injuries, all veterans can apply for free medical treatment of any illness at VA hospitals if beds are available.

These collateral costs of war keep piling up for more than 125 years after the end of hostilities in payments to widows and children. They run into fantastic expenditures. In the last decade we have spent $48,000,000,000 on veterans' benefits, but that's petty cash compared to accumulating promissory notes. By the end of the twentieth century the total will be an utterly inconceivable half a trillion dollars if the present program is maintained for World War I, II and Korean veterans. Obviously, the country cannot be committed to such a frightful outlay. Pensions and regulations for free medical service must be revised radically. But where shall we draw the line?

That is the agonizing question that must be answered to insure future protection for the most deserving veterans. Convenient compromises will not relieve the crushing load that threatens to cause the collapse of the entire program. It is offensive to the point of indecency to measure a man's sacrifice by the length of his amputated stump or the amount of his bank account. But there is no easy way out.

One factor underscores the urgency of the situation. World War I servicemen, whose average age is sixty-three, comprise the largest group getting monthly payments and hospitalization. World War II and Korea together involved five times as many participants. Figure it out for yourself. In thirty years the annual appropriation for veterans, now around $4,000,000,000, will be $20,000,000,000 if the same benefits remain on the books.

Proposals to reduce veterans' costs have touched off a violent controversy that will come to a boil in the next few months. Congress would sooner denounce motherhood and impugn the D.A.R.'s patriotism than tackle an issue supercharged with the emotional and political pressures generated by 21,000,000 veterans. It is unlikely any action will be taken in an election year but a showdown cannot be postponed indefinitely.

The first shot in the fight was fired by the Hoover Commission in February when it sharply criticized the pension system, free medical treatment for non-service-connected cases and an excessive number of VA hospitals. A few days later President Eisenhower appointed a committee headed by Gen. Omar N. Bradley to reappraise the standards governing benefits "so that future generations will inherit an economic and social structure which is fundamentally sound."

The Bradley committee report will give veterans a severe jolt when it is released this month. They assumed Bradley, who battled Congress for the GI's when he was administrator of the VA after the war, would oppose any reduction in benefits. It is a certainty, however, that he will support the Hoover Commission's basic recommendations for pension cuts and endorse some restrictions in the medical program. Bradley clearly took that position when I interviewed him recently.

"The great social advances we've made in the last twenty years have reduced the need for old soldiers' pensions," he said. "The Federal social-security and old-age-pension programs, state unemployment insurance, industrial-retirement plans and now the guaranteed annual wage will take better care of people over sixty-five in the future. Many congressmen who are getting veteran's disability compensation wonder whether it's ethical to accept their payments in view of the congressional retirement program which protects them. I wonder, too, whether it's right for a veteran covered by a Civil Service pension to draw on another source of Government support.

"Our present system of benefits is a carry-over from the time there were only four million veterans. Today, there are twenty-one million and the number is increasing by seven hundred thousand a year. There is no question that we can't do too much for men who are handicapped permanently. The big question is how much we can do for the others without endangering the national economy. The country has been extremely generous to its veterans, but there are limitations to our good intentions.

"Many well-meaning people are asking whether we owe anything to men who suffered no disability in performing their constitutional duty to bear arms in time of war. That's difficult to determine because many older men lost out at a critical period of their lives and never were able to catch up with their careers. If we had universal military service without exception, maybe no veterans except the disabled would be entitled to special benefits. Please understand I am not making a pitch for universal military service as a professional soldier. I am simply making a philosophic comment as a citizen."

Before examining the controversial proposals which shortly will be submitted to Congress, let's go back for a moment to General Bradley's statement concerning the country's generosity. The impressive record will temper ugly charges of ingratitude that are sure to be raised in the heat of bitter argument. The GI Bill gave to 13,000,000 men educational, business and career opportunities which most would not otherwise have enjoyed. The cost, $15,500,000,000 to date, has been borne without much complaint by taxpayers. Another $100,000,000 has been spent on specially designed homes and cars for paraplegics and amputees. All the benefits are too numerous to mention here, but among the more important are 7,300,000 low-premium insurance policies underwritten by the Government, Civil Service preference for more than 1,000,000 veterans, and bonuses voted by twenty-one states.

Nothing is too good for the boys in the emotional jag that follows a war. The true test of a country's generosity is the pension burden it is willing to pay and pay and pay long after the flush of victory has been forgotten. By this criterion, the United States shows the way to all other countries. In 1953, the World Veterans Federation, an organization promoting the welfare of war-disabled men, made a survey of benefits provided by nineteen countries. Russia, as usual, refused to submit information, but it is known that the Soviet Union's program is largely confined to veterans' pref-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erence in government employment. The following table shows the annual pension rates, in dollars, each country gives veterans with 100-per-cent, service-incurred disabilities. The first column is for a man with no dependents, the second for a man with a wife and two children:

United States	$2070	$4362
Austria	196	865
Belgium	986	2579
Canada	1500	3860
Denmark	1257	2127
England	400	1379
Finland	405	2102
France	486	2547
Germany	214	1194
Greece	540	540
Israel	1036	1385
Italy	635	2220
Japan	250	250
Luxembourg	806	806
Netherlands	1263	1263
New Zealand	509	2605
Norway	1116	1116
Turkey	692	692
Yugoslavia	320	760

Sure, the United States is the richest country in the whole wide world. But we have done more for our veterans, by far, than any other country. Now we are confronted with the painful necessity of balancing pocketbook against conscience and doing the best we can. Reductions have been suggested in two major areas: (1) Compensation for service-connected injuries and pensions for non-service-connected disability; (2) Free medical treatment for non-service-connected ailments. (For simplification, "s-c" and "n-s-c" hereinafter will be used for "service-connected" and "non-service-connected.")

In the first area, the Hoover Commission demanded frequent review of claims with an eye toward adjusting compensation to impairment of earning power. "A general tightening of rating philosophy could reasonably result in an annual decrease of about $180,000,000," the report declared.

Getting down to specific cuts, the commission took a deep breath and recommended stopping payments to all veterans with s-c disability ratings of 30 per cent or less. That would eliminate three quarters of the men now on the VA list. The example was cited of a veteran who gets a minimum of fifty dollars a month, regardless of his other income, for the amputation of a great toe, a 30-per-cent disability. "We urge that ratings be based on true medical criteria and be more realistically related to loss of earning capacity," the commission added.

In dealing with 3,500,000 cases, a fixed set of general rules must, of necessity, be adopted. Granted, the loss of a great toe may not be a handicap to an executive who sits at a desk and makes $25,000 a year. What happens to the human equation, though, in a rigid mathematical formula? A man rendered sterile by a wound also is in the 30 per cent category. Money is no recompense for the loss of fatherhood, but do we disregard completely his psychological scars? Chronic malaria, a 10-per-cent disability, pays only seventeen dollars a month. Is that a "realistic" estimate of the income a self-employed man loses when recurring attacks hit him?

Suppose we tighten ratings and knock twenty or thirty points off 250,000 now in the 40 to 100 per cent categories. A man who caught a grenade in the face and is permanently marked with "excessively repugnant" scars, in the language of the official directive, is in the 50 per cent bracket. Would you care to sit on a board and tell that man, so disfigured no girl will marry him, his rating has been cut to 30 per cent? What about Aaron Wegweiser, who looks as healthy as a horse, but can't hold a better job because of the ringing in his ears? A reduction from 80 to 50 per cent would cost him fifty-four dollars a month. That means his rent.

It has been suggested that the fairest solution to an enormously complex problem is to equate compensation to an annual income slightly higher than the national average. In other words, if a disabled man with two children earns less than $4000 a year, to select a working figure, the Government will make up the difference. If he earns more, the Government will pay nothing. The plan seems to be a logical way out of the dilemma. But it would penalize the initiative and extraordinary courage of a Bob Smith.

Robert L. Smith, of Middleburg, Pennsylvania, is the only quadruple amputee of the Korean war. He was wounded near the Changjin Reservoir on November 27, 1950, and by the time a rescue team found him he had suffered such severe frostbite that both his arms and legs had to be amputated. He was twenty years old and a basket

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It looks good, it smells good . . . that's what throws me."

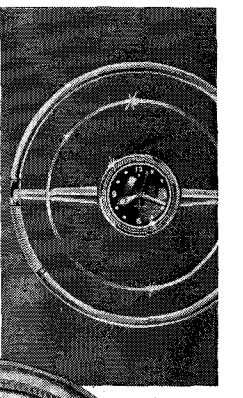
Selected by Chrysler Engineers for accuracy and dependability

CHRYSLERMATIC

Self Winding Steering Wheel Watch
available on the

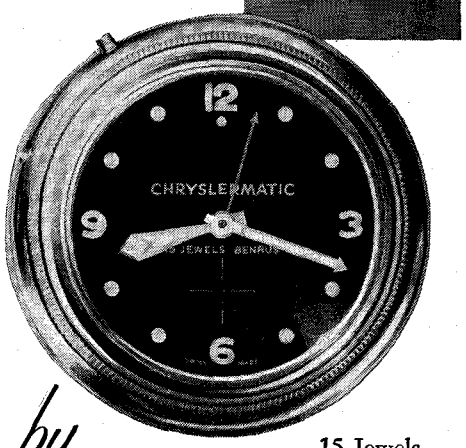
Imperial

The Finest Car America Has Yet Produced



Factory installed — additional cost — as in all other 1956 New Yorker, Windsor, De Soto Firedome and Fireflyte cars with the FORWARD LOOK

See it at your CHRYSLER, DE SOTO, DODGE, PLYMOUTH dealer.

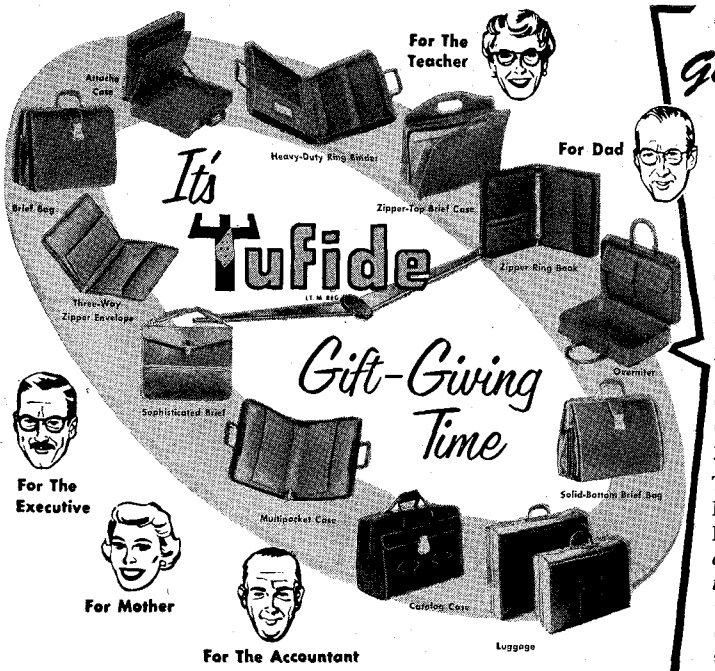


Another CHRYSLER FIRST made by

15 Jewels

BENRUS

BENRUS WATCH COMPANY • NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

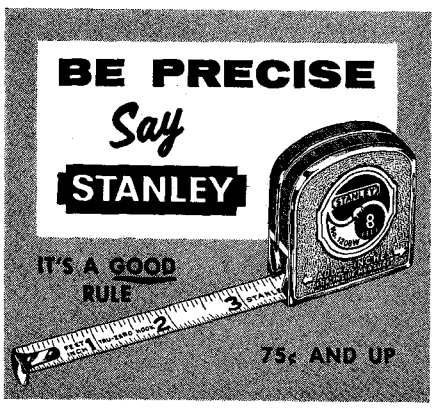


The Gift That Is *Guaranteed* FOR 5 YEARS!

Say "Merry Christmas" every day for five years with a handsome TUFIDE business or student case. TUFIDE has the smart styling, the rich good looks you'd expect to find only in the most expensive of leather cases. But it costs you far less.

TUFIDE *looks* like leather . . . *feels* like leather . . . yet *outwears leather 5 to 1.* See TUFIDE today at leading department stores, stationers, gift, and luggage stores.

Stebco Products Chicago 7, Illinois



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case. Doctors were more concerned with his mental attitude than his physical condition. He wanted to die.

Money did not keep Bob Smith alive. He had the income from a $120,000 trust fund raised by popular subscription in Pennsylvania, and he was getting $420 a month from the VA. He found the will to survive only when he was given some reason to live for a job that pays $2700 a year. March 3, 1955, passed uneventfully for most people, but it was a day a group of us won't forget soon. We saw Bob Smith go to work in the Washington office of the VA, operating an electronic tabulating machine. He sat before 1500 small connections on a control board and with his prosthetic hooks deftly selected the proper plugs from a nest of wires.

"Training for this was tougher than going into combat," he said. "The odds were in your favor for coming out of combat alive, but I never thought I'd be able to do this or any other job. It looked like a thousand-to-one shot to me. If it hadn't worked out, I would've been as good as dead. I didn't want to exist like a vegetable the rest of my life."

Smith's VA salary and income from his trust fund certainly exceed any arbitrary sum that would be fixed as the basis for future compensation. Is he to be docked the $5040 he receives now because he had the incredible guts and ambition to get a job? Sure, you know what the answer should be; it's a loaded question. But what must the answer be if a directive says in large type the Government owes nothing to a veteran who conforms to a typical standard of living? That's a grim laugh. A typical man without arms and legs.

There were two quadruple amputees in World War II. James W. Wilson, who was maimed in a plane crash, later studied law at the University of Florida and is practicing his profession in Colorado. Frederick Hensel, hit by a Jap shell at Okinawa, took a farm-training course and is operating his own place near Birmingham, Alabama. Regardless of their income, do we blandly ignore the pain and inconvenience every movement brings to them?

Any new schedule of compensation rates is certain to provoke loud complaints. The howls that really will raise hackles in Washington will come, though, when attempts are made to stop free medical treatment for veterans with n-s-c disabilities. Some 3,500,000 people may be affected by cuts in cash payments. But all 21,000,000 veterans are potential patients in VA hospitals, and the vast majority believe they are entitled to the medical services available now. That was the one, concerted demand reported by a recent questionnaire sent out to ten VA regional offices.

It is a predictable cinch there will be powerful support in Congress for drastic cutbacks in the medical program. The American Medical Association's influential lobby strenuously opposes free treatment for n-s-c ailments on the ground that it opens the door to socialized medicine. The administration is more or less committed to the A.M.A. policy. It is significant that veterans' organizations, which usually fight tooth and nail any curtailment of benefits for their members, favor economizing on n-s-c cases. They fear the VA's mounting hospital bill eventually will lead to stringent restrictions in services for war-incurred disabilities. About 60 per cent of the hospital cases now are of n-s-c origin, ranging from accidents in homes to tuberculosis and schizophrenia. The average patient has been out of uniform for more than a quarter of a century.

The VA's medical appropriation for this year is $748,000,000, and watchdogs of the Treasury shudder when they study projections of future costs. The peak of a war's hospital load comes with the infirmities of old age about forty years later, a period just approaching for World War I servicemen. Although GIs outnumbered doughboys by 3½-to-1, patients from both world wars in VA hospitals today are almost equally divided. Only 580,000 veterans are more than sixty-five years old, but there will be 7,000,000 by 2000 A.D. And you think taxes are high now.

Another trend that alarms experts is the rising incidence of mental illness. More than half the 115,000 men in VA hospitals on any given day are psychoneurotics, and there is a waiting list of 16,000 n-s-c applicants. Most of the mental patients are chronic psychotics, the most difficult and expensive cases to cure. Some authorities maintain that the VA's responsibility for these men should be limited because most of them, even those with s-c disorders, never heard a shot fired in anger. They cracked up within ninety days after induction. It is claimed that any normal emotional strain—the death of a parent, a blighted love affair, a disappointment in a job—would have caused them to go to pieces if there never had been a war.

"There is no scientific evidence to support that argument," says Dr. J. F. Casey, chief of the VA's psychiatry division. "A change from civilian to military environment definitely was a factor in the marginal cases. Young fellows from secluded rural areas were fairly well adjusted until they were exposed to tough top sergeants. The loss of privacy and the fear of combat had a shattering effect on many men. Those predisposed to mental disturbances might have got along fairly well in obscure, trivial jobs if they never had been subjected to the stress of war."

In other words, they would have gone on leading what Thoreau called "lives of quiet desperation"?

Doctor Casey pulled reflectively on his pipe. "I've never heard a better description," he said.

Dr. William S. Middleton, chief medical director of the VA, raises another important point. "It is academic whether or not psychoneurotic patients have service-connected disabilities. The VA is performing a vitally needed social function by taking care of these men. The lack of adequate facilities for treating mental illness is the most serious medical problem in the United States today. Veterans will have no place to go if they are turned out of VA hospitals. State and municipal institutions are dreadfully overcrowded now. The A.M.A. says we are practicing socialized medicine, but does it have hospitals for these men? Even if they could afford private treatment, most of them couldn't get it. Only half the nine thousand accredited psychiatrists in the country are in private practice and they are concentrated in a handful of large cities."

Before a VA hospital accepts a veteran with an n-s-c ailment, he must sign a statement swearing that he is unable to pay for private treatment. On several occasions Congress has defeated measures for verifying such pledges and collecting for medical services when false statements are made.

In 1954, after widespread charges of goldbricking, the VA required n-s-c patients to submit a detailed list of their assets and warned they could be deprived of future benefits if investigation uncovered any discrepancies. The rule hardly reduced requests for free treatment. During a six-month period, a normal flow of 218,000 applications was filed. By actual count, 388 men refused to sign the statement and 88 more later withdrew their applications.

"I am convinced the overwhelming majority of veterans in our hospitals exhausted their savings before coming to us," says Harvey V. Higley, administrator of the VA. "You know serious illness is a major catastrophe for most folks, especially if it involves a long convalescence. It's grossly unfair to impugn the honesty of a hundred thousand veterans just because a few hundred abuse a privilege."

The Hoover Commission advocated limiting free medical services for all n-s-c disabilities to three years after a veteran's discharge from the armed forces. The annual saving was estimated at $150,000,000. The commission was aggressively critical of what might be called an overindulgent attitude toward veterans until the very end of its report. Then a curiously conciliatory tone crept in. "The commission, however, believes that the sentiment of the American people is that a sick and really indigent veteran should be provided care in VA hospitals."

That is the one sentence in the voluminous document which cannot be challenged by propagandists on either side of the fence. Since World War I, the American people have opposed, consistently and emphatically, economies at the expense of veterans. President Eisenhower's four predecessors were forced to bow to public opinion on this issue and it may well be that the current drive to reduce costs will be balked again.

The most conspicuous example of conscience prevailing over pocketbook came in 1933, the depths of the depression. Two weeks after his inauguration, Franklin D. Roosevelt stopped pension payments and free medical service for all veterans except those with war-incurred disabilities. No President ever was swept into the White House with more popular support, and the need for saving money never was more urgent, but Roosevelt suffered his first political defeat on the veterans' program. Congress restored the payments over his veto a year later.

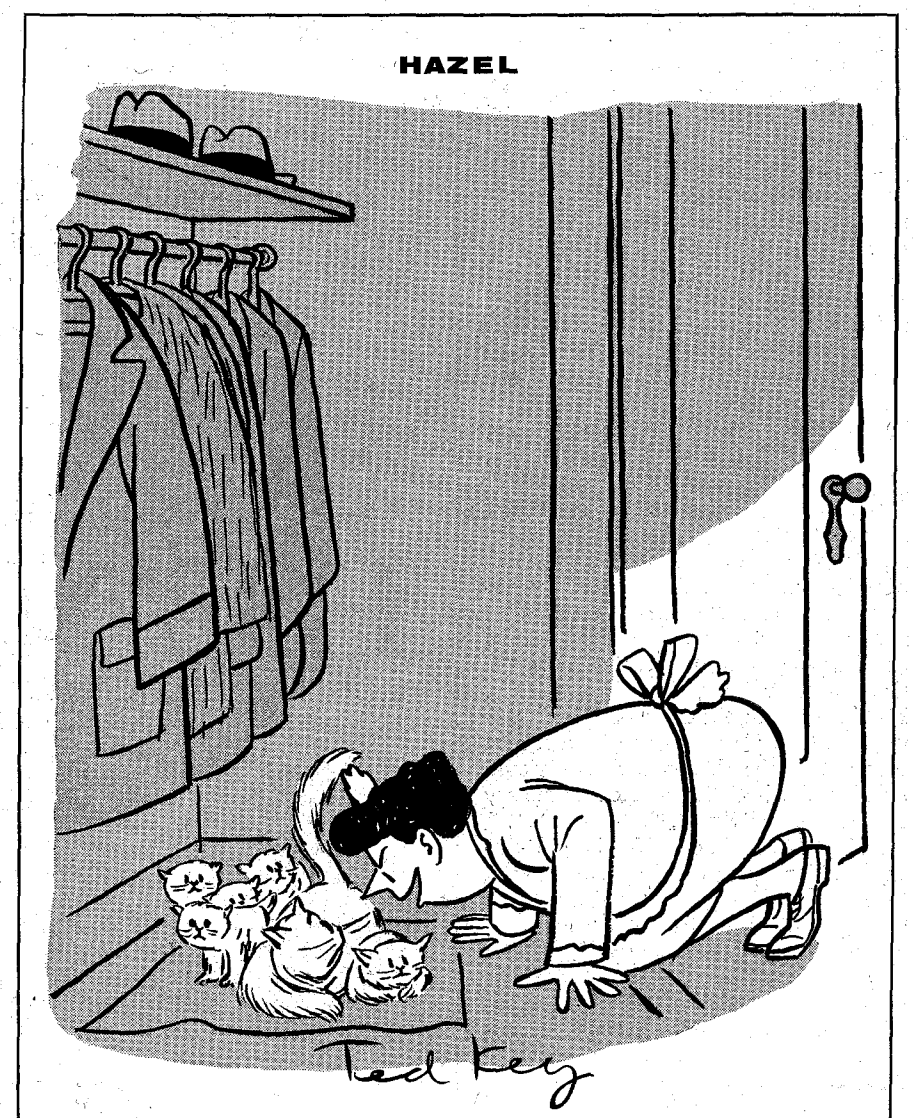
In the decade since World War II we have had the good fortune—and foresight—to escape the depression that fanned the veterans' smoldering bitterness after every other major war. Not all the claims presented for settlement were valid. Men who would have fallen behind in the competitive civilian shuffle if they had not been uprooted by war found an easy excuse for attributing their failures to lost opportunities while they were in military service. Inevitably, there will be failures among World War II and Korean veterans, but there will be fewer outstanding claims on our moral obligations to old soldiers than ever before.

Every generation of Americans has been embroiled in a war since the founding of the republic, but this last decade has been unique in our history. It has been the only postwar period in which veterans have not agitated for a bonus. They realize the GI Bill of Rights offered them benefits more enduring than a bonus, which never has filled an empty sleeve or retrieved lost time. It has brought such a large measure of emotional security that the majority have not even retained their sentimental identity as veterans.

After other wars, veterans had a tendency to cling together, like immigrants in an alien land. In 1928, a decade after World War I, the American Legion had 1,100,000 members, or 25 per cent of the eligible total. Today the Legion has only about 3,000,000 out of 21,000,000 potential members.

We have established a distinguished precedent in resolving the first, most critical phase of the veteran problem. The impending fight over costs, even in the event of a depression, is not likely to cancel our achievement. Veterans, who comprise, with their families, 40 per cent of the population, will bear a proportionate share of the tax burden for benefits, but they have a more precious stake than mere money in the country. They invested some of the best years of their lives in its future.

Editors' note: This is the second of two articles by Mr. Frank.



"We're running low on friends."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Our house blew away like a cardboard box"

"The noise was terrific. Our house was blown away like a cardboard box. The furniture went sailing through the air with it. But we were still lucky. I had the right kind of insurance, and for this I can thank my agent. He had told me that windstorms, like fire, can strike anywhere, and that I owed it to my family to be properly protected against disasters like these.

"But what really impressed me was how quickly my loss was paid. My agent explained this. Capital Stock fire insurance companies have a Catastrophe Plan. When any catastrophe occurs, specially trained insurance men—hundreds if necessary—are rushed into the disaster area so losses can be paid with as little delay as possible."

★

This is only one of many public services which Capital Stock fire insurance companies provide. These companies are represented by 200,000 agents — men who are in business for themselves.

Your agent works for your protection every minute, day or night. He's your neighbor, and can advise you soundly on all kinds of property insurance. He's as close to you as your phone so check with him regularly.

Look for the symbol printed below. Only an independent Capital Stock company agent or broker may display it.

CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY INSURANCE
Standard protection

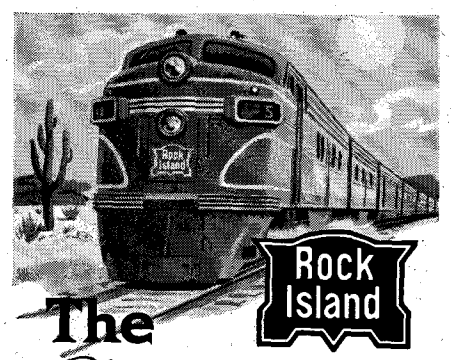
NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS

A Service Organization

Maintained by 224 Capital Stock Fire Insurance Companies

85 John Street, New York 38, New York • 222 West Adams Street, Chicago 6, Illinois • 465 California Street, San Francisco 4, Calif.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Golden State

Nothing quite like the GOLDEN STATE for carefree, rest-assuring travel to Arizona or California. You'll discover this in the coaches, where every seat is reserved and has full-length leg rest (free pillows). It's apparent in the Pullmans, too, with their wide assortment of modern rooms. And you'll discover it in the dining car, where the preparation of food is a fine art.

Complimentary hors d'oeuvres for Pullman passengers.

Through Pullman and day-night coach from Minneapolis-St. Paul, entraining in the GOLDEN STATE at Kansas City.

Cheaper by the Family

May we tell you about Rock Island's money-saving Family Fares? Mail the coupon.

TRAVEL INFORMATION COUPON

I. C. Bruce, General Passenger Traffic Mgr.
723 La Salle Street Station
Chicago 5, Illinois

I am interested in a trip to_____

_____

☐ Also send details about money-saving Family Fares.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone___ State_____

Keeping Posted

Fire! Fire! All in the Day's Work

Mrs. Riley on Manhattan Beach.

Nord Riley complains from Manhattan Beach, California, that his wife helped him write his page 31 piece by setting fire to the garage. Seems he was concentrating in a back-yard writing studio when a shriek rang out. As Riley unconcentrated and dashed outdoors, his wife passed him in full flight for the telephone in the house, stating, "We're on fire." They were. Garage blazing superbly.

As Riley backed his car out of the holocaust, a neighbor galloped up with a fire extinguisher, saying he'd have come sooner only his first thought about the shriek was, *Well, the blonde's lost another round with a spider.* So the men fought the fire while waiting for the firemen, "and finally, tiring of that, put it out ourselves." Mrs. Riley, arriving then, spoke of a delay in telephoning, said she asked for the fire department and told a man to send the fire trucks quick, but he replied, "We'd love to, lady; only this is the J. C. Penney store." The firemen presently diagnosed the fire as having started from a towel left over the vent on the dryer, and they poured oil on a finger blister of Riley's, resulting in the newspapers' reporting he was treated for first-degree burns. Riley, the fellow hiding in the corner of that snapshot, reflects, "That's how things go around here. As the blonde describes it, 'In one head, and out the other.' "

Rare Audience With the Rothschilds

Well, the composer of these words just got back from lunch, and the feast consisted of crabmeat croquettes with incidental crab shells and potato salad—coffee later, please. Which brings to mind, oddly, that Associate Editor Ernest Hauser, while casing those great financiers, the Rothschilds of London and the universe, consumed fabulous lunches for a fortnight—"Five or six exquisite courses prepared by some of the ablest French chefs in the world, plus a succession of superb wines, an altogether agreeable setting in which to discuss high finance." All right, Ernie Hauser had these viands and accessories coming, for this was the first time in the centuries-old history of the house of Rothschild that complete researching of its affairs, even to poring over the files and records, was permitted. "Being received by Anthony de Rothschild," reflects the author, "resembled an audience by royalty, only more so." Hauser says that apparently Rothschild had never had questions flung at him by a journalist before, and that he made much of the historic event.

It either deflates or enhances the glory of Hauser's research to confess that those out-of-this-world lunches were not had with the Rothschilds at all, but while chatting with partners and directors of other private banks in London City—banks that are remnants of nineteenth-century high finance, small compared to the Bank of England and yet still worth a jolly farthing, ten to twenty million dollars apiece. The midday feasts, served in the directors' dining rooms, were cordial affairs, but everything was most discreet—example: no names on the banks' front doors. "If this is mentioned in print," Hauser admonishes, "one should add that there are no indiscretions in the British banking world." He muses that there always remains some hard and distant core of information which seems to recede, like a mirage, the closer you think you are getting. Considering all the interesting information that Hauser mentions in print on page 28, let the hard and distant core go ahead and recede.

Boy Learns About Life

There's a family! Mr. Healy buys sodas.

Paul Healy, who, on page 38, describes the tribulations of selling his house, says his son Kevin, eleven, felt that the real-estate agents exaggerated facts a bit in their sales talks while showing the house to customers. The lad, son of a Washington political reporter, asked his parents for their moral viewpoint on this, but suddenly interrupted, "Oh, I see. It's like a senator campaigning."

The Wonderful Ship That Almost Disappeared

That's a fabulous ship dozing away her old age on this week's cover. When John Falter painted the Pacific Queen, last of the famed Cape Horn fleet, she was sleeping on a remote mud bank in San Francisco Bay, distantly visible from the cliffside house where John and Margaret Falter dwell; and he didn't know she was about to wake up and enjoy the grandest time of her life.

In 1886 the Queen beat her way around the Horn, paid her first call to San Francisco and, with many similar craft, began helping to build the famous cool gray city by the sea. She had just been born in a Scotland shipyard and christened the Balclutha. With cargoes of English coal, California grain, Australian lumber, and jute from India, she circled the globe again and again, first flying the British "red duster," then the multihued flag of the republic of Hawaii, and finally, by a special act of Congress, the Stars and Stripes. Seventeen times she rounded the Horn, and after that, renamed Star of Alaska, for a quarter of a century she was the swiftest of the Alaska Packers fleet in the salmon trade. Then things weren't so good; for years she moped on that mud bank, first as movie prop and show ship, and finally just as a weary, rust-pitted hulk.

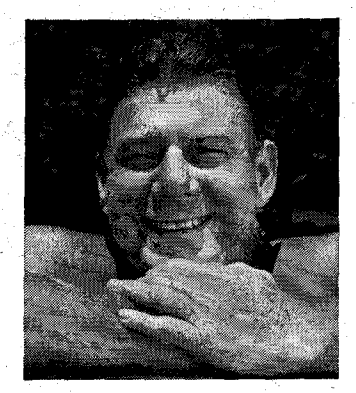
But just as she was about to die at the hands of wreckers, the San Francisco Maritime Museum bought her through

A shining past, and a shining future.

private subscriptions, and suddenly a heart-warming thing happened. The museum didn't have the $120,000 necessary to restore her. In a port often beset by weird union-labor tangles, eighty shipping companies chipped in $55,000 worth of material, and 550 volunteers from eighteen maritime unions, and from no unions, put in 16,000 work hours, weekends and evenings. So early this summer the brand-new, old ship berthed permanently on the city's Embarcadero as bands blared and thousands cheered. There she was christened—again—Balclutha by a Mrs. I. F. Dunn, whose father was the ship's fourth master, and who was born while her mother was sailing on the Indian Ocean fifty-six years ago, on the Balclutha, of course.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"This is My Story"



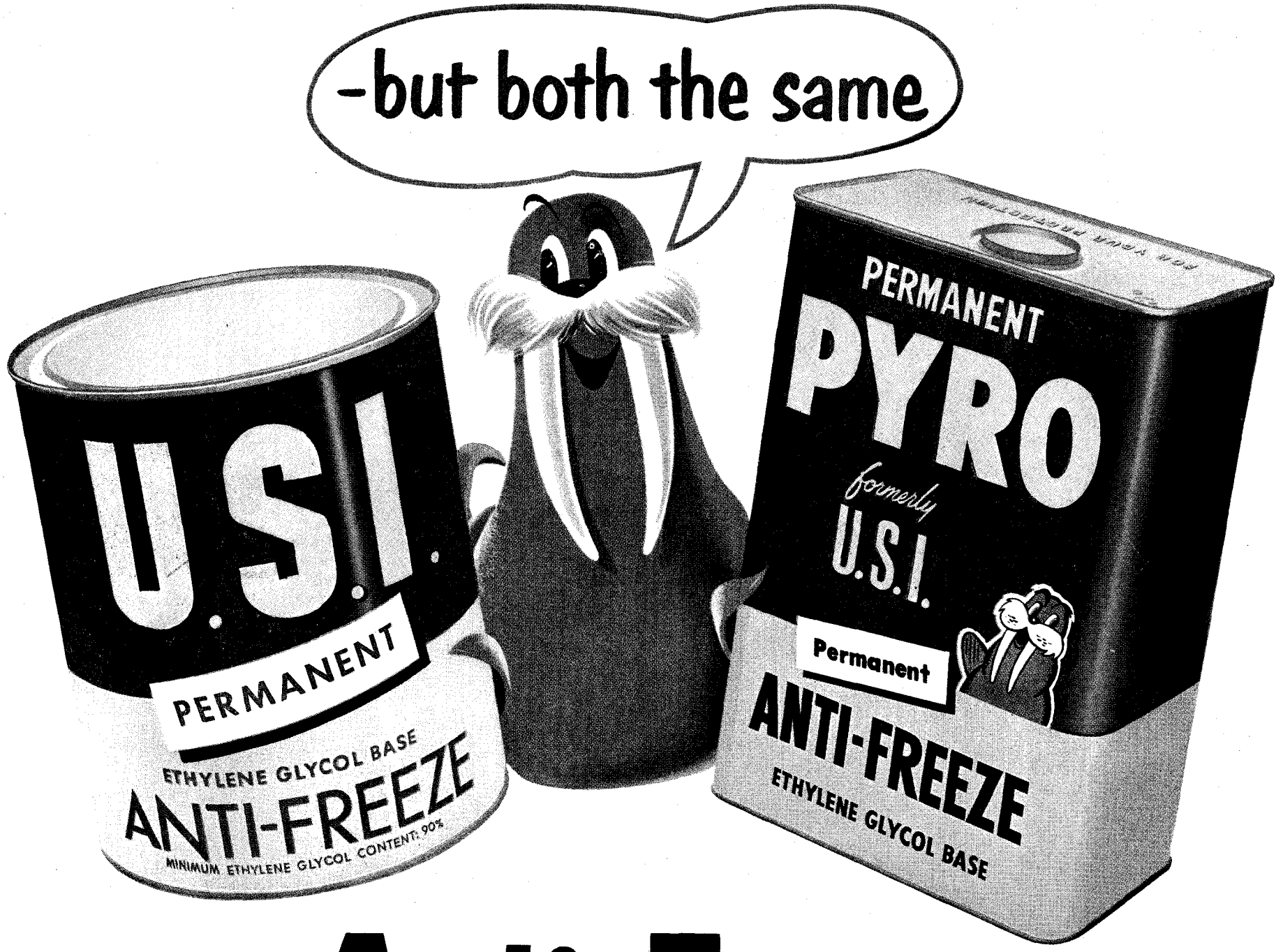
He was a shill for a crap game, a sailor, a hobo, and finally a Coast Guardsman. After that he stumbled upon radio. Don't miss a paragraph as Arthur Godfrey's memorable autobiography unfolds.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Look - New Name

-but both the same



Identical Anti-Freeze *Twins*

New look! New name! Famous U.S.I. Permanent Anti-Freeze is now available in a new can as *Permanent Pyro!* But inside you'll find the same outstanding quality, representing almost 50 years of anti-freeze research and testing.

Whether you get U.S.I. Permanent or Permanent Pyro, you can be sure of the same *complete* protection. *One fill lasts all winter* . . . can't boil off or foam away! Special inhibitors safeguard your cooling system from rust and corrosion—keep it working at full efficiency.

So get ready . . . get set . . . get Permanent Pyro or U.S.I. Permanent now! Look for Wally Walrus at your dealer's.

Automotive Products Department

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION

BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You can make our pie crust pretty, but you can't make it tough! Handle it all you like, it bakes up tender, because it's Homogenized. Try it and see!"

Betty Crocker

OF GENERAL MILLS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED